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Jean Bart. Frontispiece.

STORIES OF SUCCESS,

AS

ILLUSTRATED BY THE LIVES OF

MEN WHO HAVE MADE THEMSELVES GREAT.

BY

JAMES F. COBB AND H. A. PAGE.

EDITED BY

REV. S. F. SMITH, D. D.

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STORIES OF SUCCESS.

ALEXANDER MENSCHIKOFF,

THE PASTRY-COOK'S BOY WHO BECAME A HIGH ADMIRAL, PRINCE, AND FIELD-MARSHAL.

"CAKES to sell! Cakes to sell!" cried a fine clear voice through the crowded streets of Moscow, the ancient capital of the Czars; and, wherever the sound was heard, cake-lovers and purchasers of such dainties were not wanting, as the lad who sold them, carrying a large basket before him, offered them, now here, now there, among the surging multitude.

It was a cold but bright winter's day, in the year 1685. One of those popular Russian festivals was being celebrated, during which young and old, high and low, give themselves up to every kind of amusement and noisy merriment. On the open squares of the splendid city, numerous booths were erected, where all kinds of good things to eat and drink were to be purchased. Swings and climbing-poles served for

the amusement of the people, while round the slides on the smooth ice new crowds were constantly gathering, composed of bearded men, pale women and rosy-faced children, while sledge after sledge, generally drawn by three horses abreast, drew the noble and wealthy over the crisp snow. The whole formed a very lively, varied, and ever-changing picture.

Let us look at the strolling cake-seller a little more closely. From his tall and strong figure, and his confident, firm gait, one would take him for a grown-up youth, did not the soft features of his beardless face indicate that he was scarcely more than twelve or thirteen And yet so much spirit, courage, power of will, and precocious determination shine out of his sparkling fiery eyes, that it is difficult to believe in the tender age of the boy. His dress consists of the national Russian costume — the long caftan reaching to the ankles, with the red woolen girdle round the loins, great high boots, and the indispensable thick fur cap. A white apron in front, to which the cake-basket was fastened by broad straps which hung down over his shoulders, told the lad's business, and made him conspicuous at a distance.

Through the narrow street of the so-called Chinese quarter, where are the Oriental bazaars of the Armenians, Persians, Tartars, and the

counting-houses of the native merchants, he reached the White Town, with its palaces of the nobility and Royal buildings, and then crossed the wide open space which spreads round the Kremlin walls. Then he sought his master's stall, to give up to him the copper and silver money which he had taken, and to fill his empty basket with a fresh supply of cakes. He had just accomplished this, and was on the point of recommencing his wanderings through the city, when, casting one more look over the gilded pinnacles, domes, and towers of the Kremlin, he suddenly stood still, as if rooted to the spot, for an extraordinary spectacle arrested his steps.

The Kremlin is a large group of buildings, half-palace, half-fortress, surrounded by lofty walls, battlements, and towers, situated in the heart of Moscow, and at that time the exclusive residence of the Russian princes. Besides the immense palace of the Czars, with its neighboring buildings, it contains several large churches, convents, barracks, as well as the arsenal and the treasury — in short, everything connected with the Court and Government. Whilst the boy with the cake-basket was gazing thither, one of the outer iron-bound gates opened with a grating sound, a loud beating of drums was heard, and a column of about fifty boys, all armed, and dressed in complete uniform, marched out, in

military order, under the command of an older man, in a captain's uniform.

The crowd on both sides drew back, with respect and reverence. On the space which was thus left free, the little company performed several evolutions with wonderful precision; then their leader commanded them to halt, and the drummer, a handsome, dignified-looking boy, gave the signal that they might disperse. Breathless, in feverish excitement, had our cake-boy gazed on these exercises of lads of his own age; his look was still fixed on the drummer, who was marching in front, whose every movement he seemed to devour with his eyes. At last, not knowing himself what he did, he threw up his fur cap into the air, and cried out with all his might, "Hail to our Czar Peter! Hail!"—and from a thousand throats there arose from the surrounding people, with bared heads, a "Hail! hail! hail!" The little drummer in whose honor this unexpected ovation was plainly made returned thanks with a military salute, and, by the side of the captain, walked up to the originator of it.

"Do you know me?" he inquired of him.

"Who should not know our beloved Czar Peter, to whom my blood and life belongs?" replied the boy, his eyes beaming with enthusiasm.

"What is your name?" asked the captain, approaching closer.

"Alexander Menschikoff."

"Who are your parents?"

"My parents!—alas, I have never known them! they both died shortly after my birth. A poor orphan child, I grew up in the barracks with Nicholas, an old Strelitzer, who adopted me like a father. He shared his rations with me, and his bed at night; in the day he placed me before him on his horse, and taught me to ride and fence, which was a pleasure indeed. I never thought otherwise, than that I too should become a brave soldier."

"And how did you come to your present trade?"

"It is now three years since, when our Czar Feodore was being buried, there was a bloody struggle in the houses and streets of the city. Nicholas received a lance-thrust in his breast, which killed him. After the death of my protector, they would not allow me any longer in the barracks. I was too young for a soldier. I could not beg. So I wandered about for a long time, till I found a situation at a French pastry-cook's, whose goods I have since carried about for sale."

The intelligent features, the bold, sparkling eyes, the straightforward, quick manner of the young lad, seemed to please the captain.

"Would you like to learn something more useful?" the captain asked him, with a searching look.

"Ah, most gracious sir, it would make me happy!" replied the boy, surprised and delighted.

"Very well; we will see. Come to-morrow morning to the Preobraschensk, and ask for Captain Le Fort."

Alexander kissed the hand of the speaker, bowed very low before the Royal drummer, who had been listening to the conversation, and was about to go, but the young Czar told him to remain.

"Give me your basket here," he said, throwing him a few gold pieces. "Those cakes will be most acceptable to my comrades, fatigued after their exercises."

The young soldiers, indeed, did not want much asking. In a moment his entire stock had vanished, and Alexander hung the empty basket, for the last time, with an indescribably happy feeling, over his shoulders.

Was it a delusive dream which reflected before him, as in a mirror, such an unexpected change of fortune? No; with his waking, open eyes, he saw the little corps place itself again in marching order, his ear plainly heard the drumbeat of their Czar, who marched at their head.

In order to understand the scene we have just described, it is necessary to bring before our minds the political events which, in the last half of the 17th century, shook the Russian Empire to its foundations, but the consequences of which finally raised it to be one of the most influential and powerful of European states.

Czar Alexis, the second prince of the then ruling house of Romanoff, 1645—1676, had already made an energetic attempt to raise his people out of Asiatic barbarism to the civilized condition of a well-regulated and well-secured state. He was twice married, and left, at his death, three children by his first wife—a daughter of the Bojar Miloslawski—Feodore, Ivan and Sophia; and by the second—Czarina Natalie Narischkin—a son of three years old, named Peter. Feodore died in 1682, in the seventh year of his weak reign, after he had named his step-brother Peter—a clever, spirited boy of ten years of age—to be his successor, to the exclusion of his elder brother Ivan, who was feeble in body and mind. The decision, however, was opposed by Ivan's ambitious sister, Sophia, who aimed at the throne for herself, or, at least, hoped to wield the sceptre alone in the name of the incapable Ivan. With the help of her family dependents, she won the Strelitzes for her ambitious plans; these were a wild, licentious horde of 14,000

men, whose occupation was bloodshed—a kind of Royal body-guard which, like the Turkish Janissaries, served each party by turns as an instrument of murder. An insurrection broke out against the Narischkins: for three days blood flowed in torrents through the streets of Moscow; and, at the end of the third day, furious crowds, intent on slaughter, threatened the palace in which the Czarina Narischkin was awaiting, with her son, the result of the fierce party struggle. Peter, although still almost a child, showed the cool resolution of a man, in the face of this terrible danger. He urged his sorrowing mother not to wait there inactively till they placed the knives at their very throats, for the only possibility of safety now lay in hasty flight. Both, disguised, escaped through a secret passage, and then ran, as fast as their feet could carry them, through the whole of the dark night. They succeeded in reaching the Troitzka monastery, some hours distant from Moscow, before their flight was discovered by the hostile Strelitzes. In order to conceal their escape, their relations and partisans in the palace defended all its entrances with the greatest desperation against the besieging mutineers. After the outer doors had been broken through, an obstinate struggle took place on the staircase which led to the apartments where the bloodthirsty band

imagined the Prince and his mother to be concealed. They could only make their way over dead bodies; and who can describe the fury of the assailants, when they found the rooms empty and their victims fled? Armed troops were at once despatched to scour the country in all directions, in order to follow the traces of the fugitives. Meanwhile, the Czarina and her son, in the greatest state of exhaustion, had reached the monastery, whose monks devoted to the Narischkins, received them with respect, and assured them of every protection in their power. But scarcely had the hospitable gates closed behind them, when the tramp of horses announced the approach of their pursuers. Maternal love suggested a happy thought to the terrified Empress. Accompanied by the whole of the monks, she entered the church, and requested to be allowed to lift her son on to the high altar, at the foot of the picture of the Crucified One, and immediately under the protection of the consecrated Host.

The Strelitzes, with savage cries, penetrated into the temple. "Is the little Peter Narischkin here?" "Look up there," replied the venerable Archimandrite, pointing to the high altar; "there he sits, under God's protection." Religious awe took possession of the rough minds of the soldiers; they were silent, overcome by

the unexpected sight and the solemn words of the priest, arrayed in his sacred vestments. When, at last, one of the band rushed at the sanctuary, and pointed his sword at the Prince, the others pulled him back by the arm; "No, brother," they cried; "not here, at the altar; he will not escape us." At the same moment the gallop of approaching horsemen was heard outside. "Our friends are coming!" exclaimed the priest, in a loud, solemn voice; "Now the enemies of God and of the Czar may tremble!" In wild flight the Strelitzes flew from the church, and the Prince s life was saved. The Narischkins defended themselves so bravely, that the struggle remained undecided. At last an arrangement was entered into between the hostile parties, by which Peter and Ivan were both crowned as Czars, and Sophia was appointed Regent.

Sophia now enjoyed all the sweetness of that absolute power she had so longed for. From Ivan she had no interference to fear; but, to her step-brother Peter, who, when he grew up, might snatch the sceptre from her hand, the village of Preobraschensk, some distance from Moscow, was appointed as a residence, and a number of young Russians of rude manners and loose morals given him as companions, in hopes that the Prince would be drawn into the vortex

of amusements and dissipation, and be diverted from all more serious thoughts. But what can the designs of the most powerful men effect against the counsels of God? Peter had been chosen by Providence for the lofty mission of bringing a nation of 20,000,000 under the blessings of labor and order — of raising a land, consisting of 400,500 square miles, into the path of civilization and political progress; and, for this purpose, had been endowed with a genius which developed wonderfully early, and victoriously overcame all obstacles in order to attain its end. Instead of, as the Regent hoped, being seduced by the bad example of his companions to idle luxury and dissipation, it was he who influenced and soon impressed them, with the stamp of his active, quick, and determined spirit. With passionate zeal he devoted himself to every kind of hardening bodily exercise; he sought to attain readiness and skill in the handling of arms, especially practical knowledge of military service; of the art of fortification; of the construction of fleets; of every thing, in short, which belonged to the science of war. He soon gave his comrades a taste for these military exercises; he formed them into a company, into which, demanding no privilege for himself, he entered as a private. He slept, ate, and dressed like a common soldier, took his turn to watch as a

sentry, and in everything submitted himself to the rules of the severest discipline, on the principal that he who is one day to command must first learn to obey.

He only required some guide and teacher who would introduce order and method into his studies, and be able to satisfy his ardent thirst for knowledge. And such an one he found in Francois Le Fort, a native of Switzerland: a more suitable individual could not possibly have been discovered. This clever, well-educated man, who was endowed with so many various talents, after he had served in the French, English, and Dutch armies, had come to Moscow with the Danish Embassy. Peter accidentally became acquainted with him, and his natural penetration told him at once that this was just the man he wanted. Le Fort, too, felt himself drawn towards the young Prince who was so eager for knowledge. He willingly consented to enter completely into his personal service, and to conduct his education, which, till now, had been purposely neglected. The relation between master and pupil became such a deep and intimate one that only the death of the former, in the year 1699, could loosen it. Le Fort, thoroughly acquainted with the various armies of the European states, inflamed, by his stories concerning the armies and fleets of France, England,

Germany, and Holland, the ardent desire in his pupil to create similar ones in the Russian Empire. A beginning was at once made with those who formed the Czar's companions. Le Fort placed himself, as captain, at the head of the little company, and tried to exercise and discipline them after a European model. Daily he made them march for many miles to practice, sometimes across hedges and ditches, sometimes in parade through the streets of Moscow.

The Prince began his new military career, in order to learn the service from the lowest grade, as the drummer of the company.

It was during one of these marches that the meeting with the merry pastry-cook's boy, Alexander Menschikoff, as before related, took place. It can well be imagined that his joyous expectations prevented the lad from closing his eyes all night. Dawn of day found him already on the road to Preobraschensk, to the residence of the young Czar, now changed into a camp. Received by the captain, who was convinced, by the sensible answers of the boy, that he had not been deceived by his pleasing exterior, he was enrolled in the Prince's body-guard. The uniform became him admirably, and Le Fort was delighted with the handsome recruit. By his attention and ability, he so won his esteem that Le Fort allowed him to be present during the

instructions which he gave to his Imperial pupil.

Till now, he had grown up in complete ignorance; he had never been to school, and could neither read nor write. But, with incredible rapidity, he made up for lost time, greatly aided, indeed, by his good natural talents. He especially showed an extraordinary capacity for learning foreign languages. Already, when in the barracks of the Strelitzes, he had listened to the various Slavonic dialects, and imitated them with ease. During his subsequent wanderings through the city, he liked most to linger in the Chinese quarters, to hear the numerous stangers from the East, who carried on their trade there, talk in their native languages. From his master, the loquacious Parisian pastry-cook, he learned to chatter French, and now Le Fort gave him thorough instruction in German, Dutch, and English. He made no less rapid progress in other matters — in mathematics, drawing, history, and geography. He saw that he must, by indefatigable industry, profit by the opportunity of acquiring various kinds of knowledge, which a fortunate chance had offered him, if he wished to make his way up from the humble position in which he was born, to rank and honors.

Meanwhile, the corps which Le Fort had organized grew in years, as well as in numbers; many sons of the Russian nobility joined it,

and a great many foreigners, especially French and Scotch, who had been driven from their homes by religious persecution, were also enrolled in it. Several companies had to be formed, and were quartered in the neighboring villages. The young Czar did not abate in his military zeal; gradually he advanced from a drummer to a sergeant, from a sergeant to an officer. Much as he desired the formation of an army disciplined on the European model, the thought of building a fleet, with which Russia should at once attain to power and influence on the seas, was just then uppermost in his mind.

During an excursion to Ismailof, he saw an old hulk which seemed to be differently constructed from the roughly-formed barks which plied on the rivers and lakes of his country. He inquired who the builder was, and learned that it was the uncommon work of the ship's carpenter Carstens Brand, whom the Czar Alexis had invited to Russia, and who, since his death, had lived forgotten and in poverty. Peter sought out the old man, and ordered him to complete the vessel. Full of impatience, he not only constantly watched the work, but he helped in the building with his own hands. With what joy did he sail about in the ship, when it was at last ready. His lively imagination anticipated the time when he should be in possession of what

he so ardently longed for — a stately fleet, of which Le Fort should be admiral.

Among these serious occupations — which, strange to say, were laughed at by the Regent and her minister, Galitzin, as childish follies — Peter had reached his seventeenth year. He now thought it was time, in order to realize his grand plans, to seize the reins of government himself. Sophia was by no means willing to be thrust from the throne. She took every precaution to frustrate her brother's intentions. Six hundred Strelitzes were secretly bribed to fall upon Preobraschensk on a certain night, to take possession of the Czar's person. Had this conspiracy remained undiscovered, all would have been over with Peter ; for the Princess, jealous of her authority, would have assuredly kept her rival strictly confined under bolt and key, during her lifetime.

On the day before the night appointed for the execution of this scheme, young Menschikoff went alone to the city to execute a commission from his master. Close to the barracks, a bearded Strelitz met him, who looked him sharply in the face, and then, clapping his hands together in amazement, exclaimed —

" Truly, I am not deceived, it is our little Alexander ! Oh, how tall you have grown, and how well the smart uniform becomes you ! Well,

I am pleased. Oh, if Nicholas could see you now, he who was always so kind and so tender to you!"

At the remembrance of the honest protector of his childhood, tears of deep emotion started into the youth's eyes.

"That is good in you, old man," he said, shaking the soldier's hand, "that you still remember your fallen comrade. Come, let us go into the canteen, and chat, over a glass of wotki, about my good, never-to-be-forgotten friend."

The old man did ample justice to the brandy, and the more he drank the more talkative he became. In his cups he let some words fall, which seemed suspicious to Menschikoff, who, now on the alert by skillful questions, got the whole important secret out of him.

Our young friend hastily returned back to Preobraschensk. When he communicated there what he had learned, and how, the Czar said, in a determined voice —

"Well, I accept the conflict; my enemies shall find me prepared!"

By his command, he first drew the different companies, which were scattered about in the neighborhood, together; they consisted of about 5,000 well-trained youths, completely devoted to their Imperial comrade. At the same time, the village was placed in a state of defence, and

earthworks, armed with cannon, quickly thrown up. When the Strelitzes, on the following night, stormed the place, which they expected to find defenseless, they were received by a salvo of balls, which took away all desire to approach any nearer. But Peter, at the head of his young army, burst into Moscow, took possession of all the important points, and forced the Regent and her adherents to sue for pardon. A severe court-martial was held on the conspirators. Several of the leaders of the Strelitzes were executed; others, among them Sophia's favorite, Galitzin, banished to the deserts of Siberia; the Regent herself, as the nun Susanna, was confined in a convent, which she did not quit till her death, sixteen years after. The wicked designs which she had formed, under the influence of her unbridled passions, had entirely turned against herself.

Peter, now sole ruler of all the Russias, at once used the means which were at his command, under the direction of Le Fort and the Scotchman Gordon, to organize the army of Russia, and to advance, by every effort in his power, the building of a fleet. The corps of his former play-fellows, named the Potjeschenji, was now raised to be the Preobraschenski regiment of guards; it formed the heart and the model for the new army. In Archangel, on the White Sea, the only sea-port which Russia pos-

sessed, day and night was ship-building carried on, as well as at the newly-erected dockyard at Woronesch. By his presence the Czar animated the workmen; indeed it had become a proverb, that not a nail could be driven in without his knowledge. Often he sat up with Le Fort till late at night, drew himself the designs for the great men-of-war, and examined and improved plans for the construction of the forts and harbors.

During these consultations Menschikoff, too, was always present. If the wide-awake, talented, and courageous lad had before been noticed with favor by the Czar, he was now doubly honored and beloved by the monarch, who looked upon him as his deliverer from a great peril; the former pastry-cook's boy was made the Czar's private adjutant, a lodging was prepared for him in the palace, and he never left his master's side. Thus Menschikoff was early initiated into all the branches of government, as well as into all the designs of the Sovereign, and his quick powers of comprehension rapidly enabled him to acquire an intimate knowledge of various facts and sciences.

At the same time that Peter was occupied in creating his fleet and army, he was also busy introducing those changes in the laws, as well as in the habits and customs of the people, which

he considered necessary, in order to change his half-Asiatic kingdom into a civilized European state. He met, indeed, with obstinate resistance from the adherents of the old *régime*, which he knew how to repress with iron severity — frequently, indeed, with harshness and cruelty. His own example, and that of his Court, had great influence, especially as regarded the order for the abolition of the Russian national costume, the enforcement of which was at first most unpopular. The long beards were to be cut off, and the long coats shortened at the knee. To give practical effect to this decree, patterns of Dutch clothes were hung up at the town gates, where tailors and barbers were stationed, whose orders were to make every passer-by, who still held to the old costume, submit to an immediate change in his outward appearance. When even this did not succeed, a tax was placed on beards and long coats. The finances, education, the administration of justice, the police, were all materially improved. The Czar often acted in person as one of the latter. When, for instance, he walked through the streets, he frequently stopped at the baker's stalls, tasted and weighed their bread, and punished those sellers whose bread was bad, or light, on the spot, by a severe thrashing. His walking-stick, a thick Spanish cane with an ivory top, was very much dreaded

both in Moscow and St. Petersburg. Without any respect of persons, he was accustomed to administer these speedy punishments; for nobles — even favorites like Menschikoff not excepted — felt his stick if they were caught in any act of unfaithfulness, or in doing anything contrary to their duty.

When the Russian force, both by land and sea, was sufficiently organized, Peter thought of enlarging his kingdom, and making war against the old enemies of Russia. During Sophia's regency, Galitzin had carried on an unsuccessful war against the Turks, who, since then, had constantly been making hostile incursions into the country; against them the Czar undertook his first campaign. General Schein received the command over the army, Le Fort over the fleet; Peter only assumed a captain's, and Menschikoff a serjeant's rank in the Preobraschensk regiment. The first year, 1695, ended disastrously for the Russians; they were obliged to retire with the loss of 20,000 men. But in 1696, they succeeded in capturing Asoff, a strong fortress on the Sea of the same name, which also formed the key to the Black Sea. Menschikoff distinguished himself in various combats, and won his military spurs beneath his master's eyes, which the more confirmed him in his favor.

As soon as Peter, by the taking of Asoff, had

obtained a firm footing in the neighborhood of the Black Sea, he began to construct a new naval fort at Taganrogg, a port near Asoff. But the works did not proceed quickly enough to satisfy him. He wanted clever engineers and architects, sailors and laborers, which were not to be found among his rough uncivilized Russians. In order to obtain such abroad, to study by personal inspection the art of ship-building, and the rules of the navy in Holland and England, especially all those institutions which he wished to introduce into his own kingdom, he determined to undertake a journey through the most civilized lands of Europe; and — that he might move about unfettered by the ceremonies of a court — to travel, not as a prince, but in the suite of an embassy to Holland, of which Le Fort was to be chief. Of course Menschikoff, who was the adjutant and confidant of the Czar, accompanied him.

By way of Riga, Konigsberg, and Berlin, this party journeyed in the spring of 1697 to Amsterdam; but they first remained some time at Saardam, where the great Dutch dockyards were. It was here that the ruler of a nation of more than twenty million of souls, under the name of Peter Michaeloff, dressed in a red freize waistcoat and coarse linen trowsers, worked as a common ship-carpenter, axe in hand, from early

morning till late at night, learning all the various branches of ship-building,—a spectacle which the world has never seen before, nor since! From Holland, the Czar crossed with his suite to England, admired and studied everything there too which he thought to be advantageous and worthy of imitation, and then returned through Germany, Hungary, and Poland to Moscow.

During this journey through foreign lands, Menschikoff learned very much, which was useful for his education as a statesman. He devoted especial attention, not only to military and naval affairs, but to the diplomatic relations of cabinets. He gained valuable insight into the regulation of finances; experience about the cultivation of land, as well as with regard to trade and commerce; and, finally, as to institutions for the promotion of the arts and sciences; thus when, in the following year, the Czar's honored friend and teacher Le Fort died, Peter installed Menschikoff in all the various offices which that great man had so ably filled. About the same time, the Generals Schein and Gordon were both carried off by death. These events, and the Northern war which broke out shortly afterwards, offered Menschikoff the wished-for opportunity of gaining laurels on the field of battle, and in a few years rising to the highest steps of the military ladder.

Peter had opened the Black Sea to the commerce of his subjects. But if Russia was to become a European power, she must also win the coasts of the Baltic. It was thus necessary to wrest from Sweden those provinces which surrounded the Gulf of Finland, and which formerly had in part belonged to the Russian Empire. With this object, Peter allied himself with Poland and Denmark, against Charles XII. of Sweden, who, though only eighteen years of age, was a warlike and enterprising monarch. The Russians laid siege to the fortress of Narva, on the borders of Esthonia, and were completely routed by Charles, who had hastened from Livonia to its relief. But Peter was not in the least discouraged by this defeat.

"I knew," he said, when they told him the bad news, "that the Swedes would at first vanquish my troops; but our soldiers will be schooled thereby, and learn how to conquer from their opponents."

And he was right. Already, in the following year, the Russians made considerable progress in Livonia; in 1702 they took the fortress of Schlusselburg, on the Ladoga Lake, by storm, during which action Bombadier-Lieutenant Menschikoff so distinguished himself that he was named governor of the place. Still more important was the fall of Nyenschanz, at the mouth of the

Neva, in 1708, for with it the gates of the Baltic were won. Menschikoff had again performed prodigies of valor; the Czar decorated his breast with the order of St. Andrew, which he had shortly before instituted. At a point which he fixed upon, close to Nyenschanz, and from a design of his own, Peter now built the fortified city of St. Petersburg, as well as the naval and commercial port of Cronstadt. In order to direct and overlook the buildings, he dwelt in a little wooden house, consisting of only two rooms. Close by, he had a large and more comfortable house built for Menschikoff, in which for a long time he gave audience to the foreign ambassadors. In 1704, after the destruction of the Swedish fleet, and the capture of Dorpat and Narwa, Menschikoff was invested with the office of General Governor of the now completely-conquered province of Ingermannland. With a Russian army, sent to Poland in 1706, he defeated General Mardefeld at Kalisch; it was the first victory which the Russians had gained in the open field over the Swedes.

As yet Charles XII. had directed his chief force against King Augustus of Poland. After he had forced that monarch to abdicate, at the peace of Altvanstadt, he turned for the first time against Russia, and in his customary bold, rash manner, wished to penetrate at once to the

heart of the enemy's country. He marched into the Ukraine, but in the trackless, swampy steppes, deserted by their inhabitants, he lost a portion of his army through famine and disease. Peter waited till he thought the right moment had come. Then, in the memorable battle of Pultowa, on 27th June, 1709, he destroyed with one blow the entire Swedish army. Charles, when he saw that all was lost, escaped with difficulty, in an adventurous flight, to Turkey. The victory of the Russians was complete: the discomfiture at Narwa brilliantly avenged.

The war in Poland and Pomerania was indeed continued for a few years longer, and not ended completely till 1721, by the peace of Nystadt; but the Swedes, robbed of their leader, and hardly pressed by their losses in the Ukraine, were no longer able to oppose a successful resistance to the rising might of the Russian military power. Peter's victory at Pultowa, had decided the fate of the two kingdoms. After the battle the Czar rode, hat in hand, through the ranks of his soldiers, and thanked them for the bravery and fidelity which they had shown. Then he alighted from his horse and presented to Menschikoff, who had greatly contributed to the glorious results of the day, a Marshal's staff, adorned with diamonds and painted with various coats of arms, at the same time raising him to

the rank of a Prince of the Russian Empire. Military bands played music of victory, and banners waved over the honored hero.

Menschikoff now found himself on the highest pinnacle of fortune. A few years later his star began to wane, for even to this chosen favorite of the changing goddess, the uncertainty of all human fate was to be proved. In the further course of the war, he led a Russian army to Pomerania, besieged Stettin in 1713, and overcame the Swedish garrison which invested it. But on his own authority, and against the will of his master, he ceded the town and its surrounding territory to Prussia. Peter, greatly enraged, recalled the disobedient general, and ordered him to appear before a court-martial, which pronounced against him the sentence of death. Neither the high favor in which he had always stood with the Czar, nor his titles and dignities, could have protected Menschikoff from the execution of the sentence: with the sternest severity, and without regard to the person of the offender, Peter resented any act of insubordination against his supreme power; even his own son Alexis, because he thought he was guilty of treason, afterwards fell a victim to this severity. The recollection alone of the undeniable and important services which Menschikoff, as a general, a statesman, and educator of the nation,

had rendered to his country, in this case influenced the monarch's heart to milder measures. He not only remitted the condemned man's punishment, but allowed him to continue in his post of Governor-General of the new capital, St. Petersburg. But his confidence in the favorite was over, and as long as Peter lived, Menschikoff never regained his previous influence.

However, Menschikoff's star again appeared to shine forth with increased splendor when Peter the Great died, in 1725, without having made any last arrangements about the succession to the throne. Menschikoff, during the first confusion caused by the Czar's decease, assembled around him those officers of the guard who were devoted to him, and proclaimed Peter's second wife, Catherine, Empress.

Catherine I., like himself an orphan of obscure origin, who at the storming of Marienburg had fallen as a prisoner into his hands, and, through him, had made the Czar's acquaintance, gave unlimited power to her former protector. But, unfortunately, the man who had now risen so high did not know how to put any limit or restraint to his ambitious plans. He betrothed his daughter to the heir of the throne, Peter II., then thirteen years of age; wished to raise himself to the rank of Duke of Courland; and lived in the most lavish splendor and magnifi-

cence. This excited the hatred and envy of all the Russian nobility: they assembled together, under the leadership of the old family of Dolgoroukis, against the haughty upstart, and seized the occasion of the unexpectedly-sudden death of Catherine, in 1727, to cause his fall. Taken prisoner in his palace, so rich in gold and treasures, he was, together with his wife, his son, and his two daughters, conducted to Beresow, the most inhospitable portion of the Siberian deserts.

Here, in a low narrow hut, whose badly-joined wooden walls scarcely afforded the necessary shelter against the snow-storms and fearful night-frosts of the icy north, in terrible solitude, surrounded by hungry wolves — sat the man who had commanded armies, and for forty years long had basked in the sunshine of Imperial favor, and been intrusted with the highest posts of honor. A striking picture, indeed, of the uncertain and transitory nature of earthly exaltation and grandeur! The unlimited riches, which his avarice had — especially during the last few years — caused him to amass, including his many estates, with more than 100,000 serfs, his jewels and treasures — alone valued at the sum of three millions of rubles — were forfeited to the crown. Now, the man who had been accustomed to the most lavish luxury, and to an obsequious host of

servants, was suddenly changed into a beggar, and obliged by the hard labor of his own hands to wrest a scanty nourisment from the ground. His wife and one daughter succumbed shortly after their arrival at the place of banishment, under the extraordinary hardships of the journey and the rigors of the Siberian climate. For two years he bore up against the gnawing care and grief at the loss of his wealth and honors, and finished his remarkable, eventful life in 1729.

A year after his death the Empress Anna sent for the son and daughter of this unhappy man, from their exile. Through their own merits, as generals and statesmen, his posterity subsequently revived the extinguished brilliancy of their ancestor's name, and the princely race of Menschikoff has since been reckoned among the best-known and most celebrated of the noble families which surround the throne of the Emperors of Russia.

JOHANN ANTON KNECHT,

THE PEASANT LAD WHO BECAME AN EMPEROR'S SECRETARY.

"Never drown a boy, for you cannot tell what he may turn out in the end.— *German Proverb.*

THERE are several instances in ancient history of shepherds' and peasants' sons becoming kings and princes, and wielding the sceptre instead of the staff or crook. That a lad of the very humblest origin, if he only possess the spirit, determination, firmness of character and perseverence, may attain to greatness and honor, is proved by sufficient examples in our own day. The rail-splitter, Abraham Lincoln, became President of the United States; and the man who succeeded him earned his bread by plying the needle. Neither need we cross oceans to seek for instances of the success of energy, diligence, and perseverence; we have only to look around, and we shall find them in almost every land.

The following story is of a German peasant, who little thought, in his suffering youth, that he would one day become the most confidential friend and the very right hand of a celebrated

emperor, and with his strong arm direct the government of the state.

It was in July of the year 1758. In Braunshausen, a village in the province of Sauerland, on the confines of Hesse, the cocks had hardly yet begun to crow, and the streets were still quiet and silent, when the bolts of the door of a mean-looking cottage were gently drawn back, and a well-grown youth of seventeen glided out on tiptoe, looked timidly up to the window of the room where his father slept, and, when he saw that the shutters were closely shut, he quietly turned round the corner of the house into a street, and hastened to the end of the village, not stopping till he got far out into the fields. To the cry of some mowers, who were cutting the grass in the meadow, still heavy with the night dew — "Johann Anton, are you going to Battenberg for the doctor, that you are running so fast? who is ill at your house?"—he gave no answer. Solitary pedestrians, coming up in the opposite direction so early in the morning, he carefully avoided; and when he reached Battenberg, he neither inquired for the doctor, nor entered a public-house where his father might be known; and not till the old Amoneburg came into sight, and his feet began to pain him, did he make a halt, and venture, as he sat down to rest on a stone, to look back in the direction from whence he had come.

"Now my father will be getting up," he said to himself, "and be wondering why Johann Anton does not share his breakfast! But Johann Anton is already far away in the wide, wide world, and will never come home again. My father will inquire all through the village if his son has been seen, but no one will be able to give an answer; and even the mowers on the meadow cannot say anything certain. He will then go to the old pastor at Hallenberg, and ask if I did not come to him early in the morning to be taught my Latin grammar; and the pastor will reply, 'No; Johann Anton is not so zealous in his studies, that he hurries up before dawn to have a Latin lesson.' 'But where, then, is the boy?' my father will ask. But the boy is gone, and won't come back, and has said farewell forever to all Latin books, to which he has been so often forced to apply by his father's and the pastor's stick. The stick will now stand idly in the chimney-corner."

At these words the lad involuntarily felt his shoulder: the blue weals, the marks left by his father's blows on the preceding evening, seemed to pain him.

"I was to say," he continued, "that I would consent to be a priest, and for that end would go to the school at Gesecke again, from which I ran away last year. But I ground my teeth together,

and would not say yes; and my father threatened: he vowed he would beat me every morning and evening, till I gave way and would yield to his will. For love to him, I would do anything except that — except become a priest — that I can never do; I would rather break stones at the roadside than choose a profession that is against my inclination. The world is large, and will surely have some little place for me, where I can live and work; and on many, good fortune falls — perhaps it will on me, too."

It is foolish and dangerous in parents to force a profession — and more especially if it is the most important and holiest of all callings — on their children, when it is clearly repugnant to their dispositions; and for the young we may say, that an escape from paternal rule, and adventurous plans in search of fortune, do not always prosper so well as they did in the case of the fugitive adventurer, Johann Anton. To forsake the parental roof, under any circumstances whatever, is a very questionable act, and very difficult to be justified.

Upon the stone where he sat, he now counted up his cash; it consisted of only a few pence. For the first time a cold shiver passed through him. He had never yet failed to have a good appetite, and to satisfy this, his money would, at most, last him for only two days. That a

slight regret came over him when he thought of his home, where — as well as the floggings — there was certainly plenty to eat, was not to be wondered at; but it did not last long: he sprang up, and continued his journey. The sign-board of every inn which he passed on the road caused him pain, for his stomach urged him to enter, but his light purse spoke against it. So each time he hastened by, as fast as possible. But in the afternoon his strength would not hold out for a further march onward; he looked twenty times up and down at the next public-house; at last he went in; but when, in a quarter of an hour after, he came out again, and went on further, he cast more than one sorrowful look back towards the inn, for, while his hunger had only been half satisfied there, his purse had been half emptied.

Moreover, evening was gradually approaching; wherewith should he get a night's lodging in the great town of Marburg, the object of his wanderings, which now lay before him? All his life he had heard so much about Marburg. Marburg was ever uppermost in his thoughts when he ran away from home; *that*, he thought, was the one spot on earth where good fortune was to come to him. But his courage now failed him, to go into the town and wait till fortune favored him there, for he had no money. He cast a mel-

ancholy look up at the rising walls and towers, took a survey on all sides, and at last crept between the sheaves of one of the heaps of corn which covered many of the surrounding fields. He slept very restlessly ; confused dreams of his abandoned home woke him up every quarter of an hour ; and when, with a racking headache, he tried to cheer up at early dawn, and to recollect where he really was, he suddenly saw his little all, and his precious life threatened by a robber's hand. In the twilight he perceived a man as big as a giant coming from the road, straight across the fields, to the sheaves where Johann Anton lay ; he cautiously surveyed his outstretched legs, gave them a slight kick, without getting a word out of the sleepy and terrified lad, shook his head, and — went away. If it was really a robber, as Johann Anton's imagination had pictured, the robber was a very sensible man to perceive at once that not much booty was to be got out of this guest of a wheatsheaf hotel.

As soon as it was broad daylight, Johann Anton crept out, stretched his stiffened limbs, and gazed at the town of Marburg — the object he had longed to reach ; but the golden clouds which were to pour down a rain of fortune, did not seem to be hanging over it. However, he got up, and had at last the good fortune to meet a company of reapers who were already busy in

the fields; he cast longing, eager looks at their provisions, which lay by their side, and the good-natured people smilingly invited him to partake of their meal; so that his hunger was for the time, at all events, appeased. He entered the city, stared with astonishment at the lofty houses, the proud castle, and the church of St. Elizabeth towering over all; and as the town had not yet quite awakened out of its sleep, he went at once into this church — one nave of which belonged to the Roman Catholics — and, while the early mass was being celebrated, prayed fervently to God to be his Protector and Director in the perplexing paths of the world, and of life.

Thus encouraged, he pursued his way through the town, offered his services in several houses and shops, saying that he could keep accounts accurately, and write a good, clear hand; but they did not happen to want such a man, or were sorry that, only a few days previously, they had just engaged a new clerk: in short, after he had offered himself to nearly every house in the town, he had just as many refusals as the number of houses he had applied at. He had left his last groschen in the hands of the landlord of the "Blue Angel," and not a drop of good fortune had as yet rained down from the sky. He walked up to the furthest end of the town, angrily

shook off the dust from his feet against it, and once more took up his night quarters in a heap of corn.

And when he awoke in the morning, what direction did his wandering take? Towards Frankfort, the great city, which could put six Marburgs in its pocket. He avoided the high road, because the people, and the innkeepers who dwelt beside it, knew and loved money too well, and would not, for love of God or hoping for reward from Him alone, give away a stiver. He struck across the fields and woods, where a compassionate peasant, or a shepherd, or a woodcutter, would kindly give him a morsel of bread or a draught of beer, without stretching out his hand for groschen and kreuzers in return. He did not despise wild berries, and when he found night quarters in a barn or charcoal burner's hut, he heartily thanked God and the hospitable people. Thus, at last, after unspeakable difficulties and privations, he reached the old free city on the Main.

Trembling, he entered it. He seemed as if he were lost in the noise and bustle of crowds of men, restlessly surging backwards and forwards though the streets. He timidly spoke every now and then to any man who wore a good coat, and asked if he wanted a clerk. Most of them gave him no answer. Then he asked in

different houses: praised his talent in keeping accounts, and his beautiful handwriting; but in Frankfort every Christian and Jew could keep accounts, and writing was no longer a secret art, as in mediæval times, and a dry "No," or a polite "I am very sorry," was the usual reply to his modest application. He ran restlessly from one end of the city to the other: he thought that surely every one must read his distress, his misery, in his face; but nobody looked at him, nor asked what troubled him, nor heeded him more than the dog which ran across the street. He gave up his idea of obtaining a clerk's place, and now offered himself for much humbler services, still with the same ill-success, until despair completely overpowered him. The expanse of sky which spread over Frankfort was large and broad, but it seemed as if no good fortune would fall down to him from thence. Confused in his head, and without any object, he sauntered up the street, and came to the bridge over the Main, without seeming to know what he wanted, or what he was searching for.

He leaned over the balustrade, and, with his head resting between his hands, gazed down upon the river's waves, immersed in deep, anxious thought. His helplessness, his isolation in a strange land, the dark and gloomy prospect of a future which had seemed so bright to his hope-

ful soul; then the thought of home, which now appeared to him like a lost Paradise, notwithstanding the Latin grammar, and the stick which was to force him into the clerical profession — of that home where every dog and every child in the street knew him, and would have troubled themselves about him, where he stretched out his legs beneath his father's table, and suffered no want — the impossibility of return to this lost Paradise, where now the redoubled wrath of an obstinate father awaited him, all this passed confusedly through his soul.

He did not hear the rattling of the carriages which rolled over the bridge behind him, nor the footsteps of people passing to and fro; he did not trouble himself about the outer world, neither did the outer world about him; he had already stood there for hours, lost in thoughts and dreams, when he suddenly felt a blow on his shoulder. He started up, frightened, and looked round.

"Ho, ho! comrade! what are you doing there?" were the words addressed to him by a tall, good-natured-looking man, whom he had never seen in his life before. "You don't want to drown yourself down there, do you? This is the third time that I have crossed the bridge, and now I still find you standing here, as I did the first time. What is the matter with you?"

"I do not know myself," replied Jonann Anton. "I am a most unfortunate being, and know not how to help myself."

"Who are you then? What is your name? Where do you come from?" added the stranger.

"My name is Johann Anton Knecht, and I am the son of a peasant farmer at Braunshausen."

"Braunshausen! where's that? I never heard of it in my life."

"It is a little village in the province of Sauerland, near the Hessian frontier."

"What brings you, then, to Frankfort?"

Timidly, and with much embarrassment, Johann Anton replied, "I have run away from my father."

"Oh, my lad! don't think me unkind when I say, that was very wrong in you, and that you ought not to complain if things go hardly with you. But why, then, did you run away from your father?"

"He wanted to force me to become a priest,—a thing I never will do."

"Aha! you were to become a priest, and would not," exclaimed the Protestant Frankforter, and laughed. "Indeed! yes, you Sauerlanders are Roman Catholics, and to become a Catholic priest is, indeed, a bad look-out, when one has no special inclination towards the calling. I should not like to be one myself, and really don't know

whether, in such circumstances, I should not have run away from my father too. But are you a well-conducted, steady fellow?"

"I think so." replied the lad. "I have never been accused of anything wrong."

"I believe you. Your red cheeks and bright eyes confirm your story. But come, do you understand anything? Can you read and write?"

"Our schoolmaster has always said that in reading and cyphering I was the best in the school," replied Johann Anton, modestly looking downwards; "and that, as long as he had been a schoolmaster, he had never seen such beautiful handwriting as mine."

"Oh! that is something, indeed. Then come with me; but you will have to undergo a little examination from me."

And with a new-born hope in his heart, Johann Anton walked beside the kind gentleman, rejoiced indeed that he had at last found in that great strange world one human soul who at least spoke to him, and showed some interest in him and his attainments; and to all further questions which the gentleman asked him on the way, he replied with such amiable and natural candor and straightforwardness that the Frankforter was delighted.

"Are you hungry?" he said, when with his young companion he reached his dwelling, a lofty, imposing-looking house.

"Yes, indeed," replied the lad, with such a touching shyness that it went to the good man's heart. Food and drink were at once at hand, and the good-natured man was amused at the boy's appetite, which had not been thoroughly satisfied for many long days. When with joyful contentment in his face, he said that he had had enough, the gentleman gave him a page to read out of a printed book, then a well-written piece of writing, and, lastly, a scarcely legible letter. All these he had to read aloud, in which he succeeded admirably, without the least hesitation, and in a clear, well-sounding voice.

"Now, add up this sum;" the lad did it with ease.

"Now, take paper, pen, and ink, and write what I dictate to you;" the lad did as he was told, and then handed to the gentleman the neat, clear, and flowing lines which he had written. He looked at them with admiration. There was not a single fault in the spelling. "Well, boy, I must say you understand something; and please me, too, very well. Will you remain with me?"

"Yes, yes! Willingly, willingly!" replied Johann Anton, eagerly, before he knew what kind of service would be required of him; but we can easily understand after his experiences how quickly he decided.

"Good — then I will tell you your duties.

See, I have a large business and warehouses; you must always punctually be present at the packing and unpacking of the goods, make out and receive the invoices, and carefully note down everything in a leger, which you must bring to the office the moment it is required. When now and then a strong hand may be wanted to help to move the bales, I don't think you will be ashamed to give your assistance. For this, you will have free board and lodging with me, and now and then receive a florin for pocket-money; and if you conduct yourself honestly, and punctually attend to your business, you shall afterwards receive a regular salary. Are you contented with this arrangement?"

"Yes, yes; indeed I am," was the lad's instant reply.

That night he slept far better in a proper bed than he had done amid the corn-sheaves and in the farmer's barn, and next morning found him cheerfully at his work in the warehouse yard.

In a few days, through deep attention, he had become thoroughly acquainted with everything connected with his business, from the most important to the most trivial particulars; and as he was a devoted lover of order, he did everything with the greatest exactitude. The invoices which he wrote would each have served for copies in any school, and the ledger which he

delivered up every evening in the office was so neatly, accurately, and beautifully written that it would have done credit to the great day-book of the establishment. And when a strong hand was needed for rougher work, he never failed to help; he was ready to assist, and obliging to every one, so that porters and wagoners used to say, "It is now quite a pleasure here, with that kind, well-behaved young clerk." His master contemplated his actions and the rapid development of his business talents with inward pleasure, and used to say, joking, "My good-for-nothing priest is by no means good-for-nothing, as regards some other things."

He had been actively employed for nearly three-quarters of a year in this business, and had, during all that time, heard nothing from his home; neither had he sent any tidings of himself thither. Fear of his father prevented him from writing a letter; in those days, too, it was scarcely possible to get a letter to such an out-of-the-way village as Braunshausen. It was now the time of the Frankfort Easter fair, and Johann Anton had his hands quite full in the warehouse yard. One day, among the rows of wagoners constantly arriving in the city, he thought he perceived a familiar face; he was right: it was a wagoner from the little town of Hallenberg, in Sauerland, the place whither he

had been obliged to go every day, for his Latin lesson. The man was bringing in a load of Sauerland hams.

"How are they at Knecht's house, at Braunshausen?" inquired Johann Anton, in a kind but timid voice, of the man, who did not recognize him, and stared at being addressed so familiarly by such a good-looking young gentleman in the large city of Frankfort.

"Thank you for the inquiry: they are very well," was the reply. "I was in their house a fortnight ago, buying hams. The two old people were well, and the children too; but last year they had a great affliction — their eldest son, Johann Anton, suddenly vanished, and has not come to light since. Some say he hanged himself, others that he followed the French to the war. This has caused the parents great grief, and the father says, every day, 'It was all my fault.'"

"Then give him and my mother my greetings, and say you have seen the runaway Johann Anton Knecht, in the best health, in the warehouse of the merchant B —, at Frankfort; and though he will never become a priest, he hopes, at all events, to turn out a respectable man, and to pass honorably through the world. Greet, too, for me, your pastor at Hallenberg, and tell him his Latin did me no harm, and that now I know French as well.

"I'll be sure to give your messages word for word," replied the astonished wagoner; and when, after a few weeks, he returned home, he went at once over to Braunshausen, and delivered his message at Knecht's house, the mother breathed freely at this unexpected news, and a heavy load fell from the father's heart. He did not, however, write to his runaway son — for letter-writing in those days was not the fashion among peasants — but made the wagoner promise that if he went to the Frankfort fair again next year, he would take a parcel for him to Johann. This parcel, when Easter came round again, consisted of a packet of shirts, and stockings knitted by the mother's own hand, together with a quantity of sausages, accompanied by thousands of good wishes, and a message from his father, that he would no longer think about his son's obstinacy, if his son, too, would forget his stubborn violence; and the mother added a hope that he would always remain her dear son, and keep God ever before his eyes; and, moreover, that as he would never now say mass himself, she trusted he would never neglect to be present at church when it was celebrated on Sundays and Holydays.

When the wagoner, with his load of hams, reached the merchant's warehouse at Frankfort, and was rejoicing in the anticipation of meeting

with and fulfilling his commission to his friendly fellow-countryman, he found, to his disappointment, other people busy there, and inquired eagerly whether Johann Anton had left. "Oh," was the reply, "you want the head clerk of our office;" and he was directed to a large beautiful room, in which he scarcely ventured to place his feet, so waited for a moment at the door. In a few minutes a friendly-looking young gentleman, much better dressed than the warehouse-clerk of last year, came out with a hearty greeting:

"Welcome, welcome, good fellow-countryman. So you are still alive and well; and how are the Knecht family at Braunshausen?"

Encouraged by this kind reception, the wagoner now delivered his messages, as well as the parcel, and tears of filial affection ran down the cheeks of the head clerk, Johann Anton Knecht. He asked a hundred questions about what was going on at home, sent his love and good wishes to his parents, brothers, and sisters, and asked the good man to tell them how, by God's help, he had, in his humble duties in the warehouse yard, won the esteem and full confidence of his master; that he had endeavored, with his patron's kind help, to extend his knowledge and to perfect himself in business, so that at first he had been appointed assistant clerk in the count-

ing-house, and had now become head clerk, in which important position he enjoyed the confidence and unbounded satisfaction of his principal; his parents need no longer be anxious about him: he had not forgotten the good God, and the good God had not forgotten him.

This news caused great joy in the house of the Knechts at Braunshausen, when the wagoner returned thither from the Frankfort fair. The mother said, with tears in her eyes, "God will perhaps make something great to grow out of our lost son."

One evening, a number of gentlemen — some nobles, others, plain citizens — were sitting together in a public club at Frankfort. Their conversation principally consisted in general complaints and lamentations over the universal untrustworthiness of servants, clerks, and secretaries, which had never been so bad as at the present time. The nobleman complained about his steward, who only took care of his own pocket, or of the embezzlements of his chamberlain; the merchant, about the clerks in his office: from one, a book-keeper had absconded with several thousands of florins: another missed numerous papers of value: a third complained of the endless acts of negligence in his counting house; and thus all, one after the other, related

their grievances. One gentleman alone did not join in the general complaint, but drank his glass of beer comfortably, and with a contented mien: he was the merchant so well known to us.

"Come, how is it? Have you no words to sing to the same tune? or, as a quiet listener, are you only hearkening to the music of others? You have a large business, too, which requires trustworthy *employes*."

To this inquiry, the merchant took a long draught from a glass, and replied, with a contented smile, "I don't know why I should complain. You, gentlemen, always take into your service consequential, cunning, sharp fellows, and then think they are only to be sharp and cunning in the interest of their principal, and not for themselves, as well. I, on the contrary, chose my man on the bridge over the Main — a Westphalian or a Sauerlander. I have brought him up according to my own fancies and ideas, and turned a capital head clerk and overseer out of him — such a clever and trustworthy fellow I don't think there is in all Frankfort. I can let him act as master instead of myself, and were I to place my whole fortune into his hand, I know that it would be well preserved."

"Yes, yes; the Westphalians are a true and honest set," called out to him a gentleman who sat at the further end of the room.

"Your old preference for Westphalians again, Count!" several voices replied. "We are quite accustomed to hear the praise of Westphalians from your mouth, to the disparagement of the Franconians and Swabians; and what the merchant B —— has just said is water to your mill."

"Well, gentlemen, when I praise, it is not done without deliberation and reason," replied the Count von Bergh, the Emperor's Ambassador in the free city, as he moved his chair closer to his friend, the merchant. "You said," he began to him, "you had picked up a young Westphalian out of the streets, and found in him the most trustworthy and skilful head clerk. You have excited my curiosity; tell me a few more particulars about him."

The merchant at once related in a low tone, so that the rest of the company could not hear him, the story, which we already know — about Johann Anton Knecht. He could not sufficiently praise his cleverness, his mental capacity, his gift of quick comprehension, the extraordinary rapidity with which he accustomed himself to a round of duties originally so foreign to his habits; his unwearied efforts to extend his knowledge beyond the immediate circle of his duties, and to educate himself, to which end he devoted every spare hour, instead of seeking for the pleasures of

youth; how honest and faithful his character was, how pure were his morals, how attractive his whole manner; and ended with the words — "My beloved Knecht would make an admirable privy councillor."

"Let me make a privy councillor of him!" exclaimed the Count von Bergh, who had been in the highest degree interested by the account of the young man. "Let me have the young man! Within six weeks I have been obliged to dismiss two secretaries, as they neither proved themselves competent for business, nor trustworthy in their character: and you can imagine that in the Imperial service, both these qualifications are all-important."

"Your Excellency," replied the merchant, who already felt grief at the probable loss of his clerk, "my Knecht would doubtless prove himself faithful to you, but remember, that a man who has shown himself thoroughly capable in my business, may not be at all useful or skilled in diplomatic negotiations and the affairs of State: about such things my young Sauerlander knows not an iota."

"He did not know an iota about your business and your double-entry book-keeping," replied the Count. "I see from your whole story that he is a natural genius, who will quickly accustom himself to any sphere in which he is placed. I think

that he will not dishonor the new post which I propose for him. So, then, give the young man up to me."

"I cannot, indeed, dispense with him," replied the merchant; "never should I find his equal."

"Ah! merely for your own sake — on account of your own interest, you would stand in the way of his advancement," said the count.

"And you, Count, do you not also wish to have him for your own interest," replied the merchant; "that you may obtain a hard worker and a confidential man for your embassy?"

"Certainly," answered the count; "I readily confess it; but, at the same time, I have the man's own interest in view, and mean to direct his mind towards that sphere of action to which he seems most fitted, and in which he will be most useful. You, most worthy sir, have once been his benefactor: complete your benevolence towards him by placing no hindrances in the way of his still higher advancement."

The merchant still shook his head in refusal, and finished his glass of beer. He was annoyed with himself for having praised so highly the virtues of his head clerk.

Early the next morning the valet of the Imperial Ambassador appeared in the office of the astonished Johann Anton, with the message that his master requested that the head clerk, Knecht,

would oblige him by calling about noon upon him at the Imperial Embassy. This valet and Johann Anton were already acquainted; they had sometimes spent a holiday together at the neighboring Bockenheim, playing bowls. He added to his message — "I can tell you my master has something particular to say to you. When he gave me the message, and I said I knew you, he asked me a hundred questions about you; and so, as you can imagine, I praised you up to the skies."

"You might as well have left that alone," replied Johann Anton; "for the count will soon, alas! convince himself that there is no foundation for your assertions."

"You can praise me up in return as often and whenever you wish," replied the valet, smiling, as he took leave of him.

Knecht told his principal at once the message which he had received; he replied, sadly, "I see my fate coming. My dear Knecht, we can no longer be together."

With beating heart the young clerk, at noon, went up the steps of the Imperial Embassy; about two o'clock he returned. Almost beside himself with astonishment, he informed his master, who awaited his return with no little anxiety —

"The Count von Bergh," said he, "has offered

me, after a short period of probation, the post of third secretary at the Imperial Embassy."

"And what answer did you give?" asked the merchant.

"That I left the decision in the hands of my benefactor — in yours," replied Knecht.

"To lose you is the heaviest blow that could come upon me," replied the honest man, weeping; yet I could not stand in the way of your good fortune, and you are now called to higher things than to post down the entries in the ledger of a warehouse. May God be with you!"

Grievous as the parting was to the worthy merchant, it was still more trying to the good and grateful Johann Anton; but he thanked Providence that his ardent endeavors, which had been by no means thoroughly satisfied in his previous situation, had now suddenly a new field opened to them.

He entered hopefully and cheerfully on his new duties. Six weeks had scarcely passed away before his vigorous mind and penetrating understanding, combined with his untiring zeal and great capacity for work, had made him quite familiar and at home in the various spheres of his new business; so that every document which proceeded from his pen bore the mark of the most extreme accuracy, as well as singular neatness.

The Count von Bergh took every opportunity of expressing his satisfaction; he perceived, too, with pleasure, that the young man was daily striving, with unwearying diligence, to extend the circle of his knowledge in statesmanship, and matters connected with it. This insured him the count's esteem, while his modest, straightforward, unaffected manner at the same time won his love, in the fullest degree, and for all time.

When the Hallenberg wagoner came next time with his Sauerland hams to the Easter fair at Frankfort, and inquired for his fellow-countryman at the merchant's office, he was told that he must go to the Imperial Embassy, and ask for Secretary Knecht.

"Gracious heavens! he is always getting higher and higher!" exclaimed the man, astonished. "Ah, a poor man like me dare not go thither." But he was told that the secretary had left special orders at the warehouse that as soon as his Hallenberg fellow-countryman arrived, he was to come and visit him.

"One can talk as familiarly with him as when he used to go, with his Latin books under his arm, to his lesson with our pastor," the wagoner concluded the report which, on his return to Braunshausen, he gave to his parents, who listened in astonishment. And the happy mother exclaimed — "We shall see; our Johann Anton

will manage to get acquainted with both Emperor and Pope!"

We will pass over a few years. The scene has changed.

Knecht, who had performed his duties at his post in Frankfort in the most praiseworthy manner, and been very warmly commended by the Count von Bergh, was now appointed first secretary at the Imperial Embassy in Ratisbon, and there won in so short a time the confidence of his superior, the Ambassador, and to such a degree, that he left nearly all the work in his hands alone, and traveled about himself during the greater part of the year.

The Crown Prince Joseph, the son of the reigning Empress, Maria Theresa, was very desirous, as soon as he came to the years of discretion, to try his hand in weighty matters of state, and wished to introduce several reforms, to which his more experienced mother would not consent. She thought it, therefore, politic to remove him for some time from the Court of Vienna. He was obliged, whether he liked it or not, to take a journey to France. The plan for his tour was minutely drawn out for him, and all the Embassies at the different capitals on the road were provided with secret instructions for his reception, and as to the conduct that was to

be maintained towards him. Now the Crown Prince wished beyond everything to know the exact contents of these secret letters, of which he had strong suspicions. His journey led him through Ratisbon, and immediately on his arrival he went to the Imperial Embassy. He inquired gruffly,—

"Where is the Imperial Ambassador?"

"He is away traveling just now," was the secretary's reply.

"So you, then, are the secretary?"

"At your service."

"Your name?"

"Johann Anton Knecht. And whom have I the honor to see before me?"

"I am the Crown Prince Joseph, and wish to see the last letters which have arrived here from Vienna, and which regard myself."

"Imperial Highness, I regret very much the Ambassador is away; I know nothing," replied the secretary most respectfully, but in a quick and decided tone.

"You know about them — you must know about them," said Joseph, his fury beginning to boil over.

"Imperial Highness, I know of nothing."

"And I demand to see the letters — so come."

"Imperial Highness, I am very sorry that I cannot serve you."

"Infamous fellow! — secretary! You show me those letters immediately, or I will shoot you down!" cried Joseph, drawing out a pistol in a furious rage.

At this terrible and critical moment Knecht looked into the Prince's face with calm, undismayed gaze, and said, with a firm voice, that had something almost sublime in its expression —

"Prince! — yes! the letters have arrived. I know their contents. I am in possession of them. But I know my duty too; and your Imperial Highness will not learn a letter of what they contain."

Disarmed and abashed in his fury, by this inflexible firmness of the secretary, Joseph exclaimed —

"Fellow, this shall never be forgotten against you!" and rushed out of the office.

"Bad — very bad!" said the Imperial Ambassador, who returned on the following day, and learned from the secretary what had happened. "My dear Knecht, this affair will have evil consequences for you, when Joseph comes to the throne. I do not blame you; on the contrary, I must admire you. You have acted as a man of courage and character; but — but — perhaps not quite prudently. I really don't know what I should have done myself if I had been present."

Knecht, too, looked forward with sad thoughts to the future, but still he had the deep inward solace in his conscience that he had acted as he was in honor and duty-bound to do.

Soon after this journey, Joseph was appointed, under the title of King of the Romans, joint Sovereing with his mother, Maria Theresa. Immediately afterwards a written order arrived at the Embassy at Ratisbon, for the secretary Knecht to proceed at once to Vienna, and present himself before Joseph at the Imperial Palace.

"Then we have what I feared," cried the Ambassador, sorrowfully.

Knecht took what he felt was a last farewell of him, and began his journey with the feelings of a poor victim who is being patiently led to the place of execution, and who finds his sole and last consolation in the consciousness of his innocence. Arrived at Vienna, he at once announced himself to Joseph, and was introduced into his presence.

"Do you remember me?" inquired the Sovereign.

"Yes, sire," replied Knecht, in a firm voice.

"Do you know where we made our first acquaintance?"

"Yes, sire; in the Imperial Embassy at Ratisbon."

"Do you remember how you behaved to me then?"

"Sire, it was my duty to act as I did."

"Yes, you did your duty," said Joseph; "and from this hour you are my private secretary. For this office I require a man who every moment remains steadfast in his duty, and — can be silent."

We need not describe with what feelings Knecht welcomed this unexpected turn in his fortune, which had just seemed so threatening. We will only add, that the confidence which Joseph placed in him was daily confirmed, and that Knecht in a short time, made himself quite at home, and thoroughly acquainted with new and more important affairs of State; but with this he was not content. He strove for still greater perfection in the matters, in order that he might be everything that he ought to be, to his exalted master. Indeed, for two whole years he regularly attended the lectures of the most celebrated professors of the Vienna University on statecraft and history, for he by no means considered his education completed, nor — high as was the office he filled — did he feel ashamed to sit among the ranks of the scholars.

In Vienna, too, he had the pleasure of meeting again the Count von Bergh, who had first introduced him at Frankfort to the diplomatic career, and, as a warm friend, had since taken the deepest interest in his advancement. The

Count was then filling an important post at Court, and he and Knecht worked for the most part together.

Joseph once confided to the Count an affair of extraordinary importance, which he could trust to no other hands. The Count secretly consulted about it with Knecht, in whose genius and capability he placed unbounded confidence, and found him quite ready to undertake and carry out the matter in his stead. Knecht's greatest ambition was how to accomplish this affair in the most brilliant manner, in order to repay some portion of his debt of gratitude towards the Count. When the papers were ready he delivered them to the Count, who read them through, and joyfully acknowledged that they far surpassed his most sanguine expectations. The Count now handed them to the Emperor, who looked through them with manifest delight, and exclaimed —

"Count, I had expected from you what would be very brilliant, but anything so absolutely perfect I never should have anticipated. Receive the assurance of my warmest thanks, and of my most affectionate sentiments towards you for the future."

The Count shook his head, and his words bore a noble testimony to his magnanimous mind. "Sire," he said, "do not give me the honor, but

give it to your own private secretary, Knecht. He is the author, not I, of these documents."

Joseph now perceived for the first time, in all its reality, what a treasure he possessed in his secretary, Knecht. Thenceforth he did nothing without consulting him, first; often was he shut up with him for days in his cabinet, in order, with him alone and undisturbed, to mature his important and extensive plans of government. The relationship which was soon developed between them was no longer that of a Sovereign towards his obedient subject, but of a friend towards his friend. It was said, in praise of the Emperor Joseph, that he never had a real favorite; this meant, that he was never so weak as many of the rulers of those days, who were blindly led according to the humor of those minions who knew how to flatter them, and who often exercised an extreme and ruinous influence in the government of their dominions; but with friends who proved themselves worthy of his confidence he took careful counsel; and in the first rank of these stood — with the exception of Count von Bergh — his private secretary, Knecht, who, moreover, was beloved and trusted throughout the states of the Empire; and very often succeeded in healing wounds caused by the unpopular and somewhat despotic minister, Kaunitz. That he could be silent — that quality

which Joseph, as we have seen before, so highly estimated — he gave his imperial master as brilliant and striking an instance as he had done on that memorable occasion at Ratisbon.

Maria Theresa, Joseph's mother and co-regent, perceived more and more how her enlightened son was striving to introduce reforms and improvements, which, so long as she possessed the power, she was determined to restrain and prevent, as her views on government were framed on a different model. Joseph endeavored to keep his plans as secret as possible, until they were fully matured, and then to bring them to light. Though Knecht led so retired a life, and seemed to be kept quite in the background, yet Maria Theresa very well knew the large share he had in all Joseph's works and plans. Suddenly she appeared one day in Knecht's room, as he was sitting in the midst of his papers, and demanded to look through those which he then had in his hands. Knecht quickly reflected, then gathered up the papers, locked them up, and said —

"Your Majesty, I am ready to submit most obediently to all your commands, so long as they do not interfere with the duties which I owe to your Majesty's exalted son, my master. I grieve to be placed in this position with regard to your Majesty, and not to be able to let you see the

contents of these papers, as I am forbidden to show them to any one, without a single exception. However much this my humble explanation may excite your Majesty's wrath, I submissively beg you to mitigate it, by taking into consideration how my conduct must be influenced by a stern sense of duty."

Maria Theresa, with vexation, beheld her purpose frustrated, her authority as Sovereign defied by the firm will of an employé of her son's, and immediately ordered the Cabinet secretary to be arrested. With deep sympathy and affection, Joseph soon learnt what a great sacrifice the devotion of his secretary had cost him, and through favorable representations to his mother at last obtained his release. Henceforth Knecht was more than ever confirmed in his favor and confidence, and when, in the year 1780, Maria Theresa — that purest and noblest woman of the century, a shining example of morality and virtue amidst the general depravity of all European courts — died, and her son, under the name of Joseph II., alone bore the sceptre of Austria and of the German Empire, it was in Knecht that he found the strongest support, and widest co-operation, in the affairs of government, then so difficult and involved.

Joseph's reign was one of the happiest and most liberal which the Austrian Empire ever en-

joyed. No sovereign cared more for the welfare and comfort of his subjects. His kind heart prompted him to do all in his power to improve the condition of the country and its inhabitants. It is needless to say how in all these noble plans and beneficial reforms he was encouraged and assisted by his secretary, Johann Anton Knecht.

When in the year 1790 Joseph, still in the prime of life, lay on his death-bed, he took care to provide in a truly imperial manner for his faithful friend and fellow-worker, in order to insure him an honorable and independent future. He left him a large amount of funded property, and all the valuable, costly pictures and works of art in his private cabinet — a very thoughtful present, to honor Knecht's faithful co-operation with him in that cabinet — and many other things which we cannot here enumerate. Joseph's successor, too, the Emperor Leopold, distinguished the devoted friend and assistant of his deceased father in various ways, and raised him to the rank of a noble. The runaway peasant lad, Johann Anton Knecht of Braunshausen, now signed himself Cabinet Secretary Baron Von Knecht; but he still remained the same modest man he had ever been, and lived — without accepting a new post after Joseph's death, and without marrying — in quiet and simple retirement in the capital, enjoying the society of a few intimate

friends and of his younger brother, Carl Wilhelm, whom he had sent for to Vienna, when he was quite a boy, to be educated there, and who, ennobled as well, assumed the high position of Councillor of State, and, like his brother, led a modest, quiet, single life.

Baron Von Knecht died twenty years after Joseph II., on the 4th October, 1810, at Vienna, in the 69th year of his age, with the joyful consciousness of having honestly used the talent entrusted to him, labored for the improvement of his fellow-men, and at every time performed his duty, to the minutest particular.

Only once after his first departure from home did he visit Braunshausen. It was after he had been called to Vienna, and his parents were far advanced in age. Their joy was not to be described.

"Johann Anton," said his mother, "is it possible? and you are every day with the emperor?"

"And dare to call myself his friend," was the modest reply.

"Son, then you no longer want anything in this world, except to see the pope."

"The pope I have seen too, and kissed his hand, when he visited my emperor in Vienna," replied the son.

"Gracious God!" exclaimed the mother;

"then, my son, there is nothing more I can desire for you, than that you may die happily."

The name of Knecht, and the family itself, in various branches, are still to be found at his birthplace and in the surrounding villages. At the school at Gesecke, which he visited for a year and then left, contrary to his father's will, the name *J. A. Knecht* might be seen a few years ago, as he himself rudely cut it, on one of the benches.

It served the schoolmaster often as the text for a lecture to boys who wrote badly and carelessly, for he was able to enlarge from it, on the importance of accuracy and good handwriting, and related to the listening youths how this very *J. A. Knecht*, through his beautiful handwriting, diligence and honesty, came to very great honor, and at last became Cabinet Secretary to the emperor, as well as his friend and right hand. "Therefore," was always the conclusion, "if anything good is to come out of any one of you, you know how you ought to set to work."

JEAN BART,

THE SAILOR BOY WHO BECAME AN ADMIRAL.

FRANCE cannot boast of many naval heroes. Jean Bart is, perhaps, the most famous of them all, and as he was a true man of the people, sprung from humble origin, his memory is very popular among his countrymen. His ancestors, who originally lived at Dieppe, had emigrated to Dunkirk in 1489. Here the race of Barts speedily become renowned as fishermen, pilots, smugglers, privateers'-men, and seamen both in the naval and merchant service; they were always the first in the fire and in the storm, the originators of the boldest enterprises, brave and intrepid to the highest degree, and distinguished by their sterling honesty and good faith. The father and grandfather of our hero had both been privateers'-men, and died of the wounds they had received in fighting against the English.

Jean Bart was born on the 21st October, 1650, at Dunkirk, in a house which is still shown in the Rue de l'Eglise. Dunkirk at that time belonged to England, but shortly after, it surren-

dered to Louis XIV., who, however, was not able to keep his new conquest, and was obliged soon after to deliver it up to Cromwell. Charles II. afterwards sold it, for five millions of francs, to the French monarch. Thus Jean Bart's native town changed masters several times during his youth.

Up to the year 1666, we lose all traces of young Jean Bart. Probably, following the example of the children of all maritime towns, he lived among the sailors in the port, being initiated into a knowledge of their trade, sharing their fishing and smuggling adventures, inuring his body to all kinds of fatigue, and his mind to all the dangers of their perilous life.

His intellectual education was completely neglected; and though he became skillful in reefing and furling sails, he never advanced so far in learning as to be able to sign his own name. He often, in after life, suffered from this ignorance, which he always deeply regretted. In 1664 he carried off the prize at a cannon-firing match at Calais; he was then scarcely fourteen.

At the age of sixteen, we find him a mate on board the brigantine, the "Cochon Gras." This little strangely-named vessel was commanded by a certain Jerome Valbué, a man fond of the sack and cord, in time of peace a pilot, smuggler, and fisherman. Since England's declaration of war

with France and Holland, the "Cochon Gras" had sometimes acted as a coast-guard vessel, and sometimes carried the mails between France and Holland; and often, too, piloted into Calais harbor those Dutch vessels which had been too much damaged in battle to regain their own ports. Jerome Valbué had, too, received a commission as Royal pilot, and frequently informed ships of war of the passage of the enemy's convoys. Thus he had several strings to his bow. The worst thing about him was, his love of drink, his quarrelsome disposition, and his religious intolerance, for he was a most bigoted Roman Catholic. A Protestant, Martin Lanoix,— unhappily for him,— had engaged himself to serve under this severe captain, whose butt he naturally became from the day when his creed was discovered. The disputes between the captain and this sailor were most frequent; the former threatened the Protestant with the stake on shore, who replied by calling the Catholic captain "the Pope's soldier and the valet of Rome." Their heads became excited, wine and brandy flowed in the leather goblets, knives flashed from their sheaths, and often the crew, headed by young Jean Bart, had to interpose.

The truth is, that almost always Jerome Valbué was in the wrong. The Protestant did his duty strictly and conscientiously, and thus made

it impossible for his chief to punish him, which only argumented the blind rage of the latter. At this time there was no real maritime code of laws, and the relations between sailors and their masters were very badly defined. There were, however, three or four different sorts of laws, to one of which sailors and captains generally submitted. Among these was one called the *Jugement d' Oleron*, an old custom of the sea, which the sailors of the north generally agreed to follow.

One day, the "Cochon Gras" was sailing along with a fresh fair breeze, leaving a streak of white foam behind her, Jean Bart was at the helm, silently smoking his pipe. At his feet, under the shadow of a great lateen sail, Jerome Valbué and the seven other sailors who composed the crew were sitting round a pitcher of brandy. The captain, half drunk, had broached his favorite question — religion, never losing an occasion of attacking the faith, and wounding the feelings of Martin Laniox. The Huguenot remained calm and indifferent, but his eyes began to flash. He continued, however, to drink, resolved not to understand the allusions, of which he was the object. The captain drank on, till he became more and more intoxicated; the sailor imitated his example. At last, after a grosser and more direct insult than any other, Martin Lanoix

could no longer contain himself, and replied in strong sarcasm upon Rome and the Pope. Jerome Valbué sprang up with one bound, rushed upon the sailor, and brutally struck him on the head.

The *Jugement d' Oleron* orders that the sailor is to submit to the first blow from his captain, whether it be a kick or a stroke of the fist, and try, before defending himself, to escape from the anger of his master by making the round of the ship at least one and a half times. Martin Laniox executed this custom to the letter; then he stopped, and remarked, "Master, the *Jugement d' Oleron* commands a captain to exercise moderation towards his company, if you please." Valbué, exasperated beyond measure by the coolness of his enemy, drew his knife from his pocket. The sailor did the same. The Catholic fell upon the Protestant, who defended himself, and, in the struggle, gashed the arm of his aggressor.

"Ah, dog! wretch!" cried Valbué, "he has dared to strike his commander. Bind him. I order you."

The sailors hesitated. The firm and resolute attitude of Lanoix sufficiently indicated to them that the first who laid a hand upon him was a dead man.

"Are you going to obey me, cowards?" cried

the master, seizing a broken oar, which was close at hand, and running at the sailors.

Martin Lanoix was not liked on board: his silence and his religious opinions had caused him to be detested by his comrades; besides, the master had issued a command. The whole crew rushed upon the Huguenot, who was thrown down and bound in a moment. But he had defended himself with the energy of despair, and one of the sailors, Simon Laret, struck in the neck by a blow from his knife, had fallen, never to rise again.

"He has struck his comrade," cried Valbué, triumphant, knowing that the hour was come when his animosity could be satisfied. "Fetch me the *Jugement d' Oleron;* we will apply to the murderer the law which he himself has appealed to." The captain read aloud —

"The seaman striking or even raising his arm against his master, shall be fastened with a sharp knife to the ship's mast by one hand, and obliged to draw it away in such a manner that half of it shall remain fixed to the mast."

Pulling up the sleeve of his jacket, Valbué then displayed the wound which he had received on his arm, asking all round, if this wound had been made by Martin Lanoix or not. The first six sailors who were asked replied "Yes." When Jean Bart's turn came (he had not quitted

the helm during the whole quarrel), he replied gravely to the captain —

"Master, the *Jugement d' Oleron* declares, also, that the seamen accused shall have the space of three meals — that is, a day and a half — to repent of his crime, after which, judgment shall be declared and justice done."

"I did not ask you anything about that," said the captain, whose fury was about to burst out anew. "Is Martin Lanoix my servant or not? and did he wound me with his knife?"

"No!" replied Jean Bart, firmly.

Encouraged by the example of the mate, the remaining sailor replied no also.

Valbué then pronounced this judgment: "Considering that six have said *yes* and two *no*, the punishment customary among seamen shall be executed."

The wretched Lanoix was taken to the mast, and the horrible sentence executed to the letter.

But this was not all. The captain read further —

"If any sailor kills one of his mates, or wounds him so that he dies, the dead shall be tied to the living, back to back, and both shall be thrown into the sea." "Has Martin Lanoix," added the ferocious captain, "struck his comrade, Simon Laret, in such a manner that death has ensued?"

The first six sailors said yes, as before, but Jean Bart again tried to save the wretched Huguenot. "Master," said he, "the custom of seafaring people always allows, that in case of legitimate defense ——"

"Answer to what I ask you," exclaimed Valbué, eager for blood and vengeance.

"No, then," cried the brave young man, without lowering his eyes before the terrible look of his chief.

"No," said in his turn the eighth sailor.

According to the directions of the *Jugement d' Oleron*, the dead man was tied to the living, and both were thrown into the sea.

Jean Bart had done all he could to prevent this murder, the details of which came to the Prime Minister Colbert's ears, and hastened the revision of the maritime code. As soon as they reached Calais, Jean Bart signified to Valbué that he could no longer form part of his crew, and he set off to serve in Holland. He first engaged himself on board the "Canard Doré," a privateer, under the command of Captain Svoelt, — life on board which suited him better than the strict discipline of the Dutch navy. But war soon after breaking out between Holland and France, Jean Bart, accompanied by his friend and countryman, Keiser, left the service of the former, and returned to serve his own country.

Arrived at Dunkirk, in 1673, Jean Bart and Keiser at once embarked on board an armed privateer. After some successful expeditions, in the course of which they distinguished themselves, by their audacity and skill in manœuvring, several ship-owners resolved to furnish them with a command; and, notwithstanding their youth (Jean Bart was then twenty-four, Keiser twenty-eight), the former became captain of a galliot, the "Roi David," and the latter of the brig, the "Alexandre." They sailed in company, and made their first prize at the mouth of the Meuse — an enormous Dutch barge, laden with coal. Shortly after they captured several other vessels, one a pinnace, filled with Spanish wine. More than satisfied with their new captain, Jean Bart's employers entrusted him, next year, with an armed frigate of ten guns, manned by a hundred men, the "Royale." The bold corsair found himself immediately in face of the "Jambon Doré," an enormous vessel, laden with blubber, brought back from the Arctic seas, and provided with eight guns. A terrible contest ensued. Jean Bart, seeing that it had lasted for four hours without any result, boarded the enemy's vessel and took possession of it. During that year, 1674, Jean Bart and his companions captured nine vessels.

The following year was an important one in

the life of our hero. While at sea, in the month of January, he met a Dutch frigate of ten guns, the "Esperance;" and, after a severe fight, which lasted more than an hour, the enemy's captain, lieutenant and several sailors being slain, victory remained with the French privateer. This was the wedding present which the young captain offered to his betrothed, Nicole Goutier, whom he married the 3rd February, 1674.

Probably for six months after this Jean Bart gave himself up to the pleasures of wedded life, for the well-kept naval registers of Dunkirk do not make any mention of his name during that period, nor of any battles or expeditions in which he took a part. But in July we find him again face to face with "Les Armes de Hambourg," a well-armed and well-manned flag-ship of the Prince of Orange, with a valuable cargo. A fresh battle and a fresh victory for Jean Bart ensued. It was a good prize too, for the Dutch ship contained a considerable quantity of gold dust, silver ingots, ivory and other precious merchandise. On their return, the "Royale," in company with Keiser's privateer, took possession of the "Lévrier," of twelve guns and eighty-eight men; of the "Bergere," of the same force; and of three rich Dutch transports.

Jean Bart and Keiser, finding themselves charged with two hundred and eighty prisoners,

followed by five prizes, and embarrassed by an enormous booty, permitted them to continue their voyage on payment of a moderate ransom. This conduct drew upon them very severe reprimands.

A *proces-verbal* was published, in which his Majesty expressly forbids the Sieurs Bart, Keiser, and all other privateers, to make any arrangement, however favorable, with the enemy's vessels. It appears that in 1675 Jean Bart captured or destroyed six hundred and seventy of the enemy's vessels. Even if this were an exaggeration, it would prove what a terrible adversary the enemies of France found in our hero.

The employers of Jean Bart, enthusiastic at the exploits of their captain, wished to place him in a position to attack still larger ships; and for this object they armed for him the frigate "La Palme," of eighty guns and one hundred and fifty men. The young sailor then found himself at the head of a real squadron. His friends, commanding smaller vessels, accompanied "La Palme" into the North Sea and Channel, terrifying the Dutch navy and annihilating the commerce of the Republic. On 7th September, 1675, they attacked and overcame a merchant fleet, convoyed by three large frigates; one of these was sunk, another took to flight, and the

third, of thirty-two guns, together with eight richly-laden ships, remained in the hands of the victors. As a reward for this gallant exploit, the King sent Jean Bart a gold chain.

In 1678, after having taken possession of a large number of the enemy's ships, he engaged in a terrible combat with the "Sherdam," a Dutch frigate, of twenty-four guns and ninety-four men. This time the enemy fought long and valiantly. Irritated at this vigorous defense, Jean Bart grappled with the "Sherdam," and was himself the first to climb upon the enemy's deck; his hands and his face were burned, and the calves of his legs carried away by a cannon ball. His men, encouraged by the example of their captain, threw their adversaries into the sea. The brave Dutch commander, William Ranc, was killed upon his quarter-deck, while fifty of his crew lay dead around. Jean Bart returned triumphantly to Dunkirk with the "Sherdam," which had sprung several leaks, in tow.

The war with Holland was at last terminated by the treaty of Nymeguen, and our hero thought he was about to enjoy a well-merited repose; but, on the recommendation of Vauban, in January, 1679, Louis XIV. appointed him lieutenant in the navy, and entrusted him with an important mission. He was sent, in 1781, to

chastise the pirates of Barbary, in the "Vipere," of fourteen guns, with another frigate of the same size. Such a responsibility had never been placed upon an officer of his rank, but they knew of what the man was capable, and the ministers had no cause to repent of the confidence they had reposed in him. On 30th June, Jean Bart, meeting two pirate-vessels on the coasts of Portugal, immediately gave them chase. One succeeded in escaping him; the other, flying before his balls, was stranded on the rocks of Algarve: a hundred and fifty Moors, who manned her, were taken by the Portuguese, and reduced to slavery; but the French lieutenant haughtily demanded that they should be given up to him, and as the local authorities hesitated, alleging that they must have an order to do so from the Infante Don Pedro, Jean Bart sent an officer to that Prince, and threatened to bombard his coasts. Don Pedro yielded, the stranded vessel was given up, as well as the hundred and fifty Moors; and the brave commander brought them all into Toulon. Among these prisoners were several important personages, who paid a heavy ransom to the French Government. Jean Bart cruised for about a year in the Mediterranean, and returned to Dunkirk in 1682. During this year our hero lost his mother, his daughter, aged eleven months, and his first wife. All these do-

mestic afflictions deeply grieved him. He also suffered from the inaction which peace caused him, till the recommencement of hostilities gave new energy to his enterprising spirit. France was now at war with England, Holland, and Spain. After a brilliant action near Cadiz, in which he captured several valuable prizes, Jean Bart was promoted to the rank of captain, in 1686. About this time he became acquainted with a man whose name afterwards became almost inseparable from his own, and who for a long time shared all his adventures — the Chevalier de Forbin Janson. This officer was proud and self-conceited, and had a profound contempt for the virtues of others. Active, bold, enterprising, the chevalier did not consider any one capable of executing the deeds which he could himself accomplish, and he included Jean Bart among the number. In virtue of his rank, and of his reputation for bravery, Jean Bart lived on the most perfect equality with his noble comrades. When he understood their jokes, he was often the first to laugh at the blunders which his ignorance and want of education caused him to commit. He was called the *bear*, and he had cheerfully accepted this surname, being content to change it during a battle, when he proved himself the most terrible *lion* that can be imagined.

But M. de Forbin Janson went too far with his jokes, so one fine day he declared to the noble officer that there must be a limit to them, and that he would put up with them no longer. The chevalier thought it best to agree, and the two sailors were henceforth the best friends in the world.

The command of the "Sérpente" was intrusted to Jean Bart. He put to sea, and engaged a large Dutch privateer. The action was a very warm one. It is said that, perceiving his son (whom he had taken with him, and who was only twelve years old,) turn pale, and lower his head at each discharge of grape-shot, whistling among the rigging, Jean Bart had him tied to the main-mast, where he remained till the victory was decided. The Dutchmen had to lay down their arms, and were conducted as prisoners to Brest.

At Havre, where Jean Bart and Forbin met again, they learned that war had broken out between France and England. Almost immediately afterwards they were charged with escorting a convoy of twenty merchant vessels. They put to sea on the 20th May, 1689, in the "Raillleuse" and "Les Jeux," and the next day, surprised by two English ships of very superior force, they were forced to engage in a fight, which was of disastrous consequences to them. Jean Bart,

who commanded, ordered Forbin to attack with him the strongest of the two English ships, while the three best armed of the merchant vessels engaged the other. A terrible combat ensued. Jean Bart had almost made himself master of the ships, when the three merchant vessels took to flight. The second ship, thus set free, attacked the Dunkirk frigates in flank, and soon decided the victory. Jean Bart and his lieutenant were wounded, a hundred and forty of their crew *hors de combat*, and the two frigates riddled from stem to stern. They were obliged to surrender, and were brought in as prisoners to Plymouth. Great was the joy in England at the capture of the notorious Jean Bart.

Arrived at Plymouth, the two prisoners requested to be set at liberty on parole, promising not to leave the walls of the town; but the governor treated them with extreme severity, and shut them up in a kind of military prison. They determined to seize the first favorable opportunity to escape. Just at that time a sailor, of Ostend, a distant relation of Jean Bart's, was at Plymouth, having put into that port to avoid a violent storm, and he naturally went to pay a visit to his illustrious relative. That very evening the prisoners had in their possession an excellent file, by the help of which they separated a bar of the iron grating against the window of their

apartment. Forbin, moreover, suffering from his wounds, sent for a surgeon, and by a promise of money, secured his aid; two ship boys, necessary to help them, were by similar means engaged in the plot.

On the eleventh day of their captivity, these two boys, walking along the quay, by a wonderful good fortune, espied a man in a little boat dead drunk. To convey the drunkard to a neighboring landing-place, to take his boat to an isolated point in the harbor, and then to run to the prison — all this was executed with rapidity and success. For Jean Bart and Forbin this boat was liberty. The surgeon supplied provisions, a few loaves, a cheese, some beer, a compass, and a map — all were ready in the course of an hour. At midnight the prisoners tied the sheets of their beds together, and thus decended to the ground; they ran at once to the harbor, and found the boat where the boys had fastened it. There were only two oars in the boat, a large one and a small one. *Vogue la galere*, cried Jean Bart, and seized the larger; he pushed the boat off from the quay. One of the boys took the smaller one, and the frail bark made its way among the ships of the harbor.

"Where's that boat going to?" cried the sentinel.

"Fishermen," cried Jean Bart, in excellent English.

At daybreak the fugitives were almost out of reach of pursnit. A thick fog favored their flight, and for two days and a half the brave Jean Bart (Forbin, wounded in the arm, could render no assistance) continued to row with an indefatigable vigor. At last, at the end of this period, they perceived the coasts of Bretagne, and landed a few hours after, at Hanqui, a village six leagues from St. Malo. They were at once seized by one of the sentinels placed to prevent the escape of Protestant fugitives. When Jean Bart told his name, as every one had imagined both himself and his companion to be dead, the news spread with great rapidity, and they were everywhere welcomed with demonstrations of joy.

Jean Bart arrived at Dunkirk, feeling rather crestfallen at his defeat, but he was received with such honors at his birthplace, that he soon thought of nothing but how he could best revenge himself upon the English. On the 20th June, 1689, Jean Bart and Forbin were again appointed captains of ships. Three months after this our hero married a second time; his bride was the rich heiress Jacqueline Tughes; by this marriage he had ten children. A month after he went to sea in the "Alcyon," and joined Tourville's fleet of seventy vessels, five light frigates, and eighteen gun-boats. A severe

action, which lasted eight hours, took place off Cape Beveziers, between the French and the Anglo-Dutch fleet. A large ship of the line, of seventy guns, was captured, and entrusted to Jean Bart, who brought her into Dunkirk.

Jean Bart proposed to the Government to send a light fleet to the North to destroy the trade of the Dutch and English. In 1692 they consented, and requested him to take the command; his friend Forbin was to accompany him. Six frigates were armed, and the two friends prepared to put to sea. But, unfortunately, such an enterprise could not be prepared in secret; the report of Jean Bart's expedition got abroad, and the English and Dutch determined to prevent our hero from leaving Dunkirk. However, he managed to fight his way through them, and his expedition was crowned with wonderful success; he captured several vessels, made a decent upon Newcastle, burned several houses, and returned to Dunkirk with a booty of 500,000 francs. Scarcely giving themselves time to revictual their ships, Jean Bart and Forbin again set sail for the North Sea; they burned, sunk, or captured all the enemies' vessels they met, their richest prize being a Dutch merchant fleet, convoyed by three ships of the line. They went to refit at Bergen, in Norway.

In this port occurred to Jean Bart one of the

best known adventures of his life. Being one day at a place much frequented by the sailors who were in the harbor, an Englishman came up to him, and asked him if he was the famous Jean Bart.

"Certainly," replied the privateer.

"Well," replied the Englishman, "my ship is at anchor here; I should not be sorry to measure myself against you."

"Nothing is easier," said Jean Bart with the greatest coolness. "As soon as I am victualled I will let you know, and shall be quite at your service."

The day was fixed, and the Englishman invited Jean Bart to come and breakfast on board his ship before the battle.

"The breakfast of two enemies like you and me," replied Jean Bart, "is when they meet with heavy cannonading, and sword in hand."

However, yielding to the importunity of the English captain, and doubtless not wishing to appear to suspect his good faith, our hero followed him on board his vessel, where he ate his breakfast with an excellent appetite. At the end of the meal Jean Bart took a glass of brandy, lighted his pipe with a long match made of an old rope, and said to his host:

"It is time for me to start."

"You cannot," replied he, "you are my prisoner."

Indignant, Jean Bart sprang on one side, threw down three or four Englishmen who endeavored to block up his way, and placing his lighted match close to a barrel of gunpowder, he exclaimed, "Your prisoner indeed! very well, we will all be blown up together."

And with a formidable hurrah he called to his aid the sailors of his squadron anchored close by. The English dared not move, whilst Jean Bart's men, Forbin at their head, arrived from all sides; a combat ensued in which some men were killed or wounded, and, notwithstanding the protestations of the traitor captain, that they were in a neutral port, Jean Bart declared the English ship his prize, and carried her off with him. Such is the French story, for the accuracy of which we cannot, however, vouch.

At the return of this expedition from the North, Jean Bart came to Court, where his presence caused a great sensation. "Come and see the Chevalier Forbin, who is leading his bear," said all the courtiers. The cunning privateers-man pretended not to notice their remarks, but, when opportunity offered, he knew how to take his revenge.

"How did you manage to get out of Dunkirk through all the enemies' vessels?" he was asked one day in the king's ante-chamber.

"Nothing was simpler," said Jean Bart. Then,

ranging the courtiers one against the other, he rushed violently into the midst of them, separating them with hard elbow blows, and making more than one heavy wig fly into the air. "That's what I did," he added. The king laughed very much when they told him this story.

One day he had arrived at Versailles too early. Finding the time hang very heavily in those immense chilly apartments, he gravely took out his pipe and began to smoke. "Smoking is not allowed in the palace," observed several of the servants to him.

"I have contracted this habit in my master's service, and I don't think I ought to be found fault with, if I indulge in it here."

When the servants insisted, and were concerting together to put this ill-mannered fellow outside the door, Jean Bart seized two or three by their collars, and knocked them against each other. The noise they made reached the king.

"I bet that it's Jean Bart," said he, smiling; let him alone."

Wishing to see whether he was right, Louis XIV. opened the door, and, addressing the brave seaman, said, "Jean Bart is the only one who may be allowed to smoke in the king's presence."

"He is rather rude towards me," he said, aside to his courtiers, "but is he gentler with my enemies?"

The king loaded Jean Bart with favors, which so excited the jealousy of M. de Forbin that he quitted his excellent companion and did not see him again. One of the royal favors was an order for one thousand crowns upon the king's treasury. This was to be paid by a certain Pierre Gruin, a rich banker in the Rue du Grand Chantier, to whose house our sailor one day repaired.

"Which of you is Pierre Gruin?" he inquired, when he arrived at the office.

"I am *Monsieur* Pierre Gruin," replied the banker, who happened to be present.

"Very well; pay!" said Jean Bart, presenting him with the order.

The banker examined the paper, and then let it fall carelessly over his shoulder into the hands of a clerk.

"It is all right; call again in two days and your money will be ready."

Jean Bart stood still for a moment, taken aback at this manner of acting; then in a fury he drew his sword, seized the banker by the arm, and said to him, in a voice trembling with anger, "Pick it up, you rogue, and pay it instantly."

Some one recognized that it was Jean Bart: and, somewhat frightened at his furious expression, Pierre Gruin, fetching his money-bags, was preparing to weigh him out the sum. "I am

not a mule," replied the privateers-man; "pay it in gold." What he wished was done.

The French navy suffered a terrible disaster off Cape La Hogue, in May, 1692, when all its best ships were sunk, dispersed or destroyed by the Anglo-Dutch fleet; it seemed impossible to repair this defeat. Tourville endeavored, however, to collect its scattered remains.

The next year Jean Bart, commanding the "Glorieuse," sunk or burned six richly-laden Dutch vessels. The intrepid sailor then took the command of his light squadron and sailed to Vlecken in search of a French fleet laden with corn. The English and Dutch, knowing the scarcity which desolated France, resolved at all costs to prevent the passage of this convoy. Jean Bart succeeded, however, in safely convoying it into Dunkirk, and also, it is said, in capturing three English frigates.

The scarcity in France had now become a famine: corn was everywhere needed; the king resolved to make immense purchases in Poland. The operation was conducted with the greatest secrecy; nearly a hundred vessels were collected in the ports of France, Sweden and Denmark, and then assembled at Vlecken. It was only at the last moment that Jean Bart was charged with escorting this convoy to Dunkirk. Unfortunately, through some misunderstanding, the

merchant fleet did not wait for its intrepid escort. Accompanied by three Danish ships of war, it ventured to set sail, and was easily captured by a Dutch squadron. Jean Bart met the conquerors and the conquered, returning to Holland. Without hesitation he attacked the Dutch ships, much stronger than his own; after a very severe conflict he delivered the French fleet, which, with its valuable cargo, he brought safely into Dunkirk. This victory was the most important in Jean Bart's career, both on account of the numbers and strength of the enemy, the fame which it caused throughout Europe, and especially by the importance of its results. Figures prove the service which that day he rendered to France: from thirty francs, which a bushel of corn had cost previously, it fell at once to three francs. Jean Bart had saved his country from famine.

Understanding the extreme anxiety which the court must be suffering, he sent his son, without allowing him a moment's rest, at full speed to Versailles with the good news. Cornille Bart arrived early in the morning at the Minister's of Marine, M. de Pontchartrian, who would not even allow him to change his dress, but led him, booted and covered with mud, to the king. Louis XIV. did not conceal his joy.

"And you too boarded the enemy's flagship?" he said to the hero's son.

"Yes, sire, I stood at my father's side."

"You are very young," replied the king (Cornille Bart was seventeen), "but it is not surprising that the son of Jean Bart should be brave. Tell your father that he shall receive marks of my satisfaction."

The lad bowed, and, turning round to take leave, his great boots slipped upon the polished floor and he fell down.

"We perceive very clearly," said the king, smiling, "that the Messieurs Bart are better sailors than chamberlains."

The report soon spread that the son of the "Bear" was at court, and everyone wished to see him and do him honor. Medals were struck to commemorate this victory, and the happy deliverance of the country from the horrors of famine. A month after, Jean Bart received letters of nobility, and the Cross of St. Louis. When we consider the manners of the age, and the force of prejudice which separated the nobles from the rest of the nation, we can understand the universal esteem which surrounded our hero.

Jean Bart soon put to sea again, and very nearly succeeded in an enterprise which would have eclipsed all his previous ones. He chased an English squadron, but, being forced to put into Dunkirk, he suffered it to escape. On board one of these ships was the new king of England,

William III. When he heard that it was Jean Bart who had been pursuing his squadron, he said, still rather uneasy, "If this intrepid man should find out that I am on board, he will risk everything to capture me."

But Jean Bart had no suspicion of the important prey which he might have seized. In 1695 he successfully defended Dunkirk against the attacks of the English. As a reward for these fresh services, the king gave him a pension of two thousand francs, and Cornille Bart was made a lieutenant.

After another very successful action on 1st April, 1697, Jean Bart was appointed head of a squadron. Being at Versailles, he went to thank the king for this new honor.

"Jean Bart, I have appointed you head of a squadron," said Louis XIV.

"Sire, you have done quite right," simply replied the heroic sailor; and when the courtiers smiled —

"M. Jean Bart is right," replied the king; "his answer proves that he estimates his real value."

He was now charged with a new mission, more difficult and dangerous than any of the others. It was to carry the Prince of Conti, the French candidate for the throne of Poland, to Dantzic. At the mouth of the Meuse they were

chased by double the number of the enemy. Jean Bart succeeded in escaping with his royal passenger.

"If we had been attacked," said Conti, "what would you have done?"

"We should have defended ourselves."

"But if they had been too strong for us, we should have been obliged to surrender?"

"No fear of that," replied the sailor, seriously; "my son was at the powder magazine, with a lighted match, and had received orders to blow up the ship."

The prince found this too violent a measure, and forbade Jean Bart to employ it when he had a king of Poland on board.

Arrived at Dantzic, this candidate for the kingdom was so badly received that he thought it best to return to Dunkirk. On the way back Bart captured five ships.

During his absence the peace of Ryswick had been signed. Jean Bart returned to Dunkirk, where he lived, as a wealthy citizen, in the midst of his numerous family, till his death on 27th April, 1702. He was only fifty-two years of age, and his death caused universal regret. In him his country lost one of her most valiant defenders, Dunkirk her most illustrious son, Louis XIV. one of the firmest supports of his throne, and the French navy its most glorious representative.

A contemporary historian says, that in person Jean Bart was above the middle height, he was well made and robust, his features were good and regular, his countenance cheerful and pleasant. He possessed plenty of common sense, was sober, vigilant, and intrepid; he was cool and quick in giving his orders during a battle, and was endowed with that presence of mind so rare and so necessary on such occasions.

Dunkirk, not many years ago, erected a statue to her great hero, an honor which he had well deserved. It stands in the centre of the Place of that quaint, picturesque old sea-port.

FRANZ PISTEK,

THE BOHEMIAN COWHERD WHO BECAME AN ARCHBISHOP.

"GOOD evening, your Reverence," exclaimed the shepherd of Pedschitz with great excitement, and in a tone very unsuitable for a friendly greeting. His face was red with anger, his hands were trembling; indeed he was in such an excited condition that one might imagine some terrible misfortune had occurred.

The priest returned the greeting, but added, "Why, Matthes, what is the matter? What has happened to you, who are generally as gentle as a lamb? I have never seen you so before. And what about that boy whom you are bringing with you? How wretched the poor lad looks! What has occurred? To whom does the boy belong?"

"To whom does he belong?" answered the shepherd, still more angrily; "why, to poor Pistek here in Pedschitz. I have taken pity on him for the sake of his honest, but poor parents, who can give him no instruction, much less send him to school. I have taken him as a cowherd;

I have fed him, as well as given him my Han's old clothes and a penny a-month wages; but would you believe it, your Reverence, he is most ungrateful notwithstanding all this kindness. It is the greatest misfortune to have such a boy in one's service; could I only have foreseen the trouble he has caused me! To-day my best cow has been lost. How could I help it? I flew into a rage, and gave the fellow a good thrashing. Cow-keeping, he says, does not please him: he plays the student. When the children come out of school they have no rest from him; they have, as they say, to sit down and keep school for him. And the children will do that. Then he sits in the middle with a book and a slate, and the children tell him all they know, as if they thought they could make him a bishop in a week's time. My cow meanwhile, which was worth at least two hundred florins, ran away and broke her legs in the neighbors' fields — about which misfortune neither the boy nor his companions trouble themselves one bit. But it's all over now. I have brought him here that you may give him a good lecture, and speak to him about the wicked paths on which he has entered. I shall then send him back to his parents. Old Pistek may do what he can with his lazy Franz,"

"Well, Matthes," remarked the priest, "we

will arrange it thus: I see the boy is not fit for a cowherd. Take him back to his father; but tell him that he is to come to me with him in an hour's time."

Somewhat calmed, the shepherd Matthes, who was a simple but honest and industrious man, went with his lazy cow-boy to Pistek's dwelling. He took care to say many hard words to him on the way, and told his father what had happened, as well as his decision that he could make no use of the lad as a cowherd, so had brought him back at once.

This went like an arrow through poor Pistek's heart, and he felt very much inclined to give the unhappy Franz a second thrashing, but reflection kept him back from doing so just then.

With a deep sigh and tears in his eyes, which even softened good Matthes, Pistek said to the shepherd, "Matthes, may God recompense you for your goodwill and honest intentions towards my Franz. What I shall now do with him I don't know. My poverty doubly oppresses me at the present moment."

"Well, Pistek," said Matthes, sorrowfully, "go to his Reverence; he told me to tell you to go to him in an hour, and bring that young good-for-nothing with you. Perhaps he will be able to give you some advice what to do with the boy. Now I commend you and him to God's

care. I have done my part, more I cannot do," said Matthes, as he went away.

The father sat in silence; the boy was silent too, and full of fear, whilst the poor mother knelt down before the crucifix in the corner, and sobbed bitterly.

In an hour's time the father and Franz stood before the priest.

"Now tell me, father Pistek," he said, "what is to be done with that boy?"

"Ah, your Riverence, I feel as if my heart would break; they know at the school that my Franz possesses very good talents."

"Yes, yes, he has," interrupted the clergyman; "he was the first in his class as long as he was able to attend school. Unfortunately we have in our little village of Pedschitz only a very elementary school, and there is no one here who knows how to educate our youth any further. I have not the time for it, as my duties completely occupy me. But who knows if Franz would learn anything?" continued the priest," wishing to find out if the boy would make any remark.

Now the lad summoned up courage, and exclaimed enthusiastically, whilst sobs often choked his words, "Oh, yes, your Reverence, I will learn day and night! I feel that I was not born to be a cowherd. My only desire is to devote

myself to the Church, even if I must live in a stable and eat the bread of a beggar. Many a poor student — only a beggar, too — by diligence and constant application has attained to a good position and high honors. Was not Pope Sextus V., as the school-book says, once a shepherd too; and by God's help and the assistance of kind men, through diligent and honest endeavor, he became a pope? Yes, good father, don't be angry with me. I tell you that I will go in the town from house to house, to seek a benefactor. I will, I must study. From you, good father, I ask nothing but your blessing; for a father's blessing builds the houses of the children. You have quite cares enough. And you, too, your Reverence, will not deny me your priestly blessing, and would certainly, if I should fall into great distress, not withdraw your help from me."

"No, my Franz, that I should not," exclaimed the priest, deeply touched: "your wish shall be fulfilled. It is the duty of every priest to strive that new strength should be brought to the priesthood of the church. As far as it is in my power, I will endeavor to do this duty towards you, my good boy. Remain here for the present. So far as my time allows I will give you instruction till the new school year commences, and then you shall enter the town grammar-school."

On the evening of that day there were three

men in Pedschitz of whom one might say, "They are the happiest in the world."

Not quite thirty years after that day on which the shepherd Mattes had poured out his seemingly just wrath on the idle cow-boy, Franz Pistek, there was a great crowd of Bohemian men and women round the parsonage at Pedschitz, all dressed in their Sunday best. In the kitchen there was a great deal of roasting and boiling going on; the servants of the venerable old priest were hurrying up and down stairs, dishes and glasses were rattling, tables and chairs were being ranged in rows to receive an imposing array of guests.

"What is the good priest about to-day?" inquired the invited of each other. "It is not his birthday; it is no feast of the Church."

Whilst they were thus speculating, a few guns were fired, and, without their remarking it, a tall, ecclesiastical dignitary, attended by servants in livery, descended from a splendid traveling carriage.

No one knew who he was, except the priest. After a short, respectful greeting, the two ecclesiastics entered the room of the parsonage. The guests were now invited to take their places quickly at tbe table.

Then the gentleman, who had arrived in the

full dress and insignia of a bishop, entered the apartment, and, with visible emotion, stood in the midst of the astonished guests.

With fascinating and condescending familiarity the prelate spoke thus:

"God bless you, my dear friends. You only know me by my name, and by the letters which I have written to some of you. My figure is strange to you. You see before you your relative and former schoolfellow, Franz Pistek, now Archbishop of Lemberg, who has come to visit the grave of his parents and his beloved birthplace, and to enjoy a few happy days with you. Take your places by my side, and rejoice that in me you see a proof that God never forsakes those who trust in Him, do their duty, and strive after a noble aim. My visit, too, is to be a fresh proof of my gratitude towards you, Reverend Father — you who were the founder of my happiness."

The priest replied with a smile, "Pardon me, your Grace; I was not the founder of your good fortune, but ——"

"But God," interrupted the archbishop. "Yes, yes, to God be all the glory."

"Yes, iudeed," added the priest; and continued, still smiling, "but there is still some one else."

"And who is that?" inquired the archbishop, surprised.

The priest now explained:

"The old shepherd Matthes — had he not treated the little shepherd-boy Franz Pistek so roughly he would not, perhaps, have become a shepherd of souls."

"You are right, good father, said the archbishop, smiling with pleasure, "Is old Matthes still living?"

"Oh, yes," resounded from all sides; "but he is very old and feeble."

"Anton," said the archbishop to his valet, "have my carriage ready at once; and will one of you, my friends, go to the old man and bring him here?"

It is impossible to describe the embarrassment, joy, and emotion of the old shepherd when he entered the parsonage, and was told who the archbishop was. It seemed to him like a dream.

In the course of conversation the Archbishop spoke of his years of study; he then told them how, after a short interval, he had risen from a chaplain to be a parish priest, than to be a Canon of Prague, and in 1824 the Archbishop's Suffragan, next to be Bishop of Tarnow in Galicia, and not long after, raised to the dignity of Archbishop of Lemberg. After he had related all this, the grey-haired Matthes, who was sitting by the Archbishop's side, rose from the table, and exclaimed, "And your Grace has kept on steadily as you began, so that you are what I always wanted to make you — a shepherd!"

CORPORAL WEITSCH,

THE SOLDIER WHO BECAME A GREAT PAINTER.

THE course of men's lives often takes a strange and unexpected turn. Through the gnidance of God many arrive at situations in life, of which they would never have dreamed. A singular proof of this is given in the career of the celebrated landscape painter Weitsch, formerly inspector of the picture gallery at Brunswick.

Weitsch was the child of poor parents, and the boy's peculiar talent for drawing was unnoticed by them. When he grew up he became a soldier in the army of Brunswick, and rose to be a corporal. No one perceived his latent genius, till a remarkable circumstance brought it to light. The Brunswick troops were encamped in one of the flat, dreary districts of Holland. The canals, windmills, and monotonous country houses however much they may please the Dutchman, are wearisome to a foreigner. The Brunswick troops, therefore, found their sojourn here specially tedious. Every day they had to hold themselves in readiness to march; but the longed-for

day of departure did not come, and the soldiers scarcely knew how to pass away the weary hours.

While the majority endeavored to kill time by childish jests, card-playing, and such-like amusements, Weitsch cut narrow strips of turf out of a neighboring swampy meadow, and arranged them on a hill opposite the camp, so as to represent the arms of Brunswick on a very large scale. It was a work which took weeks for its accomplishment. Weitsch sketched out his plan, devoted every spare moment and much labor to the work, till at last, to the astonishment of his comrades, it was completed. The coat of arms was perfectly unmistakable and correct. Different colored sands were used or the filling in. The soldiers admired the work of art; the officers were delighted with it, and ordered it to be preserved and kept fresh and green, by constant watering.

Jnst at this very time the Prince of the Netherlands appeared in the camp, and his eyes naturally fell on the corporal's coat of arms. As he was a connoisseur in art, he perceived by the whole character of the work that the man who had constructed it was possessed of no ordinary talent. He at once inquired who was its author.

The name of Corporal Weitsch was mentioned to him. The Prince sent for him, spoke to him

kindly, praised his beautiful work as it deserved, and presented him with two Louis d'or. No one was happier than Weitsch. He was poor. The two gold pieces delighted him; never had he called so much money his own; but more than this, the praise of the Prince filled him with joy. His slumbering talent was awakened, he was determined that it should never sleep again. Day and night he reflected how it would be possible to execute some works in drawing or painting. He sketched every day; and wherever he could see a picture, he stood hours before it, contemplating it. At this time, owing to disturbances at home, the troops had to return to Brunswick, and left the tedious dreariness of Holland behind them.

Weitsch, indeed, found no means of attaining his object; however, a strange event was to open a way for his talents.

One day his captain sent for him. This gentleman was probably an excellent soldier, but of art he knew very little.

"Weitsch," he began, "you could do me a very great service."

"With pleasure, sir," replied Weitsch, "if it is in my power."

"Undonbtedly," said the captain. "I know you by what you did in Holland to be an artist such as there is not one in a thousand, and quite

a magician. Well, I will tell you plainly how it is: my old aunt is just dead, and from her I have inherited two beautiful paintings; they are worth a great deal of money, it is said, and I appreciate them highly. Now I should like to keep them, and should be glad enough to get money for them too; but both can't be done, so I thought that you might copy them for me; in this way I should keep the pretty pictures and have the hard cash as well. Now that is what I want yon to do for me."

Weitsch examined the pictures; they were two magnificent landscapes. He then looked at the captain with astonished gaze; he scarcely dared say what he thought, for he was standing before his captain. At last, however, the abashed corporal said, "The captain is surely joking with me! I am no painter — a little sketching, that is all that I can do; but a brush I have never had in my hand, and I am perfectly unacquainted how to use oil colors, how then could I attempt to copy such beautiful pictures?"

"Pah!" cried the captain, laughing: "this is the man who made the Brunswick coat of arms with pieces of turf and sand, and so well, that it pleased a prince! Nonsense, only try; I tell you you will succeed if you are only willing to make the attempt."

The captain spoke the last words in rather a sharp tone, and with an expression of countenance which quickly gave Weitsch to understand that refusal here might be dangerous.

Weitsch, indeed, plainly perceived that he had reached a turning point in his life, and that through these pictures Providence had opened a door to a career which was in accordance with his deepest hopes and wishes. So he took the pictures, carried them home, bought brush and colors, and began to paint with a good courage.

Weitsch had unfortunately — like the celebrated painter Albert Durer — an ill-tempered wife. She was very angry at the necessary outlay for canvas, colors and frame, and looked with great displeasure on the persevering application of her husband to the work, for henceforth he thought of nothing but his pictures and his painting. At first she grumbled to herself; but as that was of no use, she gave vent to her wrath in words.

"The next thing will be," she said, "that you will be neglecting your duties as corporal, and be degraded. Already you have no care or thought about your wife and children; I wish the captain and his pictures were at Jericho!"

In this way she went on every day. Weitsch, kind and gentle, returned soft answers; but his words were like oil to the flames. He told her,

quietly and candidly, the hopes which he cherished, and that by this means he would one day be able to earn a good sum of money; but it was of no avail. His wife still continued her cross speeches, and nothing remained for poor Weitsch but to shut himself up in the garret, which he had made his studio.

He now studied his pictures undisturbed, while he endeavored to copy them to the minutest particular. In one of them he discovered a palpable fault — a tree was wrongly shaded; he was startled, reflected again and again, was certain that he was not mistaken; but to convince himself completely he went out of doors, and studied the effect of light and shade in nature. He soon had no longer any doubt of the correctness of his observations, so he hastened home, and in his copy the error was not repeated.

Love for art increased in him every moment. He perceived that his copy was not bad; he handled his brush with ease; and after some time his task was accomplished, and his career in life decided too.

When he brought the captain the originals as well as the copies, the officer raised up his hands in amazement; he could scarcely believe his eyes. He began to doubt at last; and exclaimed, "Man, you must be making a fool of me; you never painted those yourself, you got them done be some clever artist — confess you did."

Weitsch was delighted at the captain's incredulity, which was a triumph for his art — far greater than he had ventured to hope. For a long time the captain persisted in his doubts, but Weitsch at last succeeded in convincing him.

In all the best society of Brunswick the captain enthusiastically praised Weitsch's talent. All the town poured in to see the pictures. Weitsch had won distinguished admirers, patrons and friends, till his fame at last came to the ears of his noble sovereign, a great lover of the arts. He ordered the pictures to be brought to him, and was amazed indeed. Weitsch had to appear before the Grand Duke. He soon obtained his discharge from the army, and, encouraged and patronized on all sides, devoted himself to art, which obtained for him an honorable position, as well as great esteem and regard.

When at last, on his sovereign appointing him Inspector of the Ducal Gallery, with a considerable salary, he announced his good fortune to his wife, the tears stood in her eyes. She had long repented of her harshness; now she implored his forgiveness, which she most gladly received.

SEBASTIAN DE CARVALHO, MARQUIS OF POMBAL.

THE GREAT PORTUGUESE STATESMAN.

THOUGH Portugal is one of the smallest states of Europe, and is now comparatively weak and insignificant, it was once a very powerful, rich, and influential country. From the middle of the 12th, to the end of the 16th century, the history of Portugal consists of a series of successes in foreign conquests as well as in maritime discovery, and presents a picture of great and unexampled prosperity, to which its subsequent decay forms a most striking contrast.

In the reign of Don Pedro I., it is said, the whole country was cultivated as one large garden, and supported a population of 5,000,000, whilst the annual exports from the Tagus alone, of the country's superabundant produce in corn, salt and oil, were sufficient to load 1600 vessels.

The cradle of maritime discovery, Lisbon, seems formed by nature to be the seat of commerce. The Portuguese were amongst the first of European nations to despatch their sons to plough unknown seas, to brave untried perils, to

navigate vast oceans, and explore untrodden lands. Glorious were the rewards, and unfading the laurels which Portugal acquired by these expeditions.

In one of these voyages, in the fifteenth century, the magnificent island of Madeira was discovered, subsequently the entire line of the African coast surveyed as far as Sierra Leone, and the Azores and Cape de Verde Islands colonized; while, towards the close of the same century, Bartolomeo Dias reached the Cape of Good Hope. Soon after the Great Captain, as Vasco di Gama was called, sailed with three ships to India, and doubled the Cape of Good Hope. Fortune smiled on this bold enterprise, and the Portuguese hero returned successful after an absence of two years. His perils and exploits were sung by the great Portuguese poet, Camoens, in his "Lusiad," a poem of which his fellow-countrymen are justly proud.

The Portugese domains in Asia were extended from Ormuz to Malacca, friendly relations were established with Persia, a settlement obtained in China, and a free trade sanctioned in Japan; the possessions, riches, and power of Portugal increased to an extent till then unknown, while Lisbon became the depot of Asiatic treasure, and the emporium of Eastern produce. In the Western hemisphere the Portuguese were

equally active and enterprising. In 1520 Magelhaens discovered the straits which still bear his name; large portions of the vast continent of South America became subject to Portugal, and national prosperity reached its climax.

But now came a period of feebleness and decay, brought on by many causes, specially by the competition of other countries, and the colonization of Brazil, which deprived Portugal of her most enterprising inhabitants. It was during the reign of John III. that this rapid decline took a more active form. He was gloomy and superstitious, he established the Inquisition, and encouraged the Jesuits. He permitted the reputation of his best generals and statesmen to be slandered and destroyed by jealous and worthless courtiers. His successor Sebastian was a far worthier monarch — in short, a hero. At the head of 16,000 troops, commanded by the flower of his nobility, he invaded Africa, with the intention of restoring a banished monarch to his throne; but the ill-fated king was completely routed by the Moors; he lost his army; and probably his life, for he was never heard of after the battle, nor was his body ever discovered. One who claimed to be Don Sebastian, subsequently appeared at Venice, but whether he really was the Portuguese monarch, remains a mystery.

And now came, perhaps, the darkest page in Portuguese story. There were seven candidates for the crown; among them was Philip II. of Spain, the most cruel and bigoted of monarchs, supporting his claims by an army of 30,000 men, which he marched into Portugal. His rivals, unable to oppose him, disappeared from the scene of action, and, in 1580, Portugal was annexed to the kingdom of Spain. Philip's usurpation was established only by tyranny and wholesale slaughter; so numerous were the dead bodies thrown into the sea, that the people refused to eat fish until its waters had been solemnly purified by religious rites and ceremonies. From the towers of St. Julien alone, at the mouth of the Tagus, 2,000 ecclesiastics, it is said, were precipitated into the waves.

Under the blighting government and paralyzing sway of Spain, Portugal soon lost her position and importance in Europe, as well as her influence in Asia; her navy was destroyed, and her commerce diminished; the wounds inflicted by the Castilians have never been healed, nor has the animosity, which has since that period existed between the two countries, ever abated.

But, soon after the power of Spain began to decline — when the United Provinces were, after a heroic resistance against the tyranny of her governors, wrested from her by the Dutch,

the Invincible Armada dispersed by the tempest or destroyed without mercy by the English, and the provinces of Catalonia and Biscay in revolt — Portugal seized the opportunity to strike a blow for freedom and independence, and by one of those bloodless revolutions which so seldom grace the page of history, placed the Duke of Braganza on the throne.

The new king, John IV., reigned in a very arbitrary manner. The clergy increased their influence, which was by no means for good in those days, and, as the consequence of their bigotry and the despotism of the government, the people remained ignorant, and the nation became broken in spirit, indolent in character, and poor in resources. Portugal now lost nearly all her Eastern possessions. Among the few settlements that remained was Bombay, an unhealthy, barren, and worthless spot, afterwards given in dowry to the Infanta Catherine on her marriage with Charles II., King of England, and which, though it was then so lightly valued, has now become one great seat of British Empire in India.

In 1706, John V. succeeded to the throne; two years after he married the daughter of the Emperor Leopold I. of Austria. He was inactive, luxurious, and dissipated; his easy temper made him a willing engine of the clergy, who

estranged his thoughts from the government of his kingdom, and directed them to the erection and endowment of churches and monasteries. At this time there were no less than 800 religious establishments in Portugal itself. Not content with the power and influence they already possessed, the clergy urged the only too willing monarch to organize a church establishment on the model of that of Rome. A dignitary was appointed to preside over the Church of Portugal, under the title of Patriarch. To him was added a sacred college of twenty-four prelates.

The vestments of the Patriarch on days of solemnity were similar to those of the Pope himself, while the prelates wore scarlet robes in imitation of the cardinals. Nearly two hundred subsidiary dignitaries of various ranks and titles filled subordinate posts, and an infinity of lower offices still more augmented the number of the Patriarchate. No less than £98,000 annually was expended on this establishment. By an express bull of the Pope in 1748, Dom John was permitted, both in his own person and that of his successors, to bear the title of "Most Faithful."

Dom John also devoted many years of anxious solicitude to the erection of an immense building at Mafva, a gigantic undertaking, for it con-

tained a church, a palace, and a convent, each built on the most splendid scale, and enriched with the most lavish art. In the Church of San Roque, in Lisbon, a building of mean architectural pretensions exteriorly, he ornamented a small chapel in the most sumptuous and resplendent manner; in proportion to its size it was probably the richest chapel in the world. It was but seventeen feet in length by twelve in breath, and yet the ornaments and decorations cost no less than £225,000.

Meanwhile, however, the army and navy were almost annihilated, the fortifications in ruins, and the defenses of the country no longer tenable. The highest classes of the nobility disgraced themselves by the most savage and sanguinary excesses. By screening themselves with their riches, or sheltering themselves under their rank and affinity to the crown, they escaped unpunished and unmolested. The only really grand and useful undertaking completed during this reign was the magnificent aqueduct of Alcantara, which conveys large supplies of water from a distance of two leagues, to supply the wants of the capital.

During the latter years of his life, John V. sank almost into imbecility, abandoning himself to the most abject practices of superstitious devotion. He died in 1750, leaving his country

burdened with a debt of three millions sterling, and, apparently, on the brink of ruin.

A few years before this worthless king came to the throne, the subject of the present sketch, who was afterwards to become the regenerator of his country, was born. His father was a wealthy country gentleman, Manoel de Carvalho, residing at Soure, not far from the town of Pombal; his wife, Donna Theresa de Mendona, a lady of high family, bore him three sons; the eldest, Sebastian, who afterwards became so celebrated, was born on 13th May, 1699. His second brother was named Xavier, and the youngest Paul.

Of the early life of Sebastian not much is known; he is said to have been a wild and headstrong boy, and to have given his parents much trouble, while they on their part treated him with undue severity. He was full, too, of bold, mischievous pranks, and early showed that dislike to the Jesuit fathers, which, in later years, was one of the distinguishing traits in his character and administration. He entered the University of Coimbra, as a matter of course, to study for the law, and toiled through the usual routine of unprofitable studies, at that time insisted upon, but quitted it in disgust before his term was over, finding the peaceful profession of the law incompatible with the turbulence of his character.

At last, like most young noblemen, he determined to pursue a military career, and entered the ranks of the army as a private. His determined character, his extraordinary strength and skill, his courage and energy, as well as his highly educated mind, gave promise of speedy promotion.

Knowing that in this position, in order to advance, he must completely suppress his independence and pride, and strictly submit to military laws, he showed a self-restraint which soon won for him the favor of his superiors, so that in a few months he was made a corporal.

But this was the first and only step upwards. When in 1735, out of fear of a rupture with Spain, it became necessary to strengthen and organize the army, for which reason a number of soldiers were made officers, Sebastian de Carvalho was not among the number promoted. This was too much for his pride; he was filled with bitterness, especially against his uncle, who was a bishop of the Church in Portugal and had formerly patronized him, but had now, he thought, left him in the lurch. In a fit of anger Sebastian resolved to abandon the military profession, and at once left Lisbon for Soure, where he had spent his happy childhood.

Here, a free man, and at the same time a nobleman, he began a somewhat dissolute life, soon

made many friends, was never absent from any merry-making or festivity, and in the circles of the nobility played the agreeable, and always welcome man of society.

But soon the circle in which he moved became too narrow for him, and life in Soure too monotonous; he determined to return to the capital.

His severe old uncle was not a little surprised when Sebastian one day asked him for an audience.

Sebastian knew his weak side only too well, and how to gain his ear. At last he got the promise from the old man. "Well, I will do all in my power to get you a post, but you must do your part too, you understand."

And Sebastian acted his part well. He had meanwhile married a rich widow, the niece of the Count dos Arcos. He took every possible pains to gain the favor of all the great and influential personages who might be useful to him. To obtain their patronage he employed every means in his power. And he attained his object. It was chiefly through Cardinal Motta, to whom his uncle had introduced him, that he received the important post of ambassador to England.

His heart full of great hopes, Sebastian sailed to his appointed destination; he now thought to have trodden on the first step — and a very high one it was too — of glory and of fame.

As he was very rich he arrived in England with a certain degree of state, gave a succession of brilliant entertainments, and was soon immersed in a life of gaiety and dissipation. But he did not forget the duties which he owed to his country, and obtained various privileges for Portuguese subjects residing in London. He also studied the history, constitution and legislation of England, though he was unable to learn the language. Unfortunately, at this period, not only his father, but both his patrons, his uncle and Cardinal Motta, died. They had scarcely closed their eyes before Carvalho, by the king's command, was recalled and dismissed from the royal service.

The same thing occurred to him subsequently in the post of ambassador at Vienna, which he had received through the special favor of the queen, whom he knew how to flatter. Here he succeeded, however — his first wife having recently died — in marrying the young and very rich Countess Daun, who was a particular friend both of the queen and the Empress Maria Theresa, who, during the whole of her eventful life, continued a firm and steady friend to the illustrious Portuguese and his amiable wife.

But Carvalho was not a favorite of the king, and he was soon after recalled from his post at the Austrian capital.

It is said by some, who are not admirers of the great Portuguese statesman, that he now flattered the Jesuits, and submitted to them in every possible way in order to gain their favor, and through their influence regain the good-will of the king. Father Moreira, the Jesuit confessor of John V., it is asserted, became his patron, but was unable to overcome the king's dislike to Sebastian de Carvalho. However, as soon as the monarch died, and his son, Dom Joseph Emmanuel, ascended the throne as Joseph I., one of his first acts was to appoint Sebastian de Carvalho, who was warmly recommended to him by the queen dowager, Secretary of State, and to raise him to the rank of Marquis of Pombal.

Sebastian was then about fifty years of age; he was a tall, well-made, and handsome man; his manners were engaging, his voice melodious and persuading; his enemies, however, describe him as harsh and repulsive, distant and cold. From the moment that he took office dates the commencement of his almost superhuman efforts for the regeneration of his country.

It could not be said of the new king, Joseph I., that he was born to be a ruler — rather, perhaps, the contrary. His neglected education made him incapable of governing without the assistance of superior abilities. He was not accustomed to see with his own eyes, or hear with

his own ears, He took things just as they were represented to him by others, and believed all that was told him. He was by nature timid and distrustful. He lived in constant fear of an attack on his person or his life; he did not even trust his own wife. He had, too, no confidence in himself, but was firmly convinced that by means of such a minister as Pombal his reign would be a distinguished one, and his country restored to prosperity.

Pombal's first enterprise as Secretary of State was to take a long journey through the country, in order to examine the relation and condition of affairs, to show himself worthy of his honors, and to obtain the good-will of the populace.

He found the land in a truly deplorable condition. The nobility and clergy had combined to oppress the people in a grievous manner, who seemed indeed on the brink of ruin. All the wealth of the country appeared to be in the hands of the Jesuits. It was hard for Pombal to restrain his indignation against the Society.

When the Secretary of State returned, after an absence of about two months, "What news do you bring?" was Joseph I.'s hasty question, plainly indicating the fear of his mind.

"Your majesty," replied Pombal, "no cheering tidings. Make up your mind to hear the worst from me."

"Have you discovered conspiracies against the throne?" inquired the king, with his innate feeling of terror and suspicion.

"If not that," replied Pombal, "who can tell to what the wretched condition in which both land and people are, may not lead?"

These words visibly excited the king.

"Tell me all, tell me all, Pombal," he implored, as he leaned back in his chair.

"Your Majesty," began the Secretary of State, "wherever I turned my eyes I met with a condition of things that filled me with grief. Everywhere I came upon decay and ruin. The institutions for the safety and protection of the State have been completely neglected. The sea coasts are deprived of every means of defence. There is no longer a sentry at his post, not a cannon to be seen or heard. The fortresses are half dismantled; through their walls and batteries wind and storm play undisturbed. They are no longer in a condition to offer resistance to even a gang of bandits. I will give your Majesty an example of their condition. When I was visiting the fortress at Capo Spichel, a few miles from Lisbon, the watchman informed us that a small squadron of Algerine pirates was approaching. I at once ordered the cannon to be charged; but there was no ammunition at hand, so the garrison of the fortress had quietly to look on while the

bold rascals calmly entered the neighboring harbor and cast anchor there."

Here the king made a sign which plainly expressed his horror and emotion.

"Not a frontier town," Pombal continued, "is sufficiently fortified. The military forces are neither able by sea nor land to maintain the slightest resistance against a foreign foe. The sails of the men-of-war hang down in rags, and the sailors are lying drunk in the public-houses, instead of being on service upon their decks. The merchant fleet and trade are in as pitiable a condition — the latter is entirely in the hands of the English, who carry immense sums of money out of the country. Agriculture is so neglected that, were it not for the excessive fertility of the land, famine would long ago have broken out. But what is the reason of all this? — the laziness and indolence of the people, who pass all their time before the altars instead of working at the plough, forgetting that while they pray they ought to labor as well. As to manufactories and similar establishments, now so common in other countries, I could not find a trace of them. The common people are prowling and begging about everywhere, sleeping in the churches and streets, and plying the trade of thieves and robbers."

"You have unrolled a picture before my eyes,

Pombal, which fills me with fear and terror," said the monarch.

"And I have not come to the end of it yet, your Majesty," replied the Secretary of State. "I may well say that the worst is to come." Here Pombal looked round, as if he wished to convince himself that no one was listening to his further report.

"Your Majesty," he continued, but in a low, mysterious voice, "we are alone, and as your faithful servant it is my duty to conceal nothing from you which my eyes have seen and my ears heard. There are two elements which have filled me, too, with anxious fear for the welfare of your Majesty and the State, and which I may well designate as the most dangerous enemies of our country."

At these words the King bent forward. His eyes seemed to grow larger, and anxious suspense was depicted in all his features.

"Speak, Pombal, speak," he implored, eagerly. "By all the saints I implore you to conceal nothing from me. Your candor and uprightness will gain my highest esteem and confidence."

"These two most dangerous enemies," continued Pombal, in a suppressed tone, "are the greater portion of the nobility and —— the Jesuits."

At these words the monarch rose up in terror

from his seat. "What are you saying, Pombal?" he exclaimed, with trembling voice. "The nobility and the Jesuits my enemies!"

"It is so, your Majesty," continued Pombal. "The nobility is too rich, and has therefore become too powerful; and the Order of the Jesuits too powerful, and has therefore become too rich. Some of the former Portuguese rulers have been too liberal towards the nobility, and rewarded them often, without any merit on their part, with the most lucrative posts, and with estates equal to small principalities. No wonder that these fortunate men, who have become so immensely rich, play the part of little kings in the country, and may thus easily become dangerous to the throne. It is the same with the Jesuits; your Majesty has no idea what a dangerous part these fathers are playing in the country. They oppress and plunder the people in such a way that they may be almost regarded as almighty. Every spark of enlightenment which shows itself, they call a delusion of hell and extinguish it at once. They have woven an invisible net round the whole populace, through which not a ray of light is allowed to enter, and which keeps them in terrible darkness. It is certain that these cunning fathers have more power over the people than the sovereign. And who can tell to what purpose the

Order will use its power? Its secret desires for ever-increasing influence and wealth can at last cause it to surround the throne itself with serious dangers and snares."

"Oh! how I thank Heaven," exclaimed the King, "that I have found in you, Pombal, a man who penetrates with so clear an eye all these circumstances, and sees all the changes which sooner or later may threaten me and my Government; and one who, as I am now convinced, has my welfare and that of my country so warmly at heart!"

Pombal's eyes beamed at these words, and a smile came over his features, in which an acute observer might have plainly seen his inward satisfaction at the result of his representations.

He requested a few days' time to consider the state of affairs, as well as the reforms he proposed to effect. It was necessary to begin with caution and proceed with care, in order not to provoke the opposition and resentment of the powerful classes in the state — the nobility and the clergy.

This request Joseph readily granted.

Lisbon, as is well known, is situated on the right bank of the broad river Tagus, not far from its mouth. It is built on seven hills, is surrounded by a highly romantic country, and, seen from the water, presents a magnificent appearance.

The Lisbon of to-day is not to be compared with that of the last century, which was a very unattractive city. The streets were extremely narrow, dirty, and uneven. Their impurity was so great that foreigners turned away from them with disgust, and seldom ventured to pass through them in the darkness of the night, for the filth of all the houses was thrown into the open streets, which were also encumbered by dead animals allowed to putrefy. Lean grey cats and savage dogs were the only beings who, as a rule, were to be found in those streets of a night, and a terrible noise they raised between them.

There were no very beautiful houses or palaces in Lisbon, but many were distinguished by their immense size. But with churches and convents it was abundantly supplied. The Patriarchal Church possessed great wealth in splendid and precious articles; there was the throne of the Patriarch, to whom all the Portuguese clergy owed obedience.

Among the 300,000 inhabitants of Lisbon, there were a great many negroes, mulattoes, Gallegos or Galicians, — strong, vigorous fellows, who came from the Spanish province of Galicia, and who served especially as porters and water-carriers.

The largest public place, called Rocio, formed

a spacious parallelogram which could well contain 100,000 men. It was on this square, one beautiful July morning, after Pombal had directed the helm of the State about a year, that there was unusual excitement and bustle. Thousands of people were pouring down the ten streets which opened into the Rocio, and moving backwards and forwards in the gay colors of their Sunday costumes. Many of them came from a distance, and had undertaken a fatiguing day's journey in order to be present at Lisbon that day. It was neither a magnificent procession nor the festival of a celebrated saint — not even a bull-fight, which attracted these multitudes — but a festivity which occurred regularly every year, and highly delighted old and young, high and low.

A glance at the centre of the huge square gave the terrible answer as to the nature of this popular festival. Here stood a scaffold, close to it was a row of gallows, and behind these a number of stakes, with wood already piled round them.

To-day there was to be a grand auto-da-fé, in which thirty-seven persons of both sexes, accused of heresy, witchcraft, and other crimes, and condemned by the tribunal of the Inquisition, were to suffer death.

These days generally caused universal rejoic-

ing among the people, who sang and shouted as if they were celebrating a wedding; but it was not so to-day; something seemed to have disconcerted the people. They whispered to each other, they ran hither and thither. There seemed to be a peculiar uncertainty everywhere.

Suddenly, the bells began to ring from all the towers, and a division of cavalry galloped up, who surrounded the place of execution.

"They are coming! They are coming!" sounded from mouth to mouth. The humor of the people seemed changed at once. Cries and shouts of joy resounded everywhere, so that the wild tumult drowned the ringing of the bells. In rude haste a portion of the crowd pressed up towards the scaffold, whilst the rest swayed back towards the opening of the street through which the terrible procession would arrive.

A regiment of cavalry, with swords drawn, headed the grim procession, followed by a strong division of infantry, behind which came the Supreme Judge of the Inquisition in his black robes of office, and after him other members of the terrible tribunal. A long procession of clergy of different orders came next. Then followed the condemned, who walked with heads bent towards the ground. Each one was a picture of misery. Their bent and feeble bodies, their ghastly faces emaciated by hunger, their

bony hands, often covered with blood, testified in the most heartrending language to the unspeakable tortures of the rack and the terrors of subterranean imprisonment. All wore the so-called robes of penitence, which the almost diabolical fancy of the executioners had covered with all kinds of disgusting pictures and representations. As head-dress, each victim wore a tall sugar-loaf paper cap, likewise covered with horrid designs. Those who were accused of witchcraft had their hands tied behind their backs. The others were laden with heavy iron chains on their feet, so that at every step they took there was a dull, terrible clinking. A number of executioners and several divisions of soldiers followed the victims; after them came a rude crowd, laughing, mocking, screaming, and hissing.

Whilst in the streets, through which this horrid procession was moving, the populace was so thoughtlessly rejoicing, a very different scene was going on in the Palace between the King and his Secretary of State.

"Your Majesty," Pombal concluded a long speech; "I implore you, by the Mother of God, sign the decree! There is still time! The procession has not yet reached the Rocio."

"But recollect, Pombal," replied the King, "we shall have the whole of the clergy round our heads."

"But it is, and remains, a bloody act, which can only bring a country to disgrace."

"I fear, I fear the vengeance of the Jesuits, whose great work this auto-da-fé is."

"Your Majesty, leave me to bear the brunt of their vengeance; but remember the danger there is to yourself from their power. Who can ensure you against one of the relatives of those mostly innocent victims, in furious indignation at the murder of some father, brother, or son, venting his rage upon you — awaiting some fitting opportunity, and then plunging his dagger — "

"Speak no more about it! Speak no more about it, Pombal! A cold shudder passes through me at the very thought! Yes, yes, friend, you see further than I do. You are right!"

"And think, moreover, your Majesty, what masses of people crowd together on such a day of blood in the capital. All the streets are blocked up. On the Rocio, which holds 100,000, there is quite a sea of heads. The mob is urged on by the secret emissaries of the Inquisition to wild joy and boisterous laughter, and what they do not effect, the wine-jug, never absent from these feasts, does. Thus minds are excited, passions are awakened, and a single spark of discontent, thrown by some enemy of the throne among the heated masses, might lead them to open rebellion, and kindle a fire whose devastating flames might even rage around the Royal Palace!"

"Enough, enough, Pombal. Listen! What was that? Do I not already hear the wild cries of the people in the neighborhood of the Palace?"

"There is no danger yet, your Majesty. It is only the noisy crowds hastening to the Rocio. But there is danger in delay! The auto-da-fé must be interrupted, and by your word abolished for all time. Therefore, your Majesty, I implore you, by all that is holy, sign immediately!"

Highly excited, the king hastily seized a pen and signed with trembling hand the decree which Pombal laid before him, and which he had himself drawn up.

The procession of unhappy victims had just arrived at the place of execution. They were being distributed at the spots where they were to suffer — the heretics at the stake, the witches at the scaffold, and the rest under the gallows. A long, dull blast from a trumpet announced that now the President of the Tribunal of the Inquisition would publicly proclaim the sentences of death.

Immediately all heads were uncovered, and a deep silence reigned at the place where there had been so much noise and shouting.

The president, with a great seal in his hand, began to read a huge document, but scarcely had he pronounced the concluding words, "And

now, executioners, to your work!" when suddenly a loud flourish of trumpets was heard in the distance.

The whole multitude started. All eyes were directed to the spot from whence the sound came, and the next moment a royal courier galloped up, followed by about twenty horse soldiers with drawn swords, to the place of execution. In his right hand he waved high aloft a small white flag, whilst in his left he held a large roll of parchment.

He halted close before the lofty tribune, on which the President of the Inquisition stood with the members of his court.

"In the name of the king," cried the courier, in a loud and commanding voice, "the auto-da-fé is not to be proceeded with.

This announcement was followed by an anxious silence from the crowd. They stood for a few minutes as if petrified. Then a low murmur began here and there, a dull, suppressed growl, which increased every second, and at last ended in a wild roar and tumult, which might be compared to a violent storm. This excitement would have terminated, probably, in a general insurrection of the heated mob, if Pombal had not foreseen such a result, and made his preparations for it.

While hot heads were eagerly plotting, a for-

est of bayonets, with a wall of cannon behind them, was quietly formed round all sides of the Rocio. This mere threat was quite enough to cool down and disperse these excited spirits. In an hour's time the square was empty, and the condemned, animated into fresh courage, were led back to their prisons under military escort, without any further ceremony.

It was on the 13th August, 1754, that the sad news passed from mouth to mouth in Lisbon, "The Queen Mother is dead!"

Upon none did these tidings cause a more depressing effect than on the members of the Society of Jesus. They all knew well that they had possessed in the deceased a faithful patroness of their Order, and that it was she who had hitherto prevented Pombal from taking strong measures against the holy fathers. The Jesuits put on very serious faces, as they whispered in each other's ears, "Our golden time is over!"

Everywhere groups were formed in the streets, conversing over the great news of the day. The wine-shops and clubs were filled with guests of all conditions.

"I think we shall now see," said a rich wine-merchant in one of the latter, "what sort of a man the Secretary of State, Pombal, is. The sharp eyes of the royal widow prevented him from doing all he desired; now they are closed,

and I believe we shall soon see what his plans are."

"Henceforth," said an old captain, "the Jesuits will have a hard time of it. So far as I have observed, Pombal seems to have a deep hatred to the entire Order. Whoever comes in the way of his plans must be cast aside without mercy; how, for instance, he has cut the wings of the tribunal of the Inquisition, before which everybody trembled before! It can hold no more auto-da-fés now, and dare not condemn a single criminal. This power the king alone possesses, or, rather, Pombal himself, who is as good as the king. He wants nothing, in fact, but the crown."

"The rich nobles have hitherto felt his iron hand most painfully," remarked a fat little captain of a vessel; "for Pombal has induced the king to seize all their goods and estates, which former rulers presented to their favorites, and to unite them again to the crown. I was lately in the island of St. Michael, one of the Azores, staying with the Count of Riviera, when he received a royal command to surrender to the Portuguese crown this island, which three hundred years ago had been given by a former sovereign to one of his forefathers, which the count had enriched by trade and commerce, and ruled like a king. The count almost fainted away, and

could not believe how the good King Joseph could perform such an act of violence. But the royal seal and royal signature removed all doubt as to the genuineness of the decree, and the count must obey."

"The nobility," said the director of the great prison of St. Julian, "have hitherto had great power and influence in the government. This does not suit Pombal's plans now, who wishes to unite as much power as possible in his own person; and for this reason he uses every opportunity of humiliating and weakening the nobility."

"How much influence Pombal already possesses over the king," remarked a former palace official, "can be plainly seen by his having, in the course of the last year dismissed a great number of Government employés who would not submit to his will, and substituted in their places those who will follow him through thick and thin. Look how high he has elevated his two brothers: Xavier he has made governor of Maragnon in Brazil, and Paul di Carvalho, Prelate of the Patriarchal Church. His cousin, John of Almada, and the friends of his youth, Saldanha and Mattos, are already playing important parts, the first in the church, the other two in his new police arrangements. The police intendant, Lobo, who is excessively hostile to the

Jesuits, is an old friend of Pombal. In short, the secretary is surrounding himself with his own favorites."

"But, my good friends," said a venerable old chaplain, who till now had quietly listened to the conversation, "let us be just. It is true every man has his weak points, and Pombal has his. But we must not forget that this man, during the few years which he has stood at the helm of the State, has done a great deal of good, and brought the old machine of the State into a new, fresh line of action. The thoroughly sleepy life and policy of Portugal has been roused up by him, and must now take a new direction. His new laws and arrangements are like the spurs which we prick into the sides of a lazy horse: they have given quite a fresh spirit to our national life. Wherever we look we see his creating, new-modelling, and reforming hand. In Lisbon, for instance, was not the education of our youth a real disgrace? Hundreds of dirty, ragged children, boys and girls of all ages and classes, were idling about in all the streets and squares of the city, on the banks of the Tagus, or in the neighboring woods and mountains, up to all sorts of wild and wicked tricks — a life which laid the foundation of a future course of vice and crime. Pombal has not only improved the few schools that existed, and provided them

with clever, capable masters, but he has also established a number of new ones. Now our young folks must go to school, and learn some honest calling. What a real scandal were the numbers of strong young fellows who prowled about from morning to night, idling and begging. Now these good-for-nothings have been obliged by the police to learn to work. Woe to him who refuses, for a severe punishment awaits him. In the high schools Pombal has already placed his reforming hand. They have a very different system of instruction now, many new, advantageous arrangements. Was it not deplorable that the court formerly obtained all it required in clothing and luxury from abroad? thus immense sums of money left the country, and were paid away in France or England. The new secretary has advised the king to tax these foreign goods, so that now the monarch and his court are arrayed in articles of home manufacture; therefore, I maintain that Pombal is a clever man, and thank God that we have such a one as Secretary of State."

"I am glad," said another merchant, "that our good friend the chaplain has spoken so warmly for Pombal. I, too, belong to those who see in him a benefactor for Portugal. If this energetic man had not come at the right time to the helm of the State, I think that our rich,

beautiful land would soon have been turned into one large monastery. Look how he has developed trade and commerce, how busy our ports are, and how full of ships are our harbors — formerly so dull and empty ; think too what he has done for agriculture, and how our corn and wine trade has revived. The army, also, is being placed on a better footing. In a journey which I lately took, I perceived how thousands of hands were at work on the defences of our coasts and frontiers, and repairing the fortifications which had fallen into ruins. It may be asked, what is the state of the royal treasury after all these outlays and expenses? There were never larger sums amassed in it than now ; and all this is due to Pombal."

The majority of the company seemed to agree with the last two speakers, who were encouraged to mention several more of Pombal's reforms and good deeds, especially his excellent arrangements for sending emigrants to Brazil, whereby that country was peopled, and Portugal relieved of a great deal of poverty, and the law by which all slaves arriving in Portugal and touching her soil, were declared to be free men.

Though there were then neither telegraphs nor railways, yet the news of the death of the queen soon reached all parts of Portugal and her colonies. As she had been such a patroness of

the Jesuits, she was naturally deeply lamented by them.

Nowhere did these tidings make a sadder impression than in Paraguay, where dangers, like dark thunder-clouds, had for some time been threatening the Jesuits on all sides. It was no secret that the Secretary of State, Pombal, was the cause of all these dangers, but they knew that as long as the queen lived they were comparatively safe.

Pombal had made a treaty with Spain to exchange the colony of San Sacramento, at the mouth of the La Plata, for Paraguay, which was quite a stronghold of the Jesuits, which they had richly cultivated and converted into a perfect paradise. They strove hard against the treaty, describing Paraguay to the Portuguese government as a barren and desolate region. The inhabitants of both colonies were strongly opposed to the exchange.

Knowing the fate in store for them from their enemy Pombal, the Jesuits incited the Indians, who were devoted to them, against the Portuguese Government. A terrible war ensued; Pombal sent a large number of troops to Paraguay, which united with the Spanish forces, to crush the rebellion; the Indians were everywhere defeated, and a terrible massacre followed. The Jesuits were expelled from the

country and very cruelly treated. All their wealth became the property of the state. This story of the suppression of the revolt in Paraguay is one of the darkest pages in the life of Pombal.

In 1755, a royal decree appeared which strictly forbade the Jesuits ever to mix again in secular affairs. Immediately after, the Secretary of State published a lengthy document, in which all the sins of the Jesuits in Paraguay were disclosed in a manner which astonished the world. This document, which contained many exaggerated statements, and much, perhaps, which was false, was sent to nearly all the European Courts. Even the Pope was presented with a copy.

As the sun, on the 31st October, 1755, was sinking into the sea on the western horizon, Father Malagrida, the most fanatic of the Jesuit fathers, and the most inveterate enemy to Pombal, was sitting on St. Catherine's — one of the seven hills upon which Lisbon was built — under a large oak, with one of his old friends, also a Jesuit. They were conversing about the recent events in Paraguay, which had so deeply and cruelly affected the Order of the Society of Jesus.

"I don't know how it is," said Malagrida, "but ever since I heard the sad end of our

cause in Paraguay, I cannot divest myself of a sad and anxious feeling. It seems to me as if that event was a first nail in our coffin."

"Oh, that scandalous Pombal!" exclaimed Malagrida's friend. "It is all his work. But I hope help will come to us from above. God surely cannot endure much longer his heretical doings."

"That is my consolation, too," replied Malagrida; "and I have determined to-morrow, as it is the feast of All Saints, to instruct the people on the subject of the justice of heaven, which tarries for a long time before it punishes, but at last makes an example. Thus we must try to preserve the people in the faith — or our influence will be all over."

"But look, Malagrida," said the other, "how strangely the sun is setting to-day. Does it not look as if it were descending into a cloudy sea of blood? I can scarcely distinguish the ball of the sun through this red vapor."

"I have remarked it already," added Malagrida. "It seems too as if we were surrounded by an unpleasant, sulphurous smell; and what strikes me most is, that the birds are flying about in such a frightened manner."

"And the sea, too, appears so mysteriously still," remarked the other; "not a trace of the usual sound of the surf, dashing against the

shore. God be merciful to us! But I think it would be as well if we returned in-doors."

The next day, the first of November, was the Feast of All Saints. Thousands far and near made their pilgrimage from earliest morning, some on foot, some on mules or asses, some in carriages, to the various gates of Lisbon, to be present at the masses and different ceremonies of the holy festival.

About nine o'clock all the churches and chapels were closely thronged by devout worshipers. The morning was bright and sunny, and the cheering sunbeams fell upon the altars, which glittered with gold and silver.

Then suddenly a dull hollow rolling and rumbling was heard, like the sound of a heavily laden wagon driven quickly over the pavement.

This noise naturally penetrated the aisles of the churches, and alarmed not a little the devout crowds. Such phenomena were not uncommon in those countries. They had often experienced them. But they hoped that this was only a slight shock of an earthquake, which would pass off without serious consequence.

But the rolling and rumbling soon assumed a much more serious character. At the same time an extraordinary wind arose, which seemed more like a storm. The sea, too, became disturbed, and huge waves dashed into the harbor.

The din, which increased every second, at last filled all minds with horror and anxiety, and caused many who were kneeling in the various churches to rise and depart. Then all of a sudden — it was about ten o'clock — there was a fearful shock of an earthquake. The ground began to heave and tremble, doors burst open, walls were split through, balconies fell down, roofs gave way, falling with a crash and burying thousands and thousands beneath their ruins.

The angel of death — with whom all the subterranean elements seemed to-day to have conspired — reaped his most cruel harvest in the churches and convents in which so many people of all classes were crowded together. About eighty of these fell in within a few minutes, and with their falling roofs, arches, and walls, slew those who a few moments before had been kneeling in quiet devotion on the sacred pavement, and thus became a confused and awful grave for many thousands. Among these sacred buildings, which were thus in a moment converted into heaps of ruins, were the splendid cathedral, the famous church of San Antonio, the majestic dome of St. Vincent, the colossal seminary of the Jesuits, with the chapel of St. John, which, owing to its interior, resplendent with gold and jewels, was considered one of the richest in the Catholic world.

Among the convents converted into heaps of ashes, we need mention only the celebrated convent of St. Clara, in which alone fifty nuns and seventy of their servants were killed, the monastery of the Augustines, and that of San Roque.

The royal palace, of vast extent, also fell a prey to this terrible earthquake. In a few seconds it lay a hideous heap of ruins, from which a huge cloud of dust rose in whirling columns. Providentially, the royal family had fled in time and sought refuge at Belem, a summer palace, about an hour distant from Lisbon.

The large and imposing opera-house shared the same fate, as well as the two custom-houses, both situated near the port, in which, unfortunately, at that time large stores of goods, and treasures in precious metals and jewels, were collected, which two fleets had recently brought from Brazil. All these treasures, estimated at the value of two millions of dollars, became a prey to the waves, which afterwards swept away and swallowed up the ruins of these custom-houses.

The immense building of the Inquisition, with its torture-chambers and cruel tribunal, was, strange to say, the first building whose walls fell in with a crash. Some said it seemed as if the finger of God was specially pointed against this place of unjust and inhuman cruelty.

The first violent shock occurred, as we stated, at ten o'clock ; it lasted for seven minutes — under such circumstances a fearfully long time. Half-an-hour later a second, and between twelve and one, a third, followed. Buildings which had withstood the first shock — persons who thought themselves happily spared, became victims of the second or third. By one o'clock, the greater portion of the city was a heap of ruins.

It may be imagined how, during all this time, the continual movement of the tottering and falling walls was visible, and an uninterrupted crashing of falling tiles, beams, and stones filled the air.

But the earthquake was not the only element of destruction. Other equally terrible powers united themselves with it.

From the west, shortly after the first shock, a furious hurricane arose, which changed the ocean into a wild mass of raging surges, driving gigantic waves for miles up the Tagus, and flooding a great portion of the city, which already lay in desolate ruins. The water in the harbor rose, with extraordinary rapidity, six feet higher than the highest tide, and with destructive steps rose above the quays. With similar celerity it soon retreated again, three feet lower than the lowest tide, so that rocks and abysses were seen in the bed of the sea which human eye had never beheld before.

This sudden retirement of the tide only brought with it new terrors, as in its raging fury it swept off and destroyed all that came in its way. With a deep hollow roar the mountain Marocano, close to the shore, sank into the deep. Vast ships sunk beneath the troubled surface of the angry waves, whilst others, torn from their anchors, and hurled round with furious precipitation, disappeared in the vortex, or, driven furiously against each other, were dashed to pieces by the violence of the shocks.

A master of one of the ships anchored within two or three hundred yards of the quay, stated that when the second shock came on, he could perceive the whole city waving backwards and forwards like the sea when the wind first begins to rise ; that the agitation of the earth was so great, even under the river, that it threw up his large anchor from the mooring, which swam, as he termed it, on the surface of the water; that immediately on the recurring concussion, the river rose at once near 20 feet, and in a moment subsided. At which instant he saw the quay, with the whole concourse of people upon it, sink down ; and at the same time, every one of the boats and vessels that were near it were drawn into the cavity, which he supposes instantly closed upon them, inasmuch as not the least sign of a wreck was ever seen afterwards.

A third and still more formidable ally of the subterranean elements was fire.

The earthquake took place at a time when thousands of lights were burning before the altars in the churches, and when fires were already kindled in the houses of the wealthy, for the preparation of the midday meal. Naturally, by the fall of the buildings, a quantity of inflammable material fell upon these fires, so it was no wonder that the flames soon rose here and there among the heaps of ruins.

The palace of the Marquis of Lourical was the first building from which the fire was observed to proceed. Soon after the convent of the Dominicans was wrapt in flames, and in a few minutes the royal palace. What the earthquake had not overthrown, nor the waves swallowed up, the fire in its undisturbed course speedily consumed.

And yet these four fearful elements — earthquake, hurricane, water and fire — which raged like allied forces, did not complete this picture of horror. Man came forward to aid them: man, in his wickedness, who often seeks for the opportunity which confusion and misery afford, to give free course to his passions, his selfishness and avarice.

The combined elements had naturally not only overthrown peaceful dwellings, churches and

convents, but the prisons, too, of which, since Pombal's elevation to power, there were a great many. Hundreds of incendiaries, assassins, robbers and thieves were thus set at liberty, and let loose upon the devoted city.

To this diabolical band, the city, with its unguarded treasures and wealth, which still remained amid the ruins, offered a welcome harvest. The property which was left to the inhabitants, the treasures which they had been able to save, the valuables and costly ornaments of the churches which had not been buried in the abyss, but which were only lightly covered by rubbish and ashes, were carried off by these greedy hordes, and woe to those who opposed them! What was one other murder to them, in sight of the thousands of corpses and mutilated bodies on all sides? A company of Spanish deserters soon joined these rude marauders, who also hoped to find here a rich harvest of plunder.

Fortunately, an end was soon put to the work of these evil fellows. When Pombal heard of their disgraceful deeds he sent several thousand of the regular troops, who closely surrounded the city and then patrolled it in every direction by day and night. The soldiers had the strictest orders to slay any one they caught in the act of thieving or robbing. In a few days hundreds of these vagabonds were hanged, but the robbers

of churches were burned alive. In order to intimidate others from similar acts, Pombal had a circle of gallows erected round Lisbon.

Among others, a monk who had escaped from prison confessed at the gallows that he had set the city on fire in seven places. Five other prisoners acknowledged that the Patriarchal Church and the palace had been fired by them.

A non-commissioned officer, a youth of eighteen, who for three days defended the Mint — which remained unharmed and contained nineteen millions of crusados — at the point of the bayonet, against thieves and robbers, was at once raised to the rank of colonel.

If the ruined city itself, with its thousands of corpses and mutilated victims, presented a heart-rending spectacle, not less terrible was its neighborhood. The suburbs and country-houses around had also experienced serious shocks; they were, however, quite habitable, but could scarcely contain a quarter of those who, having escaped with their lives, sought refuge in them.

More than 100,000 persons encamped under the open sky. But in what a condition! Thousands had saved nothing but their bare lives, and thousands more had, in the hurry and confusion of the moment, not sufficiently clothed themselves. Thus this vast encampment, in which an uninterrupted sobbing, groaning, and weeping

filled the air, offered a spectacle which might have melted stones.

But here, it was Pombal again, who, in the midst of the terrible confusion, did not lose his head; but by his advice and actions assisted these unfortunate people, and provided them with means of subsistence. Wherever his presence was required, there he was found. For several days his only habitation was his carriage, and from thence day and night he issued directions and regulations. He gave orders, too, after the contending elements had in a measure subsided, that the corpses which encumbered the streets and squares, or which lay among the ruins, should be at once buried. As they could not of course be interred separately, deep trenches were dug, into which they were placed.

When next day, as the awful catastrophe was considered to be over, people returned back into the city again, and wandered through the chaos of ruins to search for missing friends or relatives, sad and heartrending scenes were to be witnessed on all sides.

Husbands sought for their wives, wives for their husbands, parents for their children, children for their parents. Often with danger to their lives, the searchers wandered through confused and broken beams and the labyrinthine passages which the fallen walls had formed.

Here and there some in desperation worked with axes and other tools among the ruins, while others tried to remove the rubbish with their bare hands. And what a cry of anguish arose when some missing member of a family was discovered, perhaps still alive, but maimed in a terrible manner!

What pen could possibly describe in their true color all the terrors which in rapid succession burst upon the unhappy city? It seemed as if the last judgment had come, as if the whole world were falling into ruins, and Lisbon was the first city to be engulfed.

Not only Lisbon was on that day the scene of terrible desolation; but other very remote towns of the country suffered great loss in property and life from the earthquake. The shock, too, was felt not only all over Europe, but in Asia and America.

The fire raged for a whole week, but the shocks of the earthquake continued, at intervals, for a much longer time. Scarcely a day passed during which a slight or a severe shock did not occur, which every time caused fresh disasters and fresh losses to human life. They were repeated till near the end of December. The two most violent took place in the night of the 18th November, and again opened a sudden grave for many hundreds of persons, who had just returned to their scarcely habitable dwellings.

It was reckoned that Lisbon alone lost 40,000 lives by the earthquake, and that 30,000 houses were destroyed. No one, during all these days of terror, did more for the public welfare than the Secretary of State, Pombal. When he knew that the royal family were in safety, he exerted himself day and night to provide help and protection wherever it was possible.

"What is to be done," exclaimed the King, "to meet this infliction of Divine justice?"

"Bury the dead and feed the living," was Pombal's calm and immediate reply.

He hastened to see with his own eyes where the danger and distress were the greatest. He might be seen everywhere, often lingering where the greatest danger threatened him. His unwearied, self-denying activity won for him the esteem and admiration even of his enemies.

His care was not limited to the present only: he thought also of the future.

In high places the question arose as to whether Lisbon should be built up again in the same place, or whether a safer spot should be chosen for the re-erection of the capital. Pombal decided for the former, and knew how to impress his own views on the king.

When it was decided that Lisbon should rise again from her ruins, Pombal not only took care that the new city should be arranged on a regu-

lar plan, but also that the works should be commenced as soon as possible. At the same time he took very energetic measures to suppress the desire for emigration which influenced a large portion of the unfortunate inhabitants.

The nations of Europe gladly offered their assistance to unhappy Portugal. England was the first to help her ally, as generous then as she was last year to the starving inhabitants of besieged Paris; and a man-of-war was forthwith despatched, containing, among other things, 6,000 barrels of beef, 10,000 quarters of wheat, the same of flour, and £50,000 in money; the value of the total being £97,000.

No one knew better how to estimate and reward the services which Pombal in this period of tribulation and distress rendered to the welfare of the people and the whole country than King Joseph I. His heart compelled him to give expression to his feelings of gratitude towards his indefatigable, active Secretary of State. How could he do that better, or how could he better satisfy the ambitious character of Pombal, than by elevating him to higher dignities? so on 5th May, 1756, Pombal was appointed by the king, Minister of State. Thus the proud man had, next to the monarch, attained the highest position in the state — one for which he had often silently longed. He was

now well nigh all-powerful. Very soon, indeed, the country felt the weight of his arm.

One of his first measures was to establish a strict system of police. Each member of the police, down to the very watchman, was an instrument in the hands of the clever Minister of State, and served, if it were necessary, as a secret spy.

His measures were, indeed, sometimes cruelly severe; thus it was no wonder that the number of his open and secret enemies daily increased. To suppress thieving, he had a hundred gallows erected near Lisbon, upon which, in a very short time, three hundred and fifty men were hanged. Often these poor fellows had been guilty of nothing more than, when driven by extreme hunger, of stealing a morsel of bread from the stores of a rich man. It was said, too, that the watchman received orders to take up every man whom they found at a late hour in the streets, and who could not prove that he was out on lawful business, and hang him at once! It may well be imagined that under such a command numerous innocent victims were sacrificed.

Pombal now meditated more seriously than ever on his plan for humbling the Jesuits in Portugal, and for suppressing them altogether if possible. This, however, could not be done at one blow, neither could he carry it out alone;

he must initiate trusty friends into his plans, in order to obtain their assistance.

"The Order must fall," said Pombal once in a meeting of his friends, with all the energy of his voice, "or I will no longer be Minister of State in Portugal. The higher I rise through the king's favor, the more dangerous do these cunning people become to me. They are now coming nearer to the throne, and between the king and myself; the Father Moreira, who has lately known how to flatter the King with a fox's cunning, and tries to win his confidence, has made an accusation against me to the monarch. Had I not succeeded in thoroughly refuting it, and did I not stand in such high esteem with the King, my fall would probably have already taken place."

"We must do all we can to bring the Jesuits into ill repute with the people, and specially with the king. We must accuse them of being dangerous men, and if we only keep our eyes and ears open we can find plenty of material against them. My plan is, first to deprive the Jesuits of all the power they possess in the pulpit and the confessional, and, before all things, the royal court must be cleared of these flatterers. When this is once accomplished, the last act of driving them completely out of Portugal will present no great difficulties. Trust then to the strength of my arms."

The Jesuits were now narrowly watched by Pombal and his friends, as well as by countless paid spies in the Minister's service.

Father Malagrida was the first who gave an occasion of being accused. He asserted that the earthquake was a punishment from God for the sins of mankind; he went about with bent head and sorrowful look, a crucifix in his hand, through the devastated streets, and wherever a group assembled round him, pointing to the desolate ruins, he thundered forth God's just judgments. But in his zeal, — or rather his lack of caution, he went still further: he designated the sinful measures of the Minister of State as the chief cause why a righteous God had executed such a terrible judgment upon the poor city. Worse still, he wrote and circulated a book in which he represented the destruction of Lisbon as a punishment of the Lord against unbelievers.

Pombal naturally heard all this, and was not a little angry. He hastened at once to the king's cabinet, and represented to him most urgently that Father Malagrida was exciting the people against the Government and preaching open rebellion. Such a dangerous man must at once be banished from Lisbon.

No sooner had the timid Joseph heard the word rebellion, than he saw in imagination the

enemy pressing round his palace, and at once gave his Minister permission to deal as he thought best with the accused. Early next morning the venerable Father Malagrida, accompanied by four policemen, was marched out of Lisbon. They had orders to take him to Setubal, whither Pombal's wrath had banished him.

The banishment of Malagrida was the prelude of the drama which the relentless hand of the Minister of State now carried into execution against the Jesuits. He found fresh cause of accusation against them in an insurrection which broke out in Oporto, attributed to their instigation. Pombal again represented to the king, who was only too easily frightened, the suspicious conduct of the Jesuits. He told his majesty there was only one remedy for the security of his throne and his person, viz., to forbid the Jesuits both the pulpit and the confessional. He need not fear that religion would suffer, as Portugal possessed sufficient priests both to preach and to hear confessions.

It was again the ghost of revolution which decided the king to consent to his cunning minister's proposal.

"Your eyes," said the weak ruler, "always see sharper than mine do, and your counsel has always turned out for the good of the Crown, so I will follow your advice in this matter, too."

Soon after, there appeared a decree drawn up by Pombal, and signed by the king, that throughout Portugal no Jesuit was henceforth to ascend a pulpit, or enter a confessional.

The consternation and indignation which these measures excited among the fathers may easily be imagined. Still greater was their horror when they learned that the pope had given his consent to this step against them; they of course had no doubt that this limitation of their power was the work of their arch-enemy, the Minister of State. But with such a man as their opponent, they could do nothing but submit to the inevitable. Pombal and his friends were not satisfied yet; they sought for new pretexts against their hated foes.

A few days after the news ran from mouth to mouth in Lisbon that a plot to destroy the life of the Minister of State by an infernal machine had been discovered. The Jesuits and nobility were undoubtedly at the bottom of this conspiracy. Pombal did not tell the king about this himself, but took care that it should come to his ears through others.

When Joseph heard of it he was greatly incensed, and at once sent for his Minister of State to hear more about it.

"You see, your Majesty," said Pombal, "how far matters have already gone, that, with all my care for the welfare of the Crown and the State,

I am not sure of my life. So much has the cunning power of the Jesuits effected. And yet these rogues dwell in the royal palace, they are preceptors of the prince, they are the confidantes of your majesty. If they have plotted against the king's minister, who can ensure they will not next conspire against the life of the king? I, for my part, have long since broken off all personal intercourse with them. But to your Majesty these tigers in lambs' clothing have unhindered admittance. I tremble before these serpents, and a cold shudder comes over me when I think how near my lord and king may every day be to the dagger or poisoned cup of these hypocritical priests."

"Stop, Pombal, stop!" the king interrupted him, trembling all over; "your words terrify me. Yes, yes, you are right. From the minister to the king it is only a step. If they murder the one, who will protect the other?"

"I will not further speak of my fears," replied Pombal, "but my fidelity to my king impelled me to open his eyes to the threatening dangers. The present hour belongs to us: the next, perhaps, may no longer be ours. To-day we can save ourselves: to-morrow, perhaps, it will be too late."

"But speak, Pombal," cried the king, in great excitement; "what can we do to protect ourselves?"

"Only a strong exercise of power can bring us out of this danger," replied Pombal. "You must banish every Jesuit from your royal palace, and that must be done this very night."

This proposal surprised and alarmed the king. He stood for a moment transfixed with terror, and stared inquiringly at the minister, as if he would ask him whether he really was in earnest or not.

"Well, your Majesty," resumed the cunning Pombal, "act as you think best; I do not at all wish to influence your decision. But, I implore you, do not hold me responsible for what may happen."

With these words Pombal turned, as if to leave the room. But at this moment the king convulsively grasped his hand and held him back.

"Stay, friend, stay," he implored; "give me only a few seconds to consider. This step is no trifle to me. What will the world say if Portugal's king banishes the holy fathers from his palace?"

"It will say," affirmed Pombal, "that he did what it was his duty to do."

It could plainly be seen that the king had now to undergo a fierce inward struggle. He had to break all the threads which bound him to many a beloved object. But the thought of the dagger and the poison at last helped him to overcome the hardest of all.

"Have you already written the decree?" he said, turning to Pombal.

"Here it is," he replied, taking a paper out of his pocket. "Your Majesty has only to sign it, and the air of the court will be purified to-morrow."

"I must sign it," said the king, somewhat more calmly, as he took up the pen. "My life is of more importance than the friendship of the Jesuits. Here," turning to the minister: "take the decree, and complete it."

It was the same day (the 19th September, 1757) towards midnight. The ancient, extensive Palace of Belem, in which the royal family resided, lay silent as death. The pale, crescent moon, often veiled by clouds, scarcely rendered the outlines of the various buildings which formed the palace visible. All belonging to the court were already in deep slumber. Only the steps of the sentries, as they paced up and down, broke the mysterious silence.

Then suddenly three carriages rattled along and up to the courtyard of the Palace. They stopped at the wing of the building in which the clerical gentlemen, the confessors, and teachers of the royal family dwelt. From each carriage a dark figure emerged, apparently a police-officer. A word to the sentry and they entered.

The venerable Father Moreira lay in a sound

sleep. Suddenly he heard a violent knocking at his door. Terrified, he sprang from his couch, and exclaimed, thinking some accident had happened to the king, "Who wants me?"

"Open, Father Moreira," replied a rough voice.

Moreira opened. He shrunk back in terror when the chief of police stood before him, in full uniform, holding a document in his hand. "What do you want from me at this hour?" he asked, in an anxious voice.

"By order of the King," was the reply, "you have at once to leave the royal palace forever, and to follow me to Lisbon."

For a moment the old man stood as if petrified. He did not seem to know whether he was awake or dreaming. But soon he recovered himself and said, quite calmly, "The king orders, and I obey."

"Well, dress yourself, then, as quickly as possible," ordered the police agent.

"But what will become of my property?" asked Moreira, while he got ready for the journey.

"It will be sent after you," replied the agent. "Now, there is no time to take anything with you."

The other four Jesuit Fathers suffered the same fate as Moreira.

In scarcely half-an-hour after, the three carriages, with the four exiles, accompanied by the police agents, rolled along the streets of Lisbon. Not a word was spoken. The Fathers sat with bended heads, and had the night been a little brighter, one might, from the deadly pallor of their faces, have taken them for men condemned to death.

None of them felt the blow so severely as Moreira. To him it was clear as sunlight who had levelled it; but he never thought Pombal would have ventured so far. He now saw how disgracefully the man to whom he had once opened the road to fame and power had deceived him. Almost with shame did he now think of the words of his friends, who had warned him against the hypocritical Pombal.

This act of violence against the Jesuits made no little sensation, not only in Lisbon and Portugal, but beyond the frontiers of the kingdom. The friends of the Order stormed and lamented, whilst its opponents made no secret of their joy.

Success gives courage, so with fresh zeal Pombal and his friends continued their secret consultation as to how they might give the death-blow completely to Jesuitism in Portugal.

For this end they soon found means and ways.

King Joseph I. was on most intimate terms with the family of the Marquis of Tavora, who possessed a splendid palace near Belem, so that he frequently honored him with a visit. On one of these occasions, 3rd September, 1758, he remained to a very late hour, and did not start to return till about two o'clock in the morning.

His carriage, drawn by two mules, upon one of which the coachman sat, rolled slowly onward. The night was still, but pitch dark. Beside the King sat his trusty valet Texeira. They cheerfully conversed about the pleasures of the day.

Then suddenly the report of a musket-shot was heard close to the carriage ; at the same moment the coachman, who had been grazed but not struck by the discharge, called out, " What are you doing ? I am driving the king's majesty."

The response to this was two more shots, which were fired from behind the carriage ; immediately after, three dark figures, who had performed the murderous deed, suddenly took to flight.

The bullets had penetrated into the carriage. The king was wounded in the arm and in the side. Now the coachman, by his majesty's order, drove the mules at the quickest pace back to Lisbon to the residence of the royal physician,

who dressed the monarch's wounds before he returned to his palace.

At early dawn the news of the attempt to assassinate the king flew like wildfire from mouth to mouth. People collected together, half from curiosity, half from sympathy, around the royal palace, and the grand nobles at once came to inquire after his majesty's condition and to learn all the particulars of the affair.

But, strange to say, not one of the nobles was admitted. Pombal had given the strictest orders that every one should be refused. Thus, no one learned the circumstances of the unhappy event. It was left to the fancy of each to imagine it. And thus, in a short time, the sad affair was represented in the most different manner.

But the strangest circumstance of all was that, apparently, no measures were being taken to discover the assassins and bring them to punishment. None could understand how a Pombal, who had previously punished with cruelty and severity the slightest insult to the king, could so quietly and silently regard this matter.

Thus three months passed away. The king, although his wound was by no means a dangerous one, kept in the strictest retirement. Besides Pombal and the queen, not a being was allowed to enter his darkened chamber. Such a night reigned there, that not even the queen could see her royal husband's countenance.

But Pombal and his friends were by no means inactive all this time. They had been at work day and night with their secret spies in order to discover traces of the assassins, and they soon succeeded. All who had taken part in the conspiracy against the king were down on their list in a short time; but, with cunning calculation, Pombal enjoined silence, in order to make quite sure of the guilty.

But at last, on 13th December, 1758, their punishment burst upon them. At the minister's command, on the previous evening some regiments of infantry and a regiment of cavalry entered Lisbon. Early next morning several palaces inhabited by noble personages were surrounded by the troops, and their owners arrested. So hastily were these arrests performed, that the victims were scarcely allowed time to dress themselves.

The excitement was painfully increased, when next morning all the houses of the Jesuits were taken possession of by strong divisions of troops. None of the fathers were allowed even to cross the thresholds. Every word they said, and their whole behavior, was strictly watched. They had to look quietly on, while the soldiers carried out their orders, searched their chests and boxes and the remotest corners of their churches and chapels, on the pretext that arms might be concealed there.

On the 20th December, the Inquisitorial tribunal was solemnly assembled to hear the trial of the accused.

Among these were several of the nobles and the wife of the Marquis of Tavora, upon whom chiefly the suspicion rested of having hired the assassins to perform the evil deed.

The trial was conducted with every possible severity. During the horrible tortures they suffered on the rack, many confessed not only that they had been guilty of the attempt at assassination, but that the Jesuits too had been the originators of the plot.

Eleven were condemned to death, and the sentence was carried out on the 13th January, with all kinds of horrible ceremonies. They were all nobles. Some were broken on the wheel, others strangled; two were burned at the stake, and the Marchioness of Tavora publicly beheaded. Numbers, too, were imprisoned for life.

As a reward for the great services he had rendered to the king in the destruction of the assassins, Pombal was elevated in rank, and received the title of Count of Oeyras.

Portugal was now no longer governed by her king, Joseph I., but solely and alone by Pombal. Joseph troubled himself very little about State affairs; he cared only for his pleasures, his turning-lathe being his favorite amusement.

Pombal had by his talents and severity raised himself to be all-powerful. Rich and poor, high and low, all trembled before his strong arm. And they had reason to do so. Dungeons, banishment, the axe, threatened any man who opposed the plans of this despotic man. Neither the great power of the Jesuits, nor the influence of their patron the pope, could hinder their final fall. Pombal had from his youth sworn the destruction of the hated order, and, therefore, every means seemed lawful to him to hasten it. Trusting to his power, he published, on the 9th January, 1759, a decree, signed by the king, by which the government took possession of all the goods, treasures, and property of the Jesuits, and put them up to public sale.

Thus, naturally, millions and millions flowed into the treasury of the state. But this was not the only advantage. By these violent measures the Jesuits lost all means of making friends, and of offending enemies; they were thus deprived of their homes and of the very ground under their feet.

Terrible as this blow was, yet it was only the prelude to the hardest stroke of all, which now was to fall upon them.

Pombal did not hesitate to acquaint the pope, in a letter which he wrote him, how he had acted towards the Jesuits — men who, he asserted,

were very dangerous to the state, and who had entirely lost sight of the rules of their order. And, strange to say, the pope, Clement XIII., did not venture at first to disapprove of this conduct of the all-powerful statesman, though a rupture with Rome subsequently occurred.

A ship, which had lain for weeks at anchor in the harbor, had become quite an enigma to the whole port. A hundred and fifty mattresses, one night silently brought on board, formed her only cargo. None, except the crew, dared to enter this ship. The captain never left her himself, and kept her always ready to sail. When questioned as to his vessel and her destination, he always gave ambiguous answers.

At last, on the 16th September, the mysterious ship dropped the veil of secrecy. Soon after sunset on that day, a long caravan of carriages and mules approached the harbor. In front and in rear of it cavalry might be seen, guarding it with drawn swords. In the carriages and on the mules sat ninety-three, for the most part aged Jesuits, who, during the few previous days, had by Pombal's order been arrested in various parts of the country, and were now to be taken on board the vessel.

Whilst these ninety-three were being brought on board, the cruel Jesuit-hunt began in Lisbon itself. Pombal had placed all the soldiers who

were in the capital under arms — partly to capture the chiefs of the Jesuits, partly to suppress any outbreak of the people, should they be inclined to side with the fathers.

The venerable Jesuit fathers, horrified as they were by this midnight attack, yet submitted to their fate, and followed the military authorities, as they were directed. Very touching in many cases was the parting between them and the brethren of the order, or their pupils, so that tears came into the eyes even of some of the soldiers.

These prisoners, too, were placed in carriages and brought down to the ship in the harbor, which they reached soon after midnight. The number of these exiles now amounted to one hundred and twenty-three. An hour after, the captain gave orders to weigh anchor and set sail.

The poor priests had a wretched existence on board the ship. They were so confined for room that they could scarcely move, and had to content themselves with the most wretched fare. But most painful of all was their uncertainty as to their place of exile. At last they thought from the course of the ship that it was going to Italy, which was some comfort to them, as there they hoped to meet with a friendly reception. Finally, by Pombal's order, the ship anchored in Civita Vecchia, where the exiles were landed.

They were followed, about the middle of October, by a hundred and twenty-one others, and later by about three hundred younger Jesuits, driven by Pombal's power from Portugal. All were forbidden on pain of death from ever putting foot again on Portugal soil.

A similar fate next year befell the Jesuits in Brazil: they, too, were suddenly taken prisoners and shipped off to Italy.

Only about a hundred of the Fathers were not sentenced to be banished — for them the minister had reserved a far worse fate. They langnished in dark and horrible dungeons, where they either ended their days, or were brought out to suffer the death of criminals.

This later fate befell the grey-haired Father Malagrida. Ever since his sermon, after the earthquake, he had been a special object of hatred to Pombal, and must, therefore, although he was seventy-three years old, suffer an ignominious death from the hand of the executioner.

After three years' suffering in a dungeon, he was brought up before the Inquisitorial tribunal, accused of being the originator of the plot against the King's life, as one who excited the people to rebellion, and as a disseminator of heretical doctrines.

It was not difficult to make the broken-down old man confess every crime, and then to be able to pronounce sentence of death upon him.

Although Pombal had previously abolished autos-da-fé, he did not hesitate now — as it served his own ends — to make use of them again, and to hold one on 21st September, 1765, for Malagrida.

It was a heart-rending spectacle when the old half-insane Father, with a gag in his mouth and dressed in the hideous and fantastic robes of the victims of the Inquisition, ascended the scaffold. He was strangled, his body burned, and the ashes thrown into the Tagus.

The banishment of the Jesuits, a measure in many respects beneficial to the country, caused great joy throughout Portugal. Addresses of thanks and congratulations poured in at Pombal's feet. None more highly estimated his work than the Catholic clergy, who often had groaned under the power of the Jesuits.

A grand festival of thanksgiving was ordered to be held in all the churches of the country, and a solemn Te Deum sung. On the evening of the day many ecclesiastical and other buildings were illuminated, and there was a grand banquet in the royal palace. Shortly after, the pope died, and his successor, Clement XIV., issued his celebrated bull suppressing the Society of the Jesuits.

The land and the people were now to reap the fruits of Pombal's measures, from his having de-

voted the treasures taken from the Jesuits to useful institutions of the State. First of all, he turned his hand towards the improvement of public instruction. He changed the Jesuit colleges into schools, and sent for several hundreds of teachers from abroad, in order to extend a good solid education, so far as was possible, throughout the land. He abolished one-half of the convents for females, prohibited for the future all religious societies, whether male or female, receiving any novice before they attained the age of twenty-five, and not even then without the express permission of the king.

In all these new arrangements he worked with inflexible will and iron hand, quickly and forcibly overcoming all resistance, and rendering every opponent harmless through the dungeon, exile, or the scaffold.

Whilst Pombal's unwearied genius was thus improving the internal condition of the kingdom on all sides, and reforming old abuses, a storm was silently gathering in the East, which threatened not only to interrupt, but perhaps to destroy his work. This was an alliance which France and Spain had entered into against Portugal, whose army was still, notwithstanding all Pombal's exertions, not in the best condition.

In this distress, Pombal applied to England, Portugal's former faithful ally. England prom-

ised not only the necessary troops to defend the country, but also sent to command the English and Portuguese army one of the most renowned generals of the age, the Count of Lippe Schaumburg. In an incredibly short time this German general completely re-organized the Portuguese army, and placed it on such a footing that thorough confidence was felt in it. So matters stood in the spring of 1762, when war was declared by Spain against Portugal.

The war between Spain and Portugal ended favorably for the latter, in the peace of 10th January, 1763. The Spaniards, notwithstanding their superior forces, had to retreat vanquished into their own country. The Count of Lippe soon returned as a conquering hero into his little German principality. Peace being restored, Pombal turned his attention to the navy, which was in a more deplorable condition than the army before its re-organization, for it was reduced to two ships; and such was its weakness, that the Algerine corsairs still made descents on the coast and plundered its inhabitants. Pombal sent for more than three hundred English shipwrights to work in the dockyards and arsenals at Lisbon, and such was the steadiness and alacrity with which they labored, that in a few years the Portuguese navy was augmented to ten ships of the line, and a proportionate number of frigates. In

1770, Pombal stood at the zenith of his honors, his fame, and his power.*

But an old proverb says: "The higher a man stands the deeper he falls!" Pombal was wise enough to prepare for the possibility of a sudden downfall. When King Joseph began to fail, and his health became daily weaker, Pombal said to his friends: "Be ready for the worst; you and I will soon have played out our parts. But that is not the worst that I fear. I foresee already how in blind fury our enemies may destroy all our creations, which with labor and diligence we have for the last twenty years been building up for the good of the state, and reintroduce the previous deplorable condition of things, because such is pleasing to the nobles and to the lazy people. Believe me, when King Joseph closes his eyes for the last time, the new queen will by no means consent to her father's policy. She is far too dependent on Rome; and the banished Jesuits are constantly the objects of her silent regret."

Pombal had not deceived himself as to his future. Scarcely had King Joseph, on the 24th February, 1777, breathed his last, than he at once recognized that his position as Minister was

* It is, perhaps, not genrally known, even in Portugal, that Pombal was the first person who introduced the use of forks into that country. This simple instrument of daily convenience the Minister brought with him from England, on his return from the court of St. James, in 1745.

no longer tenable. He perceived that his power and influence were at an end. The Queen Maria, Joseph's eldest daughter, who, at the age of thirty-one, had married her nephew, Don Pedro, took every opportunity of showing, in the most marked manner, her antipathy against him.

To avoid a possible disgraceful dismissal, Pombal requested the queen to relieve him of his various offices. This was not done immediately at his request. He was to experience further humiliations, and the bitterness of being deprived of his dignities one by one. She informed him that his resignation could not be accepted till new arrangements had been made. Such a joyous festival as that held on 13th May, 1777, the day on which the young queen was crowned, Lisbon had never seen. And why all this joy among the fickle multitude? Because on that day the young queen had ordered all the prisons to be opened, and gave liberty to all those who, by Pombal's severity, justly or unjustly — among them the men who had attempted to assassinate her father — had been incarcerated therein. About eight hundred, among them many nobles, high officers of state, and Jesuits, now saw the sun again after years of tedious confinement.

Naturally all these released prisoners had accusations enough against Pombal; but the Jes-

uits were the most forward in influencing the queen against him.

Accused of all sorts of crimes, he was tried by a new tribunal, specially summoned for his case. All the decrees and sentences which Pombal had signed were examined by this court. The result was that nearly all of those whom the Minister had condemned to death, were declared to have been innocent, and the men who had been concerned in the Tavora conspiracy were not only set free, but promoted to posts of honor and confidence. Thus followed one bitter humiliation after another for the great statesman. No wonder that his health suffered, and his days were shortened by such misfortunes.

Pombal dared no longer to appear publicly in the streets. More than once he had heard the cry, "Down with the tyrant." His judges, mostly his inveterate personal enemies, did not conceal their opinions, that the minister Pombal deserved the punishment of death. But the favor of the queen saved him from this, in consideration that he had been her father's best friend. By her express command, no bodily injury was to be done to him, but she worried and persecuted him by every means in her power. At last she sentenced him to be banished sixty miles from Lisbon.

A much harder fate befell most of his friends.

Not only were they deprived of their posts, but sentenced to severe penalties and punishments.

Pombal, now old and bent down with cares, departed to one of his estates. There he lived as an exile in the greatest retirement. By publishing a defence of his administration, he still more embittered the queen against him. His eventful life, with all its joys and sorrows, its splendor and its disgrace, now lay behind him, and gave him plenty of material for the most varied reflections. But deep grief filled him each time when he heard the news, how one after the other of those institutions, which he had established, was overthrown, and how the government, assisted by the nobility and the returned Jesuits, used all their power to bring about a restoration of the old order of things.

Thus was the old age of this active man troubled by a thousand sorrows.

On 7th May, 1782, death came to release him. Pombal was eighty-five when he died. Though his enemies may condemn him, history will grant him the fame of being one of the great men of his age. Doubtless, he did much for his country, the effects of which are still visible in the prosperity of Portugal, and in many of those excellent arrangements and institutions which he established, and which his enemies were unable completely to destroy. In his exile he was able

to boast to the Duke de Chatelet, who came to visit him, that he had built palaces and granaries, but for his own share not even a cottage. "What is a Portuguese now?" he said, "and what was he forty years ago? Was it not I who made him feel his independence? Have I not established throughout the country education, manufactures, and the arts? Did I not rebuild nearly a third of Lisbon? Was not industry, with its attendant prosperity, raised to the greatest activity during my administration? Considering all the claims I have to the gratitude of the people, I believe them too just to wish my ruin."

At the same time it must be admitted he was cruel, unrelenting, and unjust. Like a few other successful statesmen, he was unscrupulous as to the means he used to obtain his objects, and, like them, seemed to imagine that success cancels every crime, and that no measures, however wrong or unjust, are to be omitted which at all tend to the good or prosperity of the nation.

ANTOINE DROUOT,

THE BAKER'S BOY WHO BECAME A GENERAL.

One day, in the year 1791, when those great wars were just commencing which France carried on with little interruption for nearly twenty-five years, in one of the rooms in the town hall at Metz, the celebrated savant Laplace was presiding at the examinations of the boys who were presenting themselves with a view to enter the Artillery School of Chalons-sur-Marne.

As the programme of examination supposed, on the part of the candidates, serious and expensive studies, none but the sons of families in easy circumstances usually came to this competitive concourse.

But in the middle of the present session, there suddenly appeared in the room a lad of seventeen, whose appearance and costume contrasted singularly with the attire and manner of the majority of the members of this assembly. Dressed in ill-made clothes of coarsest cloth, he held in his hand a common felt hat. The white dust which covered his heavy, thickly-nailed shoes, and the knotty stick which he still car-

ried, proved that he had just made a long journey.

It is needless to say that the entrance of this boy caused a movement of surprise, and that the general attention was at once turned upon him, when he was observed resolutely to push his way through the crowd, in order to take his seat upon the candidates' bench.

Everyone thought it was a mistake on the part of the new-comer; even the examiner shared this opinion, and, interrupting himself in the middle of a scientific question which he was putting, he remarked to this candidate of such novel and singular appearance that doubtless he was ignorant of what was going on in this room.

"I beg your pardon," replied the young man with the dusty shoes and large felt hat, "I am inscribed upon the list of candidates, and I have come to pass the examination."

"Your name?" asked the great savant.

"Antoine Drouot, of Nancy."

The examiner having looked through the list, upon which, sure enough, he found this name written, then said:

"Very well, wait your turn."

And he continued his questions to the other candidates, not without every now and then casting a glance of curiosity at the last comer.

At last came the turn of Antoine Drouot, and

then one saw, or rather heard, marvels; not only did he answer all the questions in the programme without hesitation, but many others too, which the examiner addressed to him with the sole object of being able to judge how far the knowledge of this young man, whom he had himself so ironically received on his arrival, extended.

The savant, who reproached himself for having obeyed a prejudice caused by the lad's singular appearance, now wished to atone for his errors.

Quitting his seat, he went up to Antoine Drouot, and, with that demonstrativeness peculiar to the French character, embraced him warmly.

And Antoine Drouot — at first taken for some clodhopper who had wandered by mistake into a scientific atmosphere — now received all the honors of the session. He was applauded, complimented, borne in triumph; so much so, that many years after, when the young lad of Nancy was called to form one of the staff of the First Consul, the learned Laplace remarked to the great general, "I have never witnessed a more brilliant examination than that which your aide-de-camp Antoine Drouot passed."

The feeling which induced the examiner to embrace the young candidate will be more easily explained to us when we know that the

savant confessed an origin somewhat similar to that which the coarse clothes of Antoine Drouot betrayed.

Simon Laplace, born in a little village of Normandy, was the son of poor laboring people, who had to impose great sacrifices upon themselves, in order to keep their son at the parish school.

They had observed the most precocious faculties manifested in him. Never was there a more astonishing memory, never a more powerful imagination; and at the age when many other children begin to frequent primary classes, Simon knew everything which his master was capable of teaching him. His parents destined him for the church, and submitted to new privations in order to send him to college.

There, treatises on mathematics fell into his hands, and from that moment, every other study being almost neglected, he devoted himself to his passion for figures and problems.

When Simon was nineteen, his parents renounced all idea of seeing him wear the cassock; and, furnished with letters of introduction to one of the most famous savants of that age, he went to Paris, where he hoped to find means of following the career he had chosen. As in the letters of introduction which Simon carried (as is the case in most letters of this kind), his talents and character were spoken of in the highest

terms, he did not doubt that the illustrious academician to whom they were addressed would receive him with open arms, as soon as he had read them.

But he tried in vain to obtain a personal interview with the academician, whose door was always closed to him, even after he had presented the letters which he hoped to find so powerful.

What did Simon do then? He wrote himself to this unapproachable savant, not a petition, not a request to receive him, but a letter upon the general principles of mechanics.

Next day he received a reply in the following terms:

"SIR: You see that I think little enough of cases of introduction; *you* do not need any, you have made yourself much better known, and that is enough for me; my support is due to you. Come, I am expecting you."

And the academician's door was open to Simon Laplace, who, a few days after his first interview with the savant, was appointed Professor of Mathematics at the Military School. He was then only nineteen.

The answer which Laplace had received was signed D'Alembert. This was not the real name of the savant, who had been baptized Jean le Rond, for he was a foundling discovered in the

porch of the little church of St. Jean le Rond in Paris, in 1717. When he published his first work he signed it D'Alembert. He, too, had been a most precocious child, and at twenty-two was admitted a member of the Academy of Science.

But let us return to our young candidate for the Artillery School of Chalons-sur-Marne. Antoine Drouot was the third son of a poor baker of Nancy, who had twelve children. It was not, as may easily be conceived, from the profits of his kneading-trough, that father Drouot, however much he might desire it, could give his children an extensive education. As soon, therefore, as Antoine could read and write he had to take his share in those daily labors which served to maintain the numerous family.

Antoine did not complain; but one day he said to himself that the rude physical labor to which filial devotion made him submit, ought not to condemn his intellect to inaction.

In his leisure hours then — hours which were never taken out of his service in the bakehouse — he searched for books which might aid him to complete the education which he had already began, and when he found them he devoured their contents with avidity. As he had no money to spend, these books were lent him by idle scholars, who liked nothing better than to get rid

of them for the two or three days which sufficed for Antoine to commit the substance of them to memory, and to copy the most important passages.

This eagerness for instruction could not fail to be remarked. A good old professor of the college took pleasure in helping Antoine from time to time by his advice, and procuring for him those books which he might require.

It was in this way — that is to say, almost by himself — that, continuing to knead and watch the ovens, Antoine succeeded in learning many things which he would not have learned at college, and in acquiring especially a very extended knowledge of mathematical sciences for which he was endowed with a peculiar aptitude.

He had just attained his seventeenth year when he saw the competitive examination for admission to the school at Metz, advertised.

When he told his parents his intention of presenting himself there, his father said —

"You are right; he who ventures nothing has nothing. If you don't succeed you will only have to return, and you won't have forgotten baking in that time."

"Go, my Antoine," said his mother, "and God bless you,"

So Antoine wrote, requesting that his name should be placed on the list of candidates.

As he had to walk the thirteen leagues from Nancy to Metz they bought him a pair of new shoes, and gave him six francs; then he drew from one of the bunches of faggots his father had given him to heat the oven, an oak stick, and it was with this simple baggage that Antoine started to gain admission as pupil to the school, or rather to become one of the purest ornaments of that grand military era of French history.

During the war, Drouot proved himself both clever in tactics and brave in action.

In time of peace, his extensive knowledge rendered him most useful in the labors of administration. As a courtier he could not descend to those base flatteries which degrade so many otherwise noble characters.

One day he was playing at bowls with Napoleon, and constantly had the advantage over the conqueror of Austerlitz; for Drouot, who was a first-rate player, would not debase himself, as so many other courtiers would have done, on such an occasion, and allow himself to be beaten by the emperor.

The emperor did not like to lose. It had more than once been remarked that at the écarté or piquet tables the great conqueror, rather than avow himself vanquished, did not scruple to cheat. Great men have their faults.

Now Napoleon, thoroughly beaten, the bowls in his hand, exclaimed in an angry tone —

"How is it, Drouot, that in this game I never get the advantage over you?"

"How could it be otherwise, sire?" replied Drouot with naiveté; "it is because there is no means of cheating in this game."

Drouot, as commander of the artillery of the guard under Napoleon, contributed not a little to the victories of the French empire. He had to suffer from the emperor's ill temper on other occasions than at games of bowls.

At the battle of Pliesnitz, Drouot's disposition of the artillery of the guard not having succeeded so quickly as Napoleon had expected, when Drouot returned to him to give an account of his proceeding, the emperor was in such a rage that he took him by the ears and pulled them; but the general preserved his presence of mind, and replied calmly, but firmly, that the guns could not be better placed. Napoleon upon this recovered his good-humor, and the thing passed off with a laugh.

Drouot was in many ways a very remarkable man. He always had a small Bible with him to read,* which constituted his chief delight, and he avowed it openly to persons in the imperial suite; a peculiarity not a little remarkable in that staff, and the admission of which required no small degree of moral courage.

*Alison.

He was not without a shade of superstition, for as Napoleon usually brought him forward at the most hazardous moment, and he was always at the head of his troops, his situation was full of peril; and he was careful on such occasions to array himself in his old uniform of general of artillery, as he had long worn it and never received an injury. When near the enemy he constantly dismounted from horseback and advanced on foot in the middle of his guns, and neither himself nor his horse were ever wounded. His modesty was equal to his knowledge, his fidelity to his courage; and he gave a shining proof of the latter quality by accompanying Napoleon to Elba, amidst the general defection by which the more exalted objects of the Emperor's bounty were disgraced. He distinguished himself at Ligny and at Waterloo.

In private life Drouot remained as simple as on the day when he quitted Nancy. His morality, his indifference for riches, his generosity, were proverbial.

The fallen emperor, speaking of him at St. Helena, thus judged him, — "He would live quite as contentedly with forty sous a-day as with the revenues of a sovereign; his morality, his fidelity, and his honesty would have done him honor in the best days of the Roman Republic."

And yet Napoleon exaggerated when he said

that Drouot needed an income of forty sous a-day. The general once being teased about his opinions, and some of his friends expressing their regret at seeing him without fortune, he silenced them by these words,—"Provided I have twenty-four sous a-day I can get on well enough."

Drouot seems, too, to have divulged the great secret of his honorable life when he said—

"What has helped me so much is, that I have never feared either poverty or death."

When he had grown old, and had retired to his native town, Drouot occupied himself with his studies, with agricultural pursuits, but especially with charity. Once he went so far as to cut off the gold lace from his uniform in order to assist some unfortunate people.

When one of his nephews with whom he lived exclaimed against this, asserting that this coat ought to be the noblest heritage of his children, "It is just why I have done this," replied the simple and charitable old man, "in order that my nephews should not forget that they are the grandchildren of a poor baker.

Drouot always understood how ridiculous it was for a man to deny his origin, especially when he had raised himself by his own merits.

GIUSEPPE MEZZOFANTI,

THE GREAT LINGUIST.

In the quaint and wealthy old city of Bologna, one of the most celebrated and interesting in central Italy, Giuseppe (or Joseph) Mezzofanti first saw the light. He was born on the 17th September, 1774, in the parish of St. Thomas, in the Strada dei Malcontenti. He was the child of honest humble people, who enjoyed but few of the good things of this world, but led a simple, hard-working life, and enjoyed the esteem and respect of all their neighbors.

At the end of the eighteenth century, many Italian families still preserved, in almost all their integrity, those patriarchal manners and that Christian spirit, which subsequent revolutions have since so deeply changed. The Mezzofanti family was distinguished by its piety, its strict order, and wise economy.

The little Joseph was in his infancy blessed with a strong constitution, but he did not escape that fatal scourge—the small-pox—which brought him to the verge of the tomb; he was only saved, under Providence, by the bold experiments of a

quack doctor, to whom his parents, despairing of all human aid, had abandoned him.

Besides their immediate neighbors, Joseph's parents saw few friends at their house, but the learned Father Giovanni Baptista Respighi, of the order of the oratory, visited them nearly every day; he was on very intimate terms with the family, and became the protector and friend of the little Joseph, for whom he had from the first conceived a warm affection.

The boy, who was richly endowed with talent, soon showed how deeply he reciprocated this love, and the keen-sighted priest early discovered the linguistic talents of the boy. With redoubled affection he henceforth devoted to him many a leisure hour, and it gave him peculiar joy to instruct his favorite by way of experiment, in various branches of science. Thus one day, during a walk, he told him the names of all the streets of the city, and Joseph, a few days after, was able to repeat them without a mistake. Just as perfectly did the boy retain the names of the seventy churches in his memory; the palaces too he named without the slightest hesitation. Another time the priest repeated to him a list of the old Fathers of the Church, then that of nearly all the popes. To his great astonishment, Joseph, many days after, repeated all these names, without a single blunder.

This friend now looked out for a suitable tutor for Joseph, and found one in Don Filippo Cincotti. Latin was commenced at once. The boy made extraordinarily rapid progress. Everything which he read and heard remained in his memory; a lesson of a single hour advanced him farther than a whole month of instruction would other boys. Everybody was amazed at the colossal memory of the little scholar, and all the friends of his family rejoiced at it; his father, however, was not so well pleased: he thought his son would enter on a career of philosophy and learning, which was contrary to his parental wishes. He had too often perceived how this profession brings nothing with it but labor and trouble, poverty and shame, with an early exhaustion of the bodily and mental life. He wished his son to learn some honest craft or trade, which would comfortably support the man who thoroughly understood and diligently exercised it.

Thus did his father think and speak. Had it not been for the far-seeing priest, who never ceased his entreaties and representations, Joseph would have become a simple tradesman, and continued so during his whole life; but the exertions of the monk succeeded at last in winning his father's consent to the continuation of his studies. This was a fresh incentive to the in-

dustrious boy to devote himself to the pursuit of knowledge; day and night he sometimes gave up to study.

He now entered a public school; at every examination he distinguished himself by his extraordinary industry and marvelous memory above all his schoolfellows, and received the first prizes. These distinctions were the more gladly given him because his moral character and general behavior, both in and out of school, were above all praise. He was specially severe upon himself.

With his fifteenth year Joseph finished his course of rhetoric and philosophy. In the study of ancient languages, his diligence and progress were wonderful. Love of learning was a passion with him. Meanwhile, one of his father's anxieties was nearly realized. Such incessant study began to undermine his son's health.

Through this indefatigable zeal, which would allow him neither rest nor recreation by day or night, he became so weak and emaciated that the physicians seriously insisted that the youth must abandon all books for a time, and allow himself the repose which had become necessary for the preservation of his life. This circumstance influenced Joseph in his decision to devote himself to the priesthood. The example which he had almost daily before his eyes, in

the Catholic Father Respighi, tended also to his selection of Holy Orders as his profession for life. The Christian spirit which breathed throughout his father's house, had infused a spirit of piety into his entire character.

Through the assistance of Father Respighi, Joseph now entered the Episcopal seminary of Bologna, and, under the direction of a learned Spaniard, diligently pursued the study of the Greek language. The learned Olivieri instructed him in Hebrew, and through his own diligence and zeal he mastered French, German, Arabic, and several other languages. Let us here cite one of those prodigies of memory which were frequently repeated in the after-life of Mezzofanti. One day, his professor of Greek wished to put his memory to the proof in the presence of his fellow-students; a bet was made; it seemed that Mezzofanti, who had rashly accepted it, must lose.

One of the folio volumes of St. John Chrysostom's works was opened before him at the Treatise on the Priesthood; he was still quite a young student, and it was the first time that he had gazed at the pages of the eloquent doctor. By the fixedness of his eyes — by the concentration of all the powers of his intellect — the professor perceived the efforts of memory to which the young seminarist was devoting him-

self; the pupil finished reading the page of the book, and then closed it, but it had remained engraven on his mind; he recited immediately what he had read, without misplacing a single word; the master and the students stood in amazement at this example of his prodigious memory.

From sixteen to eighteen, in all the ardor of youth, and in the full development of his memory, he submitted it to the severest trials. This faculty cast over him a kind of prestige; while that which made him the more distinguished was his always seeking to avoid the praises which were lavished upon him. He was fond of repeating that he deserved none; that what was admired in him was the simple result of his organization; that he had a good memory, having exercised it from a very early age, as sailors have good sight, for the same reason. Very early, too, he had contracted a great skill in distinguishing printed letters, especially Greek and Hebrew, and their different conformations; he confessed that in both these languages he could at first sight distinguish a new word in the middle of a page, which he saw for the first time, just as our eyes generally recognize a stranger in the midst of a group of friends.

In September, 1797, he was ordained priest. Shortly after, it was proposed that he should de-

liver a series of lectures on the Arabic language in the university. At the request of the archbishop, fifty dollars were presented him for his services, and an ecclesiastical patron also offered him a like sum. Added to this, he received an annual income of about a hundred dollars, a sum which, though it appears insignificant to us now-a-days, sufficed for him during many years, while the duties of his office allowed him to give a great portion of his time to the study of languages.

In consequence of Napoleon's victories in Italy, the government was overthrown, and new institutions introduced. The French revolutionists brought with them all their evil doctrines, with a spirit of rebellion and insubordination which appealed to all the worst passions of the populace. The wildest disorder reigned in Bologna. The city constantly changed masters, now falling into the hands of the French, now into those of the Austrians, and the hospitals, during this time, were filled with the wounded of all those nations which were engaged in the war. Most pitiable was the condition of these sufferers, who, in a foreign land, were unable to make themselves understood. The surgeon could not comprehend their needs, the priest was unable to enter into their troubles, or speak to them words of comfort and consolation. Lan-

guage is the most powerful medium between the happy and the unhappy, between friend and foe, and the indispensable means for revealing our feelings and our inner life.

These foreigners, whom fate had brought to Bologna, were not to remain without comfort and help, without any expression of lively sympathy, for the young priest Mezzofanti daily passed some hours with them, going from one bed to another. Here he spoke French, there Spanish, there Dutch, there German: with each he conversed in the well-known language of his own land; to all he poured out the consolations of religion; for all he had words of truth and of peace.

To this generous work he was impelled by the noblest benevolence, and purest zeal for his sacred office. But he was a gainer by it, for he attained a facility of expression in all these various languages, which he never could have mastered by study, and acquired those phrases and expressions of ordinary life, which are with difficulty to be learned from books.

In 1804 the already famous young priest was appointed professor of Greek and Oriental languages in the University of Bologna. He felt that he was in the right place. Unfortunately, he had to give up his professorship for a time, owing to the political turmoils introduced into

Italy by the French invasion, which brought new storms upon the Church and the pope.

During this time of involuntary retirement, Mezzofanti was by no means inactive. He sought out every foreigner, regardless of his rank in life, in order to master a new language, or to become acquainted with a fresh dialect.

An excellent opportunity to satisfy this zeal in the acquirement of foreign languages, he found in the post which was offered him in 1812. He was appointed librarian of the city library, one of the most considerable in the country. Here he found books of all nations, while every day brought strangers hither, intercourse with whom greatly advanced his practical knowledge of languages. He became so attached to this post that he gratefully declined the offer of Pope Pius VII. that he should become Secretary to the Propaganda at Rome. He could not, he said, break those ties which bound him to his native city, to his friends, his habits, and his labors. Shortly after, he was appointed rector of the University of Bologna.

Thus the poor boy, who, according to his father's opinion, would have done best to learn a humble trade, had become President of the most learned corporation of his native city. Already had the fame of his extraordinary talents extended far beyond the Po and the Tiber, across

the Alps, and over all Europe. The fall of the French Empire was succeeded by the exile of Napoleon to Elba. This event brought King Murat back to his kingdom of Naples. On his way he visited Bologna, and Mezzofanti had the honor of holding a long conversation with the king; the modest savant refused the decoration of the order of the Two Sicilies, which Murat offered him.

In 1819 the Emperor of Austria, during his short sojourn at Bologna, had an interview with the famous linguist; the monarch was surrounded by the high dignitaries of his court and superior officers, speaking the different languages, and the various dialects of the people who composed his vast empire; Mezzofanti became the object of the attention of all — interrogated successively by each of them, he replied, with a rare presence of mind, and a great purity of language. The emperor offered him a brilliant post at Vienna, which, however, he courteously declined. An appeal from the Grand Duke of Tuscany, who hoped to attract him to Florence, met with a similar respectful refusal.

Meanwhile his wonderful capacity for mastering a language in the shortest possible time, was still further developed. The following is an example of this extraordinary facility.

A young man came from Sweden to Italy; he

was the nephew of a celebrated Swedish physician; he was acquainted with no language but his own, and felt in Italy — where he could not hold any conversation with a single person — very lonely and isolated. In his embarrassment he turned to Mezzofanti. Unfortunately, the good priest did not yet understand Swedish. What then did he do? He hastily procured some Swedish books, and with these a few weeks sufficed to make him complete master of the language, so that he could converse with the stranger with as much ease in Swedish, as if he had been in the habit of speaking no other language from his youth.

He learned Armenian as rapidly, from an Armenian; from an erudite Oriental priest he acquired Coptic, which enabled him to unravel the secrets of many an old MS. which the library contained, and which no one before had been able to read. Some young Hellenes taught him modern Greek. Spanish monks and priests, who had fled from Spain in consequence of the revolution in their country, instructed him in the exceedingly difficult Basque dialects. He overcame every difficulty with incredible ease; and studies, over which hundreds of others would have puzzled their brains in vain, were at first sight clear and intelligible to him.

His life was methodically regular; he might

be seen passing from his oratory to the professor's tribune, from his librarian's chair to his study. Like all men who are much occupied, he found rest in quitting one form of study for another. His frugality was proverbial. He was never wanting in those duties of politeness which his high position imposed upon him. On the days which belonged exclusively to himself, he studied fourteen or fifteen hours without cessation. He slept very little. His happy repartees and witty sayings were often cited; without ever exceeding the bounds of strictest propriety, he often excited roars of laughter.

In the year 1831, Mezzofanti journeyed to Rome to express to the pope the assurance of the fidelity and affection of his fellow-citizens, which, owing to recent revolutionary troubles in the town, his Holiness might reasonably doubt. Gregory XVI. had just been appointed pope; the new pontiff would not rest till he had extorted a promise from Mezzofanti that he would come to Rome.

That this consent was very hardly won there can be little doubt, as every previous attempt made to induce Mezzofanti to leave his native city had failed. It was proved, too, by a frequent expression of the pope, "It cost me a regular siege to win Mezzofanti." He also repeated very often, "The journey of Mezzofanti

to Rome is the only service which the revolution at Bologna has afforded me."

Mezzofanti was first made a canon, and subsequently librarian to the Vatican. In this position he became still more intimate with the pope. A story is told, how one day Gregory XVI., wishing to prepare an agreeable surprise for the polyglot prelate, and the pleasure for himself of hearing one of these impromptu conversations in various idioms, had a number of pupils of the College of the Propaganda concealed among the shrubs of the garden of the Vatican, at the hour when he and the librarian were accustomed to walk there together. At a given signal these pupils came in a group to bend the knee before the pope, and on rising they addressed themselves, all at the same time, each in his own language, to Mezzofanti, with such volubility and abundance of words that in this conflict of languages it was scarcely possible to hear — much less to understand. But the polyglot priest promptly met the emergency ; he replied to each with spirit and elegance, and left them all full of admiration. The pope was amazed at the marvels of this vast memory, which the most unexpected surprise could not in the least confuse.

In February, 1838, Mezzofanti was made a cardinal. To celebrate his elevation, forty-three of the pupils of the Propaganda, born under dif-

ferent latitudes, each composed a poem in his own language in honor of the promotion of the learned priest, and, accompanied by their masters, they all went together to offer their poetical compositions to him.

The cardinal, surrounded by prelates and ecclesiastics who had come to be present at this fete, listened attentively, received these little poems, answered each pupil in his own language, and then, taking up several of the pieces, he translated into Italian any remarks which were flattering to the pope, who had raised him to this new dignity.

The cardinal took the deepest interest in the students of the Propaganda College, young men who had decided to go throughout the world to preach the Gospel to strange people in the most remote regions. He superintended their studies — especially as far as languages were concerned — assisted them with his advice, helped them in their examination and in their correspondence with foreign countries; he also provided in a fatherly way for their material wants.

At the festival of the Epiphany his great genius shone forth most conspicuously. During this week pupils of the Propaganda from all corners of the earth were united together at Rome in their national costume, to hold a regular linguistic fete. There sat the black son of Ethiopia,

next to the copper-colored man from the highlands of Mexico; the native of green Ireland held out the hand of brotherhood to the dark Malay; here was the swarthy Chinese with his pig-tail, the Chilian from South America, and the inhabitant of the Steppes from the interior of Asia, celebrating together the feast of Apostolic fraternity.

Each one spoke, wrote, preached in the language of his own nation. Fifty different languages were usually heard. All the written compositions were carefully corrected and examined by the cardinal. A young Californian savage, named Tac, was his special favorite. Every year he used to dictate to him a little poem in the Californian dialect, which he taught him to recite in his own accent and in the barbarous cadences of his native country. In the midst of the descendants of the various human races, the polyglot cardinal was quite at home: to each he would address some friendly counsel, some compliment, some benevolent wish; to this one he spoke Chinese, to that Armenian, to another Greek, to a fourth Bulgarian; those who were farthest off from his person received a simple salute in Arabic, in Ethiopian, in Abyssinian. At other times he discussed with one in Russian, with another in English, Coptic, Lithuanian. In this pell-mell of different lan-

guages nothing astonished him; he answered all with the same assurance, the same calmness, and in as appropriate terms, as if he were conversing in the Bolognese dialect — his mother-tongue.

When some young Albanians arrived at the college they humbly requested him to hear their confessions. The cardinal replied that he could not accede to their wishes, being only imperfectly acquainted with the Albanian language; but, at the same time, he asked them for any Albanian grammar or dictionary they might have with them. Their books were given him, and he asked for only twelve days in which to learn to speak and understand Albanian with facility. He kept his word, and before the day fixed, received the confession of the young strangers.

In March, 1844, the learned prelate experienced the greatest sorrow of his life, in the death of his nephew the Abbé Minarelli, who seemed to inherit, together with his uncle's virtues, his aptitude for foreign languages.

Cardinal Mezzofanti always spoke with great modesty about his marvelous talents; he used to say:

"I believe that God has granted me this favor, not to glorify myself before the world and in frivolous interests, but that I might contribute to the salvation of souls.

"I was in Bologna in war time; as a young

priest I visited the military hospitals; I found there Hungarians, Sclaves, Germans, Bohemians, all unfortunate in battles, sick or wounded, whose confessions I could not hear, nor bring them back into the bosom of the Catholic religion.

"I felt my heart torn. I devoted myself to the study of these foreign languages, and succeeded in learning enough of them to make myself perfectly understood. I walked among the beds of the sick; of one I heard the confession, with others I conversed, so that in a short time I had considerably increased my vocabulary.

"By the grace of God, well served by my studies and my memory, I succeeded in mastering not only the language of the nations to which these sick and wounded belonged, but also the particular dialects of the different provinces.

"The hotel keepers used to inform me as soon as a foreigner arrived in Bologna; I went to see him, I was not afraid of questioning him, of taking notes, and exercising myself in the pronunciation of his language.

"Some learned Jesuits and the presence of a number of Spaniards, Portuguese, and Mexicans at Bologna afforded me the most useful help in the languages of their nations. I made a rule to learn all the grammars and all the dictionaries that I could procure. I kept the words in my head, and when a gentleman or a humble work-

man passed through Bologna, I perfected my pronunciation with the former, I learned common and vulgar phrases from the latter, and I avow that this cost me little, for, together with memory, God had given me an incredible flexibility in the organs of voice."

When the Emperor Nicholas of Russia visited Rome, he had an interview with the illustrious cardinal. The Czar spoke first Russian, then Polish; this did not disturb Mezzofanti in the least — he spoke both languages with equal facility. The Czar confessed that the cardinal spoke both languages like a native of those countries; but Mezzofanti remarked, "I cannot say the same of the emperor; when he speaks Polish one hears that he is a born Russian."

With similar accuracy the polyglot cardinal knew how to distinguish, as well as to speak, the various dialects and patois of nearly every country. One day, for instance, he asked a French gentleman from which province of France he came? "From Burgundy," was the reply. "Ah! you have two Burgundian patois, which do you speak? I know the patois of Lower Burgundy." And he at once began to talk in that dialect, with a facility which might make all the vine-dressers of Nuits and Beaune jealous.

The latter days of the cardinal were deeply

saddened by the revolutionary troubles which followed shortly after Pius IX. assumed the papal tiara. Devoted as he was to his religion and his church, he had daily to witness insult and scorn heaped upon everything which he considered sacred. The venerable old man succumbed at last to these sorrows. His body was already weakened by night-watches and constant mental exertions, and his strength visibly declined. He died on the 15th March, 1849, at the age of seventy-eight. His body was borne quietly to the grave without any funeral pomp, for the revolution was then triumphing in Rome. He was buried close to the earthly remains of the immortal Tasso, in the church of St. Onofrio, which, from its elevated situation, possessed a commanding view over the Eternal City.

Mezzofanti himself confessed that he spoke seventy-eight languages, not including a number of dialects; he wrote them, too, in their own characters, and could compose poetry in each of them. He undoubtedly occupies the foremost place among learned men, remarkable by the vastness of their memory, several of whom have rendered themselves celebrated by their writings. The facility with which he learned languages was such that one might have believed he invented them.

Not less marvelous was the precision with

which he spoke aud pronounced the various dialects of a country. The Parisian accent he had acquired as faultlessly as if he were an inhabitant of the Faubourg St. Germain. He could speak in the purest English, as well as in the nasal twang of the American. In Germany he would converse with all the softness and elegance of the Saxons, or with the aspirated accentuation of the Rhine provinces. He could talk with Flemish or Dutch gravity, with Swedish gaiety, with the harshness of the Swiss mountain idioms, and the roughness of those of Styria and Carinthia.

If a Spaniard presented himself, he asked him at once if he was from Andalusia, Catalonia, Castille, or Navarre, and according to his answer replied in the dialect of the province, which he rendered with its natural pronunciation. The various Italian dialects he had so acquired that he could be taken for a native of any city or province of the country, just as he chose to express himself. He spoke equally well all the various patois of France, the Bas-Breton, the Bearnais of the Pyrenees, Bordelais, Limousin, Norman, Provencal, Gascon, &c.

With the various forms of the Romantsch language he was equally well acquainted. Together with all the languages of India, he was well read in the books which missionaries and

Asiatic societies have published in Enrope, with the philosophy and mythology of these countries full of symbols, allusions, and mysteries, with the religions of Bramah, and of Buddha, and the whole history of Buddhism mingled with the diverse German philosophies, whence Pantheism and all such doctrines which have agitated Europe have had their origin.

In Chinese he knew all the doctrinal books of that nation which have been published since the time of Confucius to the most modern Mandarin. Neither was this wonderful linguist a stranger to the poetical idioms of the languages which he knew. He could render with the most natural expression the songs of the Lapps, of the Samoyedes, of the wandering bands of Kamtschatka, of the Usbeck Tartars, of the Cossacks, of the Turkomans, and of the people which dwell on the shores of the Caspian Sea, and near the Oural Mountains.

Lord Byron, who visited Mezzofanti at Bologna, wrote of him as a perfect marvel of languages, and without any pretension; the poet describes himself as worsted in every linguistic encounter, and driven into a corner even in his own mother tongue.

In conclusion, we give the following picture of the outward appearance of this great man, as the German poet Frankl described him: —

"He was a tolerably stout man of middling height, dressed in long violet cassock, over which hung a white surplice down to the knees. He advanced hastily to meet us, holding his four-cornered violet cap in his hand. His features were animated, but pale, a peculiar smile played round his mouth. Besides his genius in languages, he possessed a talent of being able with great certainty, to recognize at once the nationality of his guests from their physiognomy. His entire manner was affable and kind."

GEORGE HUEBMER,

THE PEASANT ENGINEER.

THE traveler journeying from Vienna by railway towards the south passes over the wonderful Semmering railway, a triumph of engineering skill. Near Payerbach he traverses on a very lofty viaduct the vale of the Schwarza, from which a good road leads into the valley of Reichenau. Very striking and lovely is the picture of which the central arch of the viaduct forms the frame — the deep green valley and the water, clear as crystal, of the rapid Schwarza, which in its lower course receives the name of Leitha — a word now in every one's mouth as the boundary between Germany and Hungary — beyond, the dark pine forests cover the sides of the mountains, above which the lofty bare summits of the Raxalpe, with their vast snowfields, tower imposingly.

Behind Reichenau, the Schwarza bursts forth from a narrow rocky ravine, which separates the Raxalpe from the still higher snow mountains, and which has only in recent times become accessible. In that wild region of rock and forest

out of which the Schwarza springs, no human dwelling existed till 1682: it was completely desolate and uninhabited; nothing indeed but a hunting-ground for the lords of the soil, the rich Counts of Hoyos, of Spanish descent.

But necessity breaks iron, and opens out mountains. The imperial iron-works in Reichenau had already used up all the imperial forests, and now required fresh supplies of fuel for their furnaces. In 1770 the Government concluded a contract with Count Hoyos for wood, and in a very short time 4,000* klafters in large blocks lay all ready cut at the foot of the wild mountains, not far from the spot where the Nass falls into the Schwarza. But through this narrow, rocky ravine, along which the torrent forced its way with many windings, there was no possibility of floating such masses — hard would it have been even for a single log to make its way through. It seemed, then, not improbable that all this valuable property would remain here uselessly to rot away, for there was not a man in the whole domain of Reichenau who understood, or who would attempt, to open a way through the gorge.

A woodcutter's life among these Austrian Alps is no easy one. He has to hew down trees

*A "klafter" is a pile of logs of wood about six feet in height and the same in breadth.

by the side of the steepest precipices, where no one but himself could attempt to climb, and where he is only able to stand by help of the irons on his shoes; here he has to cut down immense trees, always in danger, when he lifts the heavy axe, lest he should lose his balance and topple over. Thus he works on, heedless whether the sun burns him or the snow crackles beneath his feet. Then, too, when he has cut down the trees, his work is by no means over. When a steep mountain-side has been made quite bare of trees, and nothing remains but the thick stumps, the wood has to be brought down into the valley by mountain paths, by rough railways, or floated down streams.

In winter small sledges are filled with it, and these slide down the frozen mountain-sides. In certain places two long parallel lines of smooth rounded wood are laid straight down the slope of the mountain, along which the logs are allowed to slip rapidly down.

In spring, when the melting snow fills the torrents with water, the felled trees are conveyed on them, but whether they make the journey on ice or on water, the woodcutter has always to direct them, for it easily happens that a block gets out of the right course or comes in contact with some hindrance which stops it, as well as all those behind it; thus a barricade is instantly

formed, which is increased in size every moment, by the rapidly descending logs; then the woodcutter has to restore order by himself jumping on the barricade with a large pole, springing from log to log at the risk of his life, for, the obstacle once removed, the blocks rush onward with such force that the woodman would be carried on with them down into the watery abyss if he did not save himself by springing on shore at the right time. And to reach this torrent he has sometimes to be let down from the precipice above by a strong rope, hundreds of feet, and drawn up again when his work is over. Such then are some of the risks and hardships of a woodman's life, which it is necessary to allude to here for the better understanding of our narrative.

The authorities of the district, when they found they could not remove the wood, sought help and council at the works of Eisenerz in Styria; here were two brothers who felt they possessed sufficient strength and courage to undertake the great and dangerous work. Their names were John and George Huebmer, sons of a poor woodcutter in Gosau, not far from Ischl, at the foot of the mighty and snow-capped Dachstein. These brothers, strange to say, were of the reformed religion, which not many years ago had been so proscribed in that district that 30,000

honest and industrious men had been forced to quit their native valleys by religious persecution, and emigrate to Silesia: but a few still remained who secretly clung to their old faith. When, in 1782, the Emperor Joseph II. issued his edict for the free toleration of all creeds, a reformed congregation was discovered deep in the mountains at Nasswald. These two brothers Huebmer were so poor that they only possessed one reputable pair of leather breeches between them, so that when one went to church, the other had to stay at home. But, what was better than all riches, they had strong healthy limbs which they understood how to use, and a bold earnest spirit of enterprise.

When John was nineteen, and George seventeen, they wandered together in search of work and good fortune to Linz, served on the Danube as rowers to Molk, and proceeded from thence to Poggstall, where they found employment as woodcutters, on the estate of Count Fuhrenberg, and remained there two years. Afterwards they spent another two years in the forests of the Carthusians at Gamming, and then entered the service of the Eisenerz factory, where they carried out their first great work — widening a stream to make a passage for the wood. Here George married a woodcutter's daughter, as his brother had already done in Gamming. Through

strict economy, they had already saved some money.

The work of a woodcutter requires a clear quick head as well as strength. The little wayside pictures and crosses which the traveler meets so often among the mountains of Tyrol or Styria frequently mark the spot where a woodman has met his death. Great things have to be done with simple instruments; the ravine and the torrent, the lake and the precipice, snow and ice, have all to be combined to assist him in those regions, where the woodman ought to possess the sure-footedness and agility of a goat. He has to perform the work of a carpenter and of an architect as well. George and John Huebmer were thoroughly skilled and practiced in their dangerous profession; they carried out works of the boldest kind, which turned out very successfully. These the imperial iron works' directors saw with pride and joy, for they recognized in them the extraordinary performances of the indefatigable brothers. Whilst the works in Eisenerz were prospering so well, the difficulty in Reichenau was increasing. The forests were silent, not an axe was heard there: in the works, coal and wood were wanting, while the thickest, most splendid blocks, six feet in diameter, were rotting a few hours off, and large trees beside them were standing with their leaves

peaceably rustling in the breeze. Nowhere could a helper be found. Then the superintendent sent over to the Eisenerz works to inquire if they knew of any one who would undertake the work. The two brothers Huebmer were at once mentioned. These brave woodcutters were summoned at once to Reichenau. With their irons on their shoes, and alpenstocks in their hands, they went up the steep sides of the mountains to the forests, and did not return for several days. On the inquiry of the overseer of the works: "Is it possible?" they replied, "It is possible." The overseer and the officials shook their heads. "It cannot be possible; you don't believe it yourselves," they said. They would not spend another farthing uselessly, and determined to let the matter drop altogether. Not so the Huebmer brothers, especially the younger brother, George.

The authorities were not very generously disposed, neither did they think that the brothers could keep their word, so they said they would not pay them any money till all the 4,000 klafers of wood were really down in the valley of Hirschwang. Even to this hard condition the brothers willingly agreed.

The bargain was struck. The contractors got nothing to begin with — and perhaps would get nothing at all in the end, as their work might

not succeed — nevertheless, they determined to commence at once. They summoned together all their friends, the woodcutters of the neighborhood, who were for the most part of the same religion as themselves. In the spring of 1782, as the water of the melting snow masses was pouring down from the heights above, they began to assemble, bursting like a mountain torrent themselves into the vast forest, singing and shouting, their whole property — their axes — on their shoulders. In spite of the want, the privation, the self-denial, and hard labor, which they would have to endure till better days came, they had firm confidence in the brothers, and trusted, too, in God, who had already helped them in many cases of distress and danger.

It was a happy spring, too, for the woodmen — that spring of 1782. At the end of 1781, Joseph II. had issued his toleration edict. Among the many thousands who kneeled down and thanked God for it, with grateful hearts, were the woodcutters from Gosau and the brothers Huebmer.

The men had erected some rough wooden huts for themselves in Nasswald, and here they worked during the whole summer and winter, nearly all day and night, without taking any rest or repose.

With the fine weather of spring, with the bright sunshine, began a roaring, thundering,

and rolling at the wear in Hirschwang; the waters were swollen and dyed brown with logs and resinous bark. One day a joyous cry arose: "The wood is there."

Within a year the Huebmers had accomplished the gigantic work, and the 4,000 klafters of wood lay all ready for the sawmills on the Hirschwang meadows. There was rejoicing, indeed, for it certainly was a great work.

The man who accomplished this was doubtless a singular one. We have spoken of two, John and George. They lived so intimately and constantly together that they were almost one, but the elder brother died early in 1799, and George remained alone; it was he who carried out the greater and more enduring works, and all we know of him shows what a restless, energetic, genial, strong disposition his must have been.

George was tall, broad-shouldered, powerful, with bright keen eyes, hooked nose, and a chin which showed determination of character. There was something commanding and imposing in his whole appearance. George seemed, by his strength of soul and body, to have been born for a ruler or chief. He remained till his last years — and even when rich — simple, modest, unassuming.

There were three things he could not endure, viz: an umbrella, a polished boot, and a gold

ring. Any man whom he knew to possess an umbrella, or who wore other boots than the coarse greased ones which are necessary for this country, had no chance with him, and no persuasion would induce him to take such an effeminate fellow into his favor or service. Gold was as great an abomination to him in his men, as in himself. Silver was the highest thing that he allowed. If one of them wore a gold ring, he would say, "You must take it off; as long as you wear the ring, you won't succeed." He firmly believed that gold ensnared men's minds and ruined them.

He was extremely abstemious. He and his brother John during their hardest labor did not drink a drop of wine: he only cared for milk and water, and his favorite food was that of a real patriarch — honey, fruit, and bread. Spirits he never touched: if he had occasion to go into a public-house, he always took some one with him whom he treated for the good of the landlord, for he never drank himself.

John, through his calmer character, often softened his more hot-blooded brother George. When once the latter was furiously angry at the stupidity of a woodcutter, John said, "Stay, be content: if our men were cleverer than we, why, we should be their servants." George, with his energetic determination, resembled an-

other but not so peaceful genius — Napoleon — who said the word impossible ought to be abolished; George more wisely and practically used to say, "It must be done." With the words, "It must be done," he animated his workmen in all their difficult undertakings, helping them always himself, and what must be done — was done.

He had a workman who said to him once, "It can't be done." George called him, henceforth, to the last day of his life, "It can't be done." Under this name he was always known. But George would exclaim, "It must be done; even if not well, if badly, it must be done."

Such energetic principles, overcoming all opposition, were not long before they brought him into conflict with the authorities. These gentlemen were accustomed to think much, and for a long time also to write much and long. George was accustomed to write nothing, simply because he could not; he spoke strongly and energetically, and always to the point. At first, when the great work had to be done of getting the wood down from the heights, they allowed this strange child of the mountains to deal and act as he liked. But afterwards he became very disagreeable to the red-tapists of that part of the country, and Huebmer got into many a broil with them: the worst of all in the matter was, that he was always really in the right.

Nevertheless, George's reputation was made, and he became "Schwemmeister" — that is to say, the king, or the captain of all the wood-cutters in the valley. On one occasion, the authorities, to annoy him, tried to take his best workman for a soldier. Huebmer knew what he had to do. "Come along, children," he said, and he and his men armed themselves with long poles and appeared before the Government works.

"What, Mr. Bailiff," he exclaimed, "you want to take away my best man? Do you think the whole of your office full of clerks is worth as much as he is? You may find a substitute, or you and all your staff of clerks may go as soldiers, without being missed here! But this man I want for the Emperor — give him up at once. I am Imperial Schwemmeister, and if you have anything to say against it, accuse me to the Emperor: I am quite ready to speak with him about it." George gained his point: he did not care what he said to those high in office, who became accustomed in time to his ways, and admired his works. The Emperor Francis and the Archduke John came to the Nasswald to see him.

The axe resounded constantly in the forests; new life grew up among the felled trees. Huebmer bought some land from Count Hoyos, on

which he built a new house, first a very small one, and then a large and handsome one, as it now stands.

George possessed the peculiar characteristic of all really active benevolent men — in his strong energetic breast there dwelt a mild heart. He was a father to his men — he was never called anything else; and when the oldest people spoke of him, they always called him their father. He deeply lamented the circumstance by which he had been condemned never to learn anything in his youth. He sent for a man to instruct his own children and those of the other woodmen. It was a Protestant tailor and shoemaker, who could sing hymns very well and read out of the prayer-book and other religious works, who became the first functionary and schoolmaster among the woodcutters of the Nasswald. John Huebmer caused the school to be held in his own house; the service, too, was conducted in his best room, and so the new community lived and throve in remote solitude, far up among the forests.

John died in 1799. George said soon after to the widow, "Your husband, my brother, has worked hard with me and honestly; you and your children shall not now be a farthing poorer. The business belongs, and shall continue to do so, to you as much as to me, and the profits

shall always be divided between us." Afterwards he thought it would be a good thing for the widow and children to have a good and industrious protector, so he chose a certain John Pilz, also from Gosau, as her second husband. He was the son of a superintendent, could read and write well, and therefore was most useful.

In 1802, George disclosed a plan to Count Hoyos, by which a vast region of Alpine forests, hitherto untouched, might come under the axe. The count knew his man well, and, confident in his genius, joyfully accepted his proposal. At Christmas, 1802, the hands of the noble count and of the woodcutter of the forest were shaken over their contract, and in the following March the count lay a corpse. George was as if thunderstruck. It was a blow in the midst of so much prosperity. All his bold plans and happy prospects for the future were thus crushed in a moment.

But he was not dismayed: he went to the count's successor. John Ernest Count von Hoyos, with his clear mind, at once appreciated the value of the man, and concluded a contract with him in 1805.

This contract was the origin and cause of a work which testifies to Huebmer's genius, and will remain the memorial of it when so many other monuments shall have fallen into decay:

we allude to the well-known, famous Huebmer passage, the first tunnel through rocks in Austria, which was made before railways were invented in England, or tunnels constructed in that country.

This first tunnel bored by Huebmer's woodcutters in the Alps is about 4,000 feet above the level of the sea.

George Huebmer had undertaken a contract by which he was to send 14,000 klafters of wood to the count in Vienna annually. The wood went from the stream of the Nass into the Schwarza, on that river to Neunkirchen, where it was imprisoned by means of a great barricade, afterwards suffered to float on the Kehrbach to Wiener Neustadt, whence it was transported by the canal to Vienna.

The contract was made, — light now began to penetrate into the dark forests, — Huebmer feared the time was coming when he should not be able to keep his word, when perhaps he should be obliged to dismiss brave workmen from him. And if not this, still the difficulties which were towering up before him challenged him to a terrible struggle. He had first, — for floating the wood to Neunkirchen, and from thence to Wiener Neustadt, — to construct all sorts of barriers, slipways, wears and passages, and when the simple woodcutter had done all

this, there came a terrible year; after the severest winter, a spring, summer and autumn of ceaseless rain.

Ordinary water-brooks became mighty torrents, little pools vast lakes; all the valleys of the Nass and Schwarza formed a lamentable picture of inundation; cottages were torn down and swept away, all the strong wooden erections built with so much toil, broken like splinters. All Huebmer's possessions, after so many years of wearisome work, were floating in ruins on the cruel floods. The woodcutters had no work, scarcely a roof to shelter them — no stores, the scantiest clothing, and nothing to eat. He was as impoverished as they were. They all pressed round him; several hundreds, old men, women, and children kissed his horny hands and cried, "Father, only do not you forsake us!"

"Ah, you call me now, as always, father! That is the right word! You are my children indeed! It is hard, this calamity which has smitten me as well as you, but remember it is with God's will; we will remain together and faithfully endure. Not one of you shall be dismissed, and none shall have his bread shortened, who works with me. We will again put our hands to the work."

"What do you think?" he said. "Which way do the waters flow now?"

The troubled men consulted together.

"Upwards or downwards?" he asked, humorously.

"Downwards — well, as long as the waters flow downward all is well; don't let us allow our courage to sink, and let us begin afresh the labor which God will bless and protect."

Therewith he raised his weather-beaten hat, and the trouble was at an end. Vigorous work was begun again, — never better or quicker. That true nobleman, Count Hoyos, full of confidence, lent the brave man capital, and thus became a supporter of the whole affair.

How Huebmer then got out of the difficulty, and then, as in other hard years, knew how to open fresh sources of profit for his children — as he called the woodcutters, — cannot all be related here. But one thing must be mentioned.

A portion of the forest, situated in a remote ravine high among the mountains, had to be cleared; a lofty precipice called the "Gscheidl" separates this from the valley, and the waters from it did not run into the Nass and Schwarza, but into the Murz in Styria. The trees and logs had therefore in winter to be dragged on the snow up the Gscheidl, and then hurled down from the precipice on the other side before they could be floated.

Huebmer determined to drive a tunnel under

the Gscheidl, so that the water might flow into the Nass and Schwarza as was required. He measured and surveyed the work himself, without calling in the help of any professional engineer, arranged everything among those mountain solitudes, climbed the loftiest peaks, scrambled into dark clefts and ravines, and then made three marks in the ground for the beginning, the middle above, and the end on the other side.

"Now," in God's name, he said, "set to work!"

Two hundred and fifty feet below the peak of the Gseheidl, the first blows of the pickaxe were struck by his men, and then the work went bravely on. That was on the 13th August, 1722, on the Austrian side; soon after they began on the Styrian side. For five years long, day and night, summer and winter, without intermission, with fires burning, with axes, hammers, and gunpowder they worked on. The forest, generally so still and silent, re-echoed now with the constant blows of the pickaxe, and occasional blasting.

The men who worked up there at the hard, rocky mountain required lodging, too; they were far from all human habitations, for it took four or five hours to get down to Nasswald, and the path was quite impassable if thick snow was falling, or if there was a mist on the Alps, or when

winter spread its dark freezing night over those regions.

So new cottages for workmen and woodcutters arose there, — which still exist, — a colony wonderful for the moderation of its requirements to support life, touchingly solitary, and far from all human help—if mothers or sick persons required such — romantically magnificent in its position, so narrowly hemmed in by the savage beauties of nature.

One fine day workmen came hastily down from the Gscheidl, dismay in their countenances, despair in their words.

"It is all over, the whole thing has failed! the laborers turn faint directly they go into the tunnel; they are threatened by a suffocating death; the air is full of evil vapors, they can no longer even kindle a fire in the darkness."

The work had to be stopped. The miners among them consulted together, and said a shaft must be made, and then a ventilating machine constructed, to let fresh air in. But to do this through the rocks would have taken, perhaps, several years, whilst the work below would have been obliged to be at a stand-still.

George Huebmer came, examined the affair, shook his strong head, and denied everything that they said. He had all the water, which dropped and flowed abundantly into the tunnel,

forced into a brook, in this he placed a mill-wheel, and fastened on to it a large smith's bellows; before the bellows he placed wooden pipes, and now he constantly let the fresh air in and the old air out, the mill-wheel turning merrily as the water flowed.

In a few days the trouble was remedied at a very small cost, which otherwise would have caused years of labor and great expense.

In March, 1827, the fifth year of the work, the laborers on both sides of the mountain heard the sound of each other's axes. Huebmer, informed of it, hastened up. So he had not hoped for five years in vain, had not made a mistake, and his calculations had turned out correct. He reserved to himself the right of being present when they broke quite through, and of being the first to pass over when the barrier in the centre was removed.

In his presence, on the 7th March, the last stone fell which separated the two portions of the tunnel, and a hole made so that the workmen could shake hands across. Huebmer sank down on his knees on the rough rocks, and, with tears streaming from his eyes, thanked God for the mercy which He had allowed him to experience, that his work had not been brought to shame, but that his plans and constructions had been blessed. He embraced all his men, and thanked

them feelingly for their hard work and perseverance. The opening was enlarged so that a man's body could pass through; and now Huebmer, quite overjoyed, accomplished the passage, and was the first to see the daylight on the other side: there was indeed a merry feast that day among the mountains.

A glance at the whole work cannot fail to fill one with wonder and amazement. The tunnel is perfectly straight, and wide enough for a foot-path as well as for the water-course. But with this tunnel the affair was not yet completed. In the remote forest and rocky region large embankments and canals had to be constructed in order to confine and unite the various springs and streams which ran in different directions; twenty-two of these were led into one. On the slopes of the Alps a regular canal was constructed; barges laden with wood were drawn along on this by horses, and brought to a kind of artificial lake, from whence the wood was raised by a machine worked by a water-wheel to an upper lake some distance higher, and brought thence up to the tunnel, through which the water ran in the direction of the Nass valley. The logs shot down gradually quicker and quicker, till they went with such lightning-like rapidity into the abyss below that the eye could scarcely follow them, and the thundering voice announced

between the precipices that a gigantic work had been accomplished, which in former times would have been considered an utter impossibility.

Huebmer did not forget the education or spiritual welfare of his men. At holy seasons, in snow and ice, or in the very worst weather, he had to go ten or eleven hours to the little chapel at Mitterbach; but in 1826 he built a stone house in the Oberhof — as the settlement among the mountains was called — in which both religious services and a school were held. Already, in 1800, after John's death, he had set apart a small house near his large one in Nasswald, as a school, and dwelling for the schoolmaster. But the colony had now so greatly extended through all the valley and mountains, that this was no longer the central point, and the school was therefore removed. On the Gscheidl, too, Huebmer erected another school and placed a teacher, so that the solitary ones obliged to dwell up there should not grow up in ignorance, and should learn more than he had learned.

To the plain, modest chapel, which had also to serve as a school, the pastor of Mitterbach came at first once, and then twice, in the year. At other times the schoolmaster conducted the simple service, led the singing of the hymns, read out of the Bible and serious books of devotion.

Scarcely anywhere was prayer simpler and yet more fervent.

In the year of his greatest work, 1826, Huebmer was over seventy. His life had been an active and stirring one: though so long, it appeared to have passed away very quickly. Strength seemed to be leaving the old man; he could no longer climb and walk as hitherto; he had to buy a pony on which he rode about — always at his work, always where something was to be done. It must have been a venerable, patriarchal picture — that of this silver-haired old man, surrounded by his vigorous, sturdy woodmen in the green forests.

He felt that the time was coming when he must, for the last time, lay his head upon the earth. The Nasswalden folk had till now been obliged to carry their dead to Schwarza, some four or six hours off. Huebmer begged to be allowed at his own cost, and out of his own ground, to set apart and wall in a cemetery, in Nasswald. He chose a hill close to his own house, as if he wished even from his coffin to look down upon his children, and this much-loved spot. For his own grave he fixed upon a corner, past which the waters of the Nass and Preinbach flowed. He said that in the grave he would still like to hear the logs rolling by. As in life, so in death.

He built the walls round his God's acre, he placed the cross upon them; and when the first corpse was lowered into the earth, it was that of George Huebmer himself. On 20th March, 1833, he departed this life, aged nearly seventy-eight.

BERTEL THORWALDSEN,

THE GREAT SCULPTOR.

THROUGH one of the narrow streets of Copenhagen a little boy is walking, evidently on an errand; his appearance shows us at once that he belongs to the poorest class. A red cap covers his long fair hair, and a couple of bright honest blue eyes look up to us from the boy's good-tempered little face. He is the little Bertel Thorwaldsen. In an earthenware jug, which he has fastened on to his neck by a string, he is carrying his dinner to his father, who is at work in the harbor carving out rough figure-heads for the vessels there.

"Will you be a carver too, Bertel?" his father asked him, when he saw how the little fellow was attentively examining the work which he had nearly completed.

"O yes, father," replied the boy; "then I can help you, and you can earn twice as much money as you do now. I will work from early in the morning till late at night, and carve very beautiful figures."

"Very well, dear child," said the father;

"when you are a few years older, then you can help me. But first you must learn to draw: don't you see, my boy, if I had learned to draw I should have worked much better, and earned a great deal more money too."

During the conversation with his little son the father had finished his dinner, and Bertel soon returned with the empty jug to the humble dwelling of his parents.

The sun was gradually sinking and gilding with the purple of its departing beams the little clouds which were hovering over the city. In the east the silver crescent of the moon was rising, and the streets became more and more deserted. The father, too, had come home from his work, and sleep soon came to the weary eyes of the industrious workman, that they might rest after the burden and toil of the day. But in the home of the Thorwaldsen family all were not asleep yet, though the father and mother had forgotten all the cares and sorrows of the world. The moon saw who was still awake there, as she peeped through the narrow window-panes into the little room, and Andersen relates, in his "Picture Book without Pictures." from Bertel Thorwaldsen's own words, what the moon saw there.

Father and mother slept, but the little son did not sleep. "I saw," says the moon, "how the

flowery calico curtains were moving, how the child looked out. I thought first he was looking at the clock, so gaily painted in red and green: a cuckoo was sitting on the top of it; there were heavy leaden weights and a pendulum hung from it, going backwards and forwards and saying, 'Tick-tack;' but it was not that he was looking at: it was at his mothers' spinning-wheel. This stood just under the clock; it was the boy's favorite object in the house, but he dared not touch it — he always got something on his fingers if he did. For whole hours, when his mother was spinning, he would sit looking at it, as the wheel went round and the flax flew about, and he had his own thoughts all the time. Ah, if he could only spin on the wheel! . Father and mother were asleep; he looked at them, he looked at the wheel, and soon after a little bare foot came out of bed, and then another little bare foot, and then came two little legs. There, now he was standing on the floor. He turned back once to see if his father and mother were still asleep — yes, they were — and then he went gently, very gently, only in his little short night-shirt, up to the spinning-wheel and began to spin. The flax flew up and the wheel turned even quicker and quicker. At the same moment the mother awoke; the curtain moved, she looked out, she thought at once it was a fairy or

some little ghost. 'In Jesus' name!' she exclaimed, and called her husband in a fright; he opened his eyes, rubbed them with his hand, and looked at the busy little person. 'That is Bertel,' he said;" and it was indeed Bertel Thorwaldsen, the same Thorwaldsen whose name afterwards was mentioned with esteem and honor throughout the whole civilized world, whose journeys were like triumphant processions, and who was treated by the greatest monarchs of his age with peculiar attention and distinction.

He was born on the 19th November, 1770, at Copenhagen, where his father, as we have already seen, was a poor wood-carver; his mother, it was said, was a descendant of the line of the Danish king, Harold Hildetand. His childhood and the years of his early youth were passed in the house of his parents, where he soon had to give his father a helping hand. This good man had bitterly lamented his inability to draw, and, for this reason, was determined that his son should learn the art. In his eleventh year Bertel went to the free school of the Academy of Arts, and here made such rapid progress that, two years after, he was in a position greatly to improve the frequently very faulty work of his father. But, quick and promising as were the performances of the quiet, industrious boy in drawing and carving, they were equally deficient in ordinary school-work.

When he was confirmed he was already seventeen, and then he sat on the lowest benches of the school. The bishop had just read in the papers that the art student Thorwaldsen had received the little silver medal from the academy for a bas-relief representing "Love at Rest," and when he asked his confirmant if that was his brother, Bertel replied modestly, "No, it is I." The prelate, astonished, called him henceforth "Monsieur Thorwaldsen," and placed him higher up in the class. He often related afterwards what an encouraging sound this title "Monsieur" was to him: no king could have made him happier.

He worked on diligently at the academy, and his friends and instructors saw more than he did himself what extraordinary talents young Thorwaldsen possessed. They gave him the subject, "Heliodorus driven out of the Temple," to design, and he set to work. But, distrustful towards himself, doubtful as to his artistic power, he became irresolute. He cast his work aside, rose and hurried away with the intention of not returning again. He was on the point of descending the narrow back stairs when a man met him, who stopped and spoke to him. It was one of the professors. He remarked Thorwaldsen's despondency, addressed him in words of encouragement and induced him to

return. Once more the doubting artist-lad sat down in his quiet chamber and worked. Some hours after the sketch was ready, and the small gold medal was won. Still more than this, the foundation to his future greatness, to his success in life, was laid. The Minister of State, Count Ditlew von Revenlow, saw the work of the young artist of twenty, and at once opened a subscription for him which would suffice to support him for some time free from anxiety, and afford him the opportunity still better to cultivate his talents. Two years later, Thorwaldsen gained the large gold medal, and with it the privilege of a stipend for traveling purposes.

After diligent reading and studying, to make up for the want of school education, the spring of the year 1796 was fixed for the artist's journey, and the classic soil of Italy was to be his destination. First sickness, and then the war which was desolating Germany, kept him for some time at home; but when he heard that on 20th May the royal frigate "Thetis" was about to sail for the Mediterranean, he packed up his few possessions, took leave of his dearly-beloved parents, valued friends, and — hark, the cannons are thundering their farewell salute! See, the wind fills the sails and the waves are dashing up against the figure of Thetis at the bows, the features of which our traveler had once modeled

with his own hand. There, in the distance, Copenhagen's towers are disappearing, and the young artist, standing at the forecastle, gazes forward into the blue distance, immersed in deep thought.

But at home, in the workman's modest dwelling, stands the sorrowing mother; she weeps and wrings her hands, inconsolable at the loss of her beloved child. One of Bertel's most intimate friends comes and brings her a little box of his, filled up to the top with ducats. But she shakes her head, and, with eyes moist with tears, she says, "Now I have nothing more in the world, now he is gone, and I can no more press him to my heart — alas!" and she took from the cupboard his old black silk waistcoat, pressed it to her heart, imprinted a thousand kisses on it, and watered it with her tears.

Nearly a year has passed away. It is towards the end of February, and on the Molo of Naples there is a stir and bustle. The packet-boat has just arrived from Palermo. All nationalities are swarming in confusion together, from the blackest Moor, to the fair-complexioned inhabitant of the northern regions.

A sickly-looking, pale young man is making his way through the crowd; he helps the loquacious facchino to carry the luggage, and then

vanishes in the streets. It was Thorwaldsen, who had to-day, — after his long wanderings through the Baltic, through the Channel and Bay of Biscay to Algiers, Malta, Tripoli, back again to Malta, from thence to Palermo, — at last reached Naples. The sun shone bright and pleasant, but it was dark in Bertel's heart. The longing for his native island in the North, for his dear parents and his beloved friends, made him depressed and sad at heart. Strange faces everywhere, — everywhere a language which he did not understand, nowhere a fellow-countryman, nowhere a friend! This was a painful feeling for the young wanderer; and with tears but hardly suppressed, already even next day did he run back to the port to see if perhaps, amid the numerous flags which were floating in the breeze, he could see the white cross on the red ground — the banner of Denmark; but in vain — he did not find what he sought for — if he had, he would at once have sailed home.

"But no," he said to himself at the same moment; "they would laugh at you at home if you came back so soon, without having done anything or learned anything. Come, then, off to Rome!"

No sooner thought of than done, and on the 8th March, 1797, he arrived in the Eternal City. Here he met a fellow-countryman, the thor-

oughly cultivated and learned, but very severe antiquary, Zoega, to whom he had been recommended. But here again everything turned out very differently from what he had expected. Zoega, instead of encouraging him, dashed all his hopes to the ground, by severely blaming every work he undertook, and three years passed away before the severe master found any talent at all in his pupil. "There is much to blame, very little with which one can be contented, and he is not industrious either," he used to say when he was questioned about his young fellow-countryman.

Nevertheless Bertel Thorwaldsen was very industrious, though his master saw nothing of it. In the hours of the night the most beautiful figures arose, but when the morning sun shone into his studio, nothing more of them was to be seen. In his mistrust, in his doubt, about his creative power, he destroyed his works as soon as they were completed; thus his house often looked like a field of battle — heads, arms, and legs lay around the room in confusion.

Three years had passed, and the day for his homeward journey was approaching. But Thorwaldsen had created no works of any kind, and in his own country people must say he has wasted his time and it is all nonsense about his "genius."

This reproach which he made against himself, too, tortured the soul of the young arist, who, still ignorant of his own power, stood with one foot on the threshold of the temple of eternal fame. He modeled "Jason carrying off the Golden Fleece." The work stood completed in his studio; it had been seen by many, but the eye of the beholder passed indifferently over it, so he destroyed it.

In April, 1801, Zoega wished to return home to Denmark, and young Thorwaldsen was to go with him. By an accident the journey was postponed, and he began a new and larger statue of Jason. When it was finished, his fate, too, was decided. The public was amazed, connoisseurs of art praised it, and even the severe master Zoega discovered nothing to find fault with in it. An English gentleman, Mr. Thomas Hope, had heard the famous Canova praise this work of art, and a visit to Thorwaldsen decided him to purchase it. The modest sculptor asked only six hundred zecchini to complete his work in marble, but Mr. Hope liberally offered him two hundred more. He did not indeed receive the completed Jason till after the lapse of twenty-five years; but, meanwhile, immortal creations had proceeded from the artist's studio. His name had become well-known throughout the world, and was ever after received in the first rank of great masters.

Other circumstances occured which prolonged his stay in Italy, and by no means to his disadadvantage. Fortune had taken him under her protecting wings. The kind reception which he met with from the Baron von Schubart, the Danish ambassador in Tuscany, in his charming villa, had a very cheering effect upon his sad spirit; his health visibly improved, and one masterpiece after another proceeded from his chisel. The bas-reliefs, "Summer and Autumn," were scarcely finished, when the "Dance of the Muses on Helicon" and the "Cupid and Psyche" arose from the master's creative hand. His fame spread from the South of Europe to his Northern home; and when his masterpiece, "Alexander's Triumph," was completed, the joy of his countrymen soon rose to enthusiasm. He was made a member of the Royal Academy of Arts at Copenhagen, and received orders from the palace and town-hall of his native city.

In unceasing work the time passed rapidly away, and in 1811 he received an appeal to return to his home. He promised to come, but new labors still detained him at Rome. Not till the summer of 1819 was it possible for him to prepare for the journey. On the 14th July he started in the company of Count Rantzan and the historical painter Lund, and on the 3rd October, after twenty-three years' absence, he

reached his native city, Copenhagen. His parents, indeed, he no longer found there; they could not be witnesses of all the honors and distinctions showered upon the artist. His journey was like a triumphal procession. Every one was eager to see the famous Thorwaldsen, and to receive a word from his mouth or a shake of his hand. Fete after fete followed, and the rejoicings seemed as if they would never come to an end.

His residence was in the Royal Palace of Charlottenburg, in the New Market, and, as more and more work pressed upon him daily, a studio was quickly erected here; to this crowds poured in to see the great master, as with his fingers he created his immortal works out of clay.

A year had passed away: the day for his return to his second home had dawned, and he started by way of Rostock, Berlin, Dresden, Warsaw, and Vienna, to the Eternal City. This journey, too, was a continuation of his triumphant march. In Warsaw very important commissions were entrusted to him, and the emperor Alexander, who was then residing there, sat to the sculptor, and had his bust modeled by him.

Soon after, Thorwaldsen stood again in his studio at Rome, and fresh masterpieces arose beneath the deep blue sky of Italy, which brought new honors to the artist. Even the

monument of Pope Pius VII. was entrusted to the Protestant Thorwaldsen to erect, which drew upon him fresh distinction.

Two men walked arm in arm through the streets of Rome — King Louis of Bavaria and Bertel Thorwaldsen; they had formed an intimate mutual friendship — a bond which frequently unites poets and artists who are filled with esteem and admiration for each other's talents.

It was a long, happy time which Thorwaldsen passed in Italy, and from it arose those wonderfully beautiful groups which have assured to his name imperishable renown. Of all his works he possessed casts in plaster of Paris; these, together with several pictures he had purchased, formed a most valuable collection, which he destined for his native city, Copenhagen, with the wish that these precious art treasures should be arranged and preserved in a museum by themselves. His fellow-countrymen did all in their power to realize this plan: the walls of the national building quickly arose.

All were enthusiastic about Thorwaldsen, who would now soon return himself to his northern home, and, as it was hoped, take up his permanent residence there. But this enthusiasm reached its highest point when at last the day of his return arrived. It was forty years ago

since young Bertel Thorwaldsen went out into the world ; only once during this long period had he seen his native city. Now the great, world-renowned Alberto Thorwaldsen, as the Italians called him, was to land at last on Danish shores.

It was a day of universal joy, a people's festival in the true sense of the word, when the frigate "Rota" bore the hero to the strand, where an expectant crowd awaited him.

The day was dark and cloudy, so that the ship was not seen till it was close to the city: but suddenly the sun broke through the clouds, and, at the same moment, the long-boat darted from the vessel's side, and, with rapid strokes of the oar, neared the landing-place.

In it sat an old man, whose long, silver hair streamed down upon the blue cloak which he wore, and whose moist eyes, beaming with joy, were turned upon the mixed and eager crowd. "Thorwaldsen! it is he!" ran from mouth to mouth, and at the same time hats and handkerchiefs were waved in welcome, and an endless hurrah rent the air.

The song of welcome — an excellent poem of Heiberg's — was raised, and the joyous crowd accompanied their beloved fellow-townsman to the carriage, from which they took out the horses, and drew him to his residence at Charlottenburg, where his studio was decorated with

garlands and flowers. It was an entry as brilliant as the greatest hero could celebrate. The festivities in his honor lasted for days, so that all the illuminations, dinners, toasts, speeches and songs became at last wearisome to the modest, simple-minded old man.

He was glad, therefore, to find a residence at Nysoe, the property of Baroness Stampenburg, where he was able to work in quiet, and, in fact, he never felt so thoroughly at home and happy as he did here. The kind reception and the attentive care of the baroness for the old unmarried sculptor had the most beneficial effect upon his mind and genius. New and wonderful creations now proceeded from the little studio erected here.

"The Walk to Golgotha," "The Entry into Jerusalem," "Rebecca at the Well," his own portrait-statue, as well as Oehlenschlager's and Holberg's busts, may be especially mentioned.

In the year 1851, accompanied by the family of his friendly host, he visited Italy once more, and the journey through Berlin, Dresden, Frankfort, the Rhine Provinces, and Munich, was again a series of festivities in his honor. He passed the winter in Rome, but in the following year he returned to Denmark, this time never to leave it again.

On the 2d March, 1844, a cheerful circle of

friends was assembled at Baron Stampe's, and the usually so quiet and silent Thorwaldsen was more talkative and merry than usual. He related many of his adventures, and spoke with enthusiasm of a fresh journey to Italy, which he meant to undertake the following summer.

In the evening Holm's tragedy of the "Griseldis" was to be performed for the first time, and he decided to attend the representation. On entering the theatre he greeted a few friends with a warm shake of the hand, took his accustomed seat, then got up to make room for some one to pass by, sat down again, bowed his head, and — he no more belonged to the living, he was carried out a corpse.

The news of the death of the venerable sculptor, now in his seventy-third year, passed like lightning through the city, and a mourning throng surrounded his bier.

In the sculpture hall of the academy he lay in his open coffin, a wreath of fresh laurels round his brow. It was just one day less than fifty years ago when, on the same spot, he received the medal from the academy.

His was a truly princely funeral. As president of the academy, the Crown Prince of Denmark followed the coffin; after him crowded all classes of the population, artists, learned men, officials, students and citizens; the boys of the

schools for the lower classes, standing hand in hand, lined the way. Windows, walls, trees, and even roofs were thickly covered with people, and the ladies at the windows, all dressed in black, showered down flowers upon the coffin, while the bells of all the churches tolled mournfully. Among the many garlands which lay upon the coffin there were two specially beautiful ones — one the Queen of the land had herself made of the choicest flowers of the season, in honor of the king of sculptors; the other, of silver, was the gift of the children of the schools, to which every child had willingly contributed its mite out of its box of savings. When the procession neared the church, the interior of which was entirely hung in black, the king met the corpse, accompanying it during the plaintive sounds of the organ and the singing of the choir, to its last resting-place. After a sermon from Bishop Tryde, the solemn service ended with a Requiem, sung by the students.

Though somewhat hard and bitter in his early years, his life had been, on the whole, a very happy one, rich in honor and fame, and in all the blessings of worldly prosperity. He was never proud and haughty in the days of his good fortune and his fame, but had ever the same amiable, gentle character which, in the modest, simple Bertel, had won all hearts. Every one strove

after his death to get some souvenir of him. His furniture and his letters fetched the highest prices. Englishmen bought his two favorite chisels for four hundred and six hundred dollars.

Thorwaldsen was never married, so all his rich art collections passed into the possession of his native city. In his will he also left 25,000 dollars for the museum which was to bear his name, and which is now the richest prize of Copenhagen. As by his works, he as a sculptor created for himself an imperishable name, so by his noble character and his patriotic heart, he erected a worthy monument and won the greatest claims to the gratitude of his nation, and to the highest esteem and honor of the civilized world.

GASPARD DEGUERRY,

THE GOOD CURÉ OF THE MADELEINE.

To call the life of a man who was foully murdered, a story of success, might, perhaps, be objected to by some. But the life of the good Abbé Deguerry, was in reality a success in the best sense of the word; he was successful in winning souls for his Master, successful in bringing the lost sheep back into the fold, and he ended a long career of unwearied labor, by bravely laying down his life as a martyr, in the cause of Christ.

One of the best known, and one of the most popular names among the French clergy, was undoubtedly that of M. Deguerry, Curé of the Madeleine. There are few men, perhaps, who have displayed, both in preaching and in the sacred ministry, so much activity, and so much zeal. At the age of seventy he undertook as much work and as varied occupations, as any man of forty who was endowed with strong health and great intellectual power. During nearly half a century he was always ready to give his help to any good work, to visit the dying

and strengthen them to ascend the pulpit to win hearts for God, or to plead the cause of the poor or the outcasts of the earth. It is this which partly explains the celebrity which he enjoyed in France. There is no priest, no faithful layman of any education in the provinces, who did not know that M. Deguerry was Curé of the Madeleine, and one of the great religious orators of the nineteenth century. The *Gazette de France* remarked, with reason, that M. le Curé de la Madeleine was one of the men whom the public recognized with respect, in the streets of Paris.

Gaspard Deguerry was born at Lyons in 1797, the same year as M. Thiers, with whom he for a long time maintained the most cordial relations. His father, who was a wood merchant, died in 1800, leaving his mother a widow, at the early age of twenty-five. She devoted herself entirely to the education of her three sons.

Gaspard distinguished himself as one of the best scholars at the College of Villefranche. When, in 1814, this town was surrounded by the Austrians, young Deguerry, accompanied by about a dozen of his comrades, presented himself before Marshal Augereau, who commanded the French army within the place. "Marshal," said he, "give us arms, and we will help you to purge the soil of our country from the presence

of the foreigner." Augereau replied that soldiers could not be thus suddenly created, and dismissed the scholars with thanks, who went away furious, because their patriotic offer had not been accepted. At this time, Gaspard was anxious to embrace the profession of arms, because it then demanded the greatest sacrifices and the most perilous devotion. But when peace was proclaimed he abandoned this idea and destined himself for the priesthood.

After studying very diligently at the seminary of St. Irénée, he was ordained priest on the 19th March, 1820. Had he listened only to the impulses of his zeal, he would at once have engaged in the career of preaching, that he might cause Jesus Christ to be better known and loved. But the most precocious talents always require to be ripened by study and meditation. During four years his superiors confided to him the office of instructing in philosophy, theology, and oratory. This mission he filled with the greatest success; of this we require no other proof than the life-long gratitude preserved for him by numerous ecclesiastics, proud and happy to reckon him among the number of their masters. In teaching others he strengthened himself in the various branches of theology; and in 1824, at the age of twenty-seven, he made his *début* in the oratorical career, to which he was evidently called.

To gain some idea of the difficulties which such an enterprise presented, and of the results which it produced, let us cast a rapid glance upon the religious situation of France during the Restoration period. The frivolous skepticism of the eighteenth century, and the absence of all worship during the saturnalia of the Terror, had caused lamentable ravages throughout the land. Ignorance and indifference on the one hand, irreligion on the other, seemed to inspire three-quarters of the educated and influential class. The churches were little frequented, and preaching received with more suspicion than respect.

It was evident that the old faith and worship of France had implacable foes. One must have lived at this period to have any idea of the hatred, of the fiery proselyting spirit of the party which was attached to the impieties of the last century, and opposed to the popular revival principles. These men were not content with reprinting the most dangerous works, they had recourse to calumny and slander, while they secretly and openly propagated every prejudice and falsehood, to excite the popular passions against all who were endeavoring to restore religion to the position which it ought to occupy, in the state, in the family, in the heart of every member of the human race.

M. Deguerry preached his first series of Lent sermons at Lyons. His brilliant oratorical talents were at once apparent; the crowds which thronged to hear him increased every day, so that at last the church could scarcely contain them. Next year he preached at Paris with like success.

In the year 1827 he was appointed chaplain of the 6th Regiment of the Royal Guard. No functions could accord better with his nature; he loved his regiment, as in after days he loved his parish. The barrack gave him habits of order, punctuality, and discipline, by no means useless to the church. His affability, kindness, and cheerful disposition soon made him beloved by the regiment. "I am sure," said a superior officer, "that no soldier who has had the Abbé Deguerry for a chaplain will die without asking for a clergyman in his last moments, because none can ever forget his solid instructions, but especially his admirable conduct in the midst of us.

"The Abbé Deguerry thought that the priest ought to be the comforter, the support, and the pious comrade of the soldier, for the soldier must preserve in the depths of his heart some recollection of his early instruction; his memory must occasionally recall to him some phrase of prayer learned at his mother's knee; he has to

pray standing, as he tears his cartridge or crosses his bayonet, without moving his lips, sometimes without knowing it, by that one cry of the wounded, 'O my God!'"

In after years he looked back, as the pleasant period of his life, on those years which he spent as a military chaplain; and when he heard the beat of the drum or the sound of the clarion, he felt himself quite young again.

In 1828 the Abbé Deguerry preached a sermon in the Cathedral of Orleans on the anniversary of the deliverance of that city by Joan of Arc. In this discourse, which made a great impression at the time, he asserted that religion, indifferent to transitory accidents, did not depend upon the vicissitudes of politics, that the altar had no need of the throne, and that Christianity can adapt itself to monarchies, to republics, and to representative states. Notwithstanding these liberal sentiments, he was invited to preach before Charles X. at the Tuileries, in 1829. The royal family were the first to congratulate him on the elevation and vigor of his words. They were pleased at the holy freedom with which he impressed the austere instructions of the Gospel on the great of this world, too much disposed to forget them. It is from this period that the sincere attachment, which several illustrious political characters conceived for

him, dates. Chateaubriand regarded him as one of his most faithful friends, and whose deathbed he attended and consoled.

With the revolution of 1830 commenced a hard time for the French clergy. The archbishop's palace was burned by the revolutionists, and many priests were in danger of their lives. But M. Deguerry was not in the least disconcerted by the reaction which had arisen against the clergy. He continued his preaching with as much ardor, and greater success.

Military chaplaincies having been suppressed throughout the army, a post as "premier vicaire" was offered to M. Deguerry. He accepted this, and for more than ten years he preached in all the principal pulpits of Paris and the provinces. He held Lent and Advent conferences everywhere. His preachiug not only drew attention, but was much admired.

Personal appearance was much in his favor; he had a frank, open countenance, beaming with sympathy and intelligence, a high forehead, abundance of hair, which in later years became quite white, and a lofty and commanding stature. His voice was strong and sonorous, but of a marvelous flexibility, his action and gestures were bold and self-possessed, and he spoke with an ardent conviction which easily communicated itself to his hearers. Endowed with robust health,

ignorant of fatigue, never having need of rest, he was as prodigal of his words as of an inexhaustible treasure. During the Lent of 1835 he preached seventy times. His oratorical success never inspired him with the least pride. Simple, modest and affectionate, he was loved and venerated by all who approached him. The other priests used to call him "the good Deguerry." Kindness was his dominating characteristic. He remarked once during an instruction at the Madeleine, "What a beautiful epitaph to put on a mausoleum: 'He was kind.'" Many notable families did not conceal that to these stirring, earnest sermons of M. Deguerry they owed their return to religion. Before God and man what greater praise can a preacher have than this?

In 1841 Monseigneur Affré, the Archbishop of Paris, appointed him to a canonry in Notre Dame. The parish of Notre Dame is one of the poorest in Paris; M. Duguerry devoted himself to raising its moral tone, and the inhabitants of the city pressed in crowds to his pulpit.

His rare qualities as an administrator now became apparent. In 1844 he was made archpriest of Notre Dame, and the next year was appointed Curé of St. Eustache, one of the most populous of Parisian parishes, full of workingmen, small shop-keepers, and paupers, a field

worthy of the zeal and charity of the energetic Curé

M. Deguerry held this important post when the revolution of 1848 broke out. During those days of excitement, he displayed great energy in keeping the people in order, and maintaining respect for the laws. His moral influence alone was more than once sufficient to disperse threatening crowds in his parish. In political meetings he would combat with success the prejudices of the crowd, and give them a true idea of the ministry of Jesus Christ. He did not flatter the populace any more than he had done the king, and was as independent at these democratic meetings as he had been in the chapel of the Tuileries. He considered that a republic could be Christian as well as a monarchy, and that it lowered the dignity of the Gospel to attach it to any human constitution. He thought that the rancor of politics ought to expire at the foot of the altar, as the waves of the sea stop upon the shore, at the place which is marked out for them by God.

Christian charity does not belong to any school or sect; it is of all countries, of all ages, universal and immortal as Christianity itself. To reconcile the poor and the rich; to cause that the words liberty, equality and fraternity should no longer be only a vain motto; to work for the

re-establishment of social harmony by means of the Gospel; to substitute affection for hatred, devotion for selfishness; to make the sun of mercy shine above the dust of civil wars — such was the noble aim of the generous and indefatigable efforts of the Curé of St. Eustache.

During the insurrection of the three days of June, 1848, the venerable priest was able to inspire respect in the revolutionists themselves. The Faubourg St. Antoine was full of barricades. The doors of St. Eustache were closed, and a stone, breaking through one of the windows, fell at the feet of the Curé. The insurgents wishing to penetrate the church, raised furious cries, and were trying to break open the doors by blows of their muskets, when the Abbé Deguerry ordered them to be opened.

When the last bolt was withdrawn, all the space in front, as well as the steps of the church, were seen to be black with a compact and armed crowd. Dressed in his robes and followed by his vicars, the Curé, after making the sign of the cross, advanced to meet the insurgents, and said to them with the greatest gentleness, "What do you wish, my children?"

The crowd stopped at once.

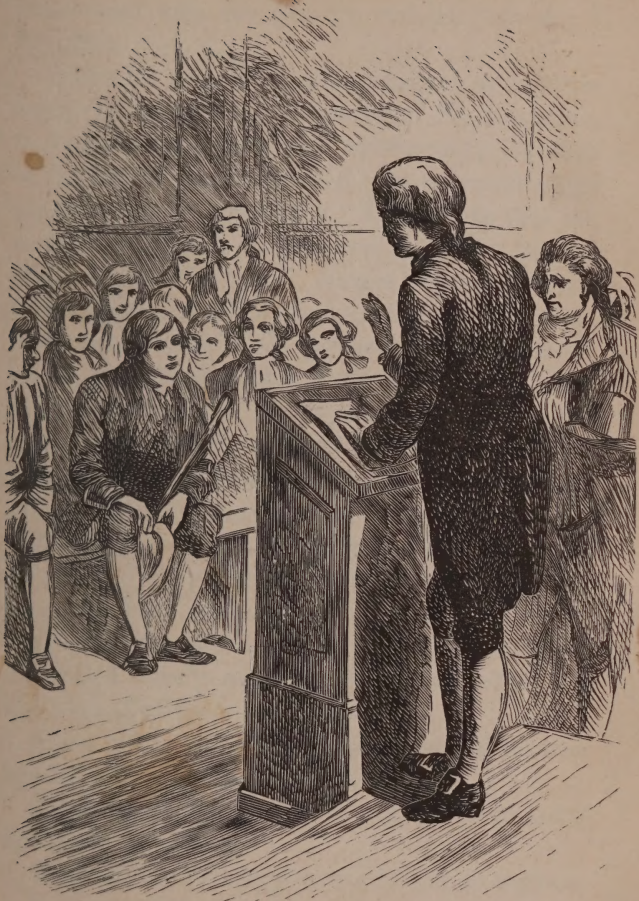
"It is very well, M. le Curé, it is very well," said one of the mob, "and it is we who will defend your church."

At the close of the year 1848, Monseigneur Sibour, the successor of the martyred Archbishop Monseigneur Affré, appointed the Abbé Deguerry Curé of the Madeleine. The parishioners, of whom for nearly twenty-three years he was the pastor, learned to love and venerate him, to see in him always a counsellor and a friend, a support and a guide.

He so identified himself with his parish, that it was difficult to picture the Madeleine without M. Deguerry, or the Abbé Deguerry without the Madeleine. There he wished to live, there he wished to die, there he wished to be buried. It was there he developed in their full force and harmony all the great and excellent qualities of his character and intellect.

He knew the name of each of his parishioners, he knew, too, who were generous and who were stingy, those who gave much, those who gave little, and those who gave nothing. He was, also, most intimately acquainted with the resources and statistics of his cure.

Whether he had to preach a charity sermon before a brilliant assembly, give a familiar address to children, console one of the great of the earth, or ease the mind of a pauper, prepare for his last journey an ambassador or a poor porter, preside at the funeral of a minister of state or a working man, the Abbé Deguerry was always



The Abbe delivering an address. Page 276.

penetrated with the gravity and sacredness of his office.

When he passed from a turbulent and democratic quarter, like the parish of St. Eustache, to a centre of wealth and aristocracy, like that of the Madeleine, he showed that he could adapt his words to any audience. Uniting to tact the most consummate experience, he knew how to address himself to all classes of men of the world — to the indifferent, to the men of business, to the votaries of pleasure, and to the vicious and abandoned. None knew better than he how to arouse the slumbering conscience, and substitute the activity of devotion for the inertness of selfishness. He lashed from the pulpit, with caustic vivacity, all the vices and foibles of the age, the extravagances of dress, the thirst for gold, the love of gambling, the idleness of the aristocracy, the fashion of turning night into day and day into night, the rage for unbridled luxury, and all those abuses which are the ruin of advanced civilization.

Upon a fly-leaf of his breviary he had written the following maxims: —

To sacrifice everything to duty, and to sacrifice duty to nothing.

To be always sincere in words and in actions.

To love work, and to render it useful to the poor.

To prefer simplicity to cleverness.

To be very particular in the choice of friends.

To flee from scoffing spirits.

To distrust one's self, and to reckon always upon God.

These precepts were the constant rule of the Abbé Deguerry, both in his public and private life. The different governments which have so rapidly succeeded each other in France, all agreed in honoring him. He possessed the rare talent of holding himself aloof from all political agitations and passions; thus men of all parties were seen to resort to him with equal confidence. "Not long ago," says one of his biographers, "we found ourselves on Easter Eve mingled with a group of men, who were waiting in silent meditation before his confessional at the Madeleine. Among these celebrities, we noticed three former ministers of State, one of the Government of July, another of the Republic, the third of the Empire." In face of that sublime religion, which occupies itself above everything with the eternal interests of man, and of a ministry, which so well represented it, politics had disappeared — the Christian alone remained.

In 1861, an imperial decree appointed the Abbé Deguerry to the Bishopric of Marseilles. It would have been difficult to make a better choice. The news was received by his parishon-

ers with sorrow and astonishment. He had accepted the high position which was offered him, but he had not counted upon the grief of his flock. When he saw them so afflicted, when he had to say farewell to the poor of whom he was the support, to the penitent of whom he was the guide, to the orphans of whom he was a father,— when he had to leave that church he loved so well, that pulpit from which he had so often spoken, that altar where he had daily celebrated the holy mysteries for the last twelve years,— he felt he had presumed too much upon his courage. He implored the emperor to revoke the decree, already signed, and asked as a favor to be released from an honor which so many ecclesiastics would have eagerly sought for. His petition was heard. The new Bishop of Marseilles became once more the Curé of the Madeleine. This refusal only increased the esteem and gratitude which his parishoners felt for him.

One of the most pleasing traits in the character of the Curé, was his devotion to the poor. He loved them as brethren, he respected them as the representatives of Christ. His temper, which was naturally quick and sometimes a little impatient, was always softened in their presence; he knew the good qualities of the people as well as their faults; he knew that in the most perverted

hearts some sparks of generosity still remain, and that to those who suffer much, much should be pardoned. He used all his efforts to destroy that reciprocal distrust, that mutual animosity, which too often exists between the rich and the poor. He often pleaded before the rich the cause of the poor; the sermons which he preached at the Conferences of St. Vincent de Paule, in 1859, have been published, and form a perfect manual of Christain charity, a book of religious philosophy in which social questions are explained by the light of the gospel. He was convinced that for the wealthy classes, charity is not only a sacred duty, but a wise investment; that it is indispensable as justice, that it alone can dissipate the clouds which cover the political horizon. He predicted to society, unexampled catastrophes and terrible revolutions if misery was not relieved, if selfishness, the cause of all evil, the obstacle to all progress, were not combated and overcome by the spirit of sacrifice.

Among the good works which he established, may be mentioned particularly the Asylum of St. Anne, where more than a hundred and fifteen elderly ladies, who, after having lived in ease and occupied exalted positions, found themselves almost entirely destitute at the end of their days, were received. The expense of the purchase of the ground and of the erection of

this establishment alone cost a very large sum. To maintain it, required considerable expense every year, yet M. Deguerry managed to provide for it, and with the same generosity, for the needs of the numerous charitable works connected with the Madeleine, besides other religious institutions. Another work founded by him is called 'La Petite Œuvre', the object of which is to keep and give a religious education, free of cost, to indigent girls up to the age of twenty, and make them good workwomen. The principal idea of this work was to associate, by the bonds of benefits granted and received, young girls of the upper classes with their poorer sisters. The former learn how to be loving and charitable, while the the latter, by their prayers, draw upon their companions the blessings of God. The Abbé Deguerry was planning the establishment of two similar institutions for old men and lads, when his violent death put an end to the scheme.

Summoned to the Tuileries, to preach before the Emperor, the Abbé Deguerry displayed, in all his relations to the court, the same noble independence, perfect dignity, and exquisite tact which had ever distinguished his acts and his language. Twice he preached the Lent course before the Emperor; the subjects treated on these occasions, were the Lord's Prayer and the Regeneration of man by the Lord Jesus Christ.

It was in the Chapel of the Tuileries, now in ashes, that the Abbé Deguerry prononnced these melancholy words: "Sire, we are strangers and prilgrims here below. We are encamping under tents, some simple and some magnificent, which are pitched in the evening, and razed the next morning."

As if he had some intuition of future calamities, he once said before the sovereign, whose misfortunes subsequently equalled his prosperity, "We ought to be great in suffering, to bear it courageously; whether it is sent from God, or whether He permits it, we must accept it; to submit to it should not be enough — to love it is heroism, we are not ordered to do so — but to submit to suffering, not to faint under its weight, to bear it with the energy of the man, whom the universe falling into ruins is not able to cast down; that is our duty, that is the will of God, that is the example of our Divine Saviour."

The emperor, who thoroughly appreciated the Abbé Deguerry's many excellent qualities, appointed him to superintend the religious education of the Prince Imperial. In this delicate mission the Curé of the Madeleine acquitted himself with a reserve and simplicity worthy of his character. Every time he went to the Tuileries he confined himself strictly to his duties with the prince, never engaging in conversation

on other matters with him, or with those who surrounded him.

As age advanced, the Curé's friends would sometimes counsel him to take a little rest. "Rest!" he exclaimed; "but I have all eternity for that!"

Deaf to all the remonstrances of his physicians, and always on the breach, whether ill or well, he astonished his parishioners by his indomitable energy. He thanked God who allowed him to live to continue to do good, and he would willingly have exclaimed, in the words of Madame Swetchine, "Woe to him who, in the calm of his heart, can desire to die, so long as there remains one sacrifice to be made, any needs to provide for, any tears to wipe away!"

On the 19th March, 1870, the Church of the Madeleine celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of the day upon which its pastor was ordained priest. After the Gospel, the Curé mounted the pulpit, and pronounced a few familiar words, the recollection of which several of his parishioners have preserved.

Taking for his text the words of the Apostle, "It is not I that live, but Jesus Christ that liveth in me," he spoke of the priest as one who ought to teach night and day, at every hour; who should sacrifice his time, his health, his rest, without relaxation, without intermission, to ob-

tain the santification of souls; as one who should keep none of the money which he receives, and should possess as if he possessed not; as one whose entire existence is a life of devotion and sacrifice.

"You know well," he added, with a touching modesty, "that what we have said of the man of God is not such as we are, but such as we would wish to be. We have made many resolutions, and we ask your prayers."

He then reminded them of the day when he had preached his first sermon.

"Since then fifty years have passed away. How much, during this period, humanity has groaned! how much mourning, how much misery! how many revolutions and ruins! Fifty years! half a century! How short such a lapse of time is in its duration, but how long it is by its sufferings! How many subjects of sorrow, for any one who, casting a glance back over the road which he has traveled, recalls such a series of years!"

Evoking the recollection of his ministry, the Abbé Deguerry reproached himself for not having done enough good.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, trembling, "if, during these fifty years, some soul should have been lost through our fault. This thought possessed us through the whole of last night. We hope

that it is not so; but Lord, if any soul has quitted this earth without receiving Thy pardon, and that through our fault, — oh, my God, look upon that soul in Thy mercy! If there remains to us a few weeks longer to live, perhaps a few days or years, grant, O God, that we may live only to die, that we may live only for the salvation of our brethren!"

Very deep was the emotion manifested by the vast audience at these touching words.

But the later years of the good old man were to be darkened by sorrows and calamities, which even he, perphaps, had not anticipated. In July, 1870, came the outbreak of war; then terrible reverses for the French cause, which filled the Abbé Deguerry with deep grief, though he did not abandon all hope in his country's arms.

The siege of Paris followed with all its horrors. The enthusiastic old man, who had been chaplain to the guard, the priest who loved the army so well, could not believe that victory would desert the flag she had so long favored; he could not but think, too, that the energy of the population of Paris would bear its fruits in a successful result.

In the month of October he wrote:

"Paris is admirable in its courage and resignation, it patiently supports the privations to which it is beginning to be condemned."

When, however, at the end of October, the heroic element was paralyzed by the revolutionary element, when the letting loose of anarchical passions complicated the situation, which was already so critical — the Curé of the Madeleine. notwithstanding his patriotism, could no longer indulge any hope. His letters during the month of November bear the mark of deep sadness and depression:

"God preserves my life," he wrote, "leaving me, however, the prey of an obstinate cough. We are suffering so much by reason of the disasters and humiliation of our beloved country, that with us the power of suffering is, as it were, exhausted." Every day he grew sadder and less confident of the future; eternity alone consoled him for the sorrows of time, and the prospect of the City of God taught him not to afflict himself beyond measure for the earthly city. Amid so many ruins he always beheld the cross shining before him — that cross which stands immovable, when all around is falling — that cross which remains, when all else passes away. Not being able to take part in the combat, he prayed with all his strength, with all the power of his soul; by his energetic exhortations he raised the moral tone of his entire parish. He pronounced touching words over the tombs of men slain in the conflict. He made urgent appeals to charity, that the poor might be saved from famine.

But all the time he suffered cruelly himself. His sensitive mind could not accustom itself to such poignant sorrows as he everywhere met with. On the 12th January he wrote to a friend in the provinces; "You are not under the bolts of iron and of fire which keeps us prisoners. I confess to you that this excommunication from all persons and all affairs in the provinces, and even in the whole world, is extremely painful, and so much do the mind and the heart suffer that I am not astonished that there are natures which are unable to resist such a strain. The two sources of happiness here below are the family and friendship. To live without drinking from one or other of these waters is, in many cases, beyond human strength. We have had several cases of madness and death produced by this torture, of which those who have not experienced it cannot understand the intensity. For the last week a rain of bombs has been falling upon Paris. To have an idea of this bombardment, as far as the noise is concerned, imagine that of the loudest possible thunder, whose claps succeed each other without interruption day and night. Sleep is impossible; there have been some such terrible explosions that I thought the dome of the Assumption was struck, but it was nothing. Let us pray fervently to God to save our beloved France."

But the fatal hour was approaching. Submerged beneath a deluge of fire, and suffering all the horrors of famine, Paris had to negotiate with the enemy. "We are very sad," the good Curé wrote on 28th January, "for our dear country is drinking to the dregs the cup of great bitterness; famine, advancing to devour us with rapid strides, has forced us to negotiate. All is lost except honor. In the midst of our afflictions and distresses, we must not cease to have confidence in God for the regeneration of our country." On the 4th March, after the peace had been signed, he wrote:

"I hope that out of everything which may happen the necessity of recognizing the sovereign authority of our Lord will be acknowledged. M. de Chateaubriand said to me in 1848, 'Kings pass away.' Mine, who never will pass away, is Jesus Christ. He is, and He will remain, the Master of the world."

The siege was finished, the victorious Prussians had encamped in the Champs Elysées. But now the devoted city was given up to an enemy far worse than the Prussians, and abandoned to all the horrors of civil war and anarchy. Monuments of France's grandeur were ruthlessly destroyed by her own children; men, women, and children were changed into demons, and hell seemed to be let loose upon earth.

Far-seeing politicians, as well as those who were acquainted with the thoroughly irreligious state of the nation, had long foreseen this outburst of revolutionary fury. One of the future martyrs of the second Terror, M. Bonjean, when distributing some prizes twenty years ago, pronounced these words, now so striking an account of his fate:

"By the side of these marvelous discoveries, which annihilate time and space, and which appear to augment indefinitely the power of man, Providence has permitted to be wafted over our country audacious theories, which attack not only this or that form of government, but which threaten our entire civilization. That this civilization, the product of time and genius, ought to emerge victorious from the trial, it is not permitted us to doubt. But who can say what will be the length or the variable changes of the struggle?"

The eloquent Bishop of Orleans, Mgr. Dupanloup, exclaimed four years ago: "God warns us, and we do not understand! Call me if you will a prophet of evil, but what is now taking place is terrible. To-day it is war against God, to-morrow it will be war against society."

From the very commencement, the Abbé Deguerry had a presentiment of all the crimes of the Commune. On the 20th March he spoke

with the deepest grief of the murders of Generals Lecomte and Clement Thomas. "If these men kill me," he added, "I will only ask them, before I die, for a single favor, to strike me down with my face turned towards my parish." Some friends having urged him to leave Paris, or at all events to conceal himself, he positively refused to take their advice. He would no more fly from civil war than he would from an epidemic. The graver became the situation, the more he considered it to be a Christian duty to confront the danger. The more the cross was insulted, the more zealous was he in unfurling its standard before the enemies of Jesus Christ. As proud of his cassock as a soldier of his uniform, he thought it a matter of honor to show it before the persecutors of the faith. The rich had fled; the poor alone remained. The Madeleine, generally so full in Lent, was now comparatively empty.

The energy of the Curé increased with the danger. On Palm Sunday, in a burst of righteous and eloquent indignation, he denounced the men who had just taken possession of the Church of S. Genevieve, to dedicate it to the memory of Marat, and who had thrown down the cross over the portico, and substituted the red flag in its stead. In a transport of piety, which was an act of great courage, he glorified

Christ in sublime terms, and addressed an invocation to His cross, which was perfectly heroic.

He reminded his hearers of one of the recent pastorals of the Archbishop Darboy, which they could not quote to-day without lively emotion, and in which the prelate urges his flock "Not to cling to the world, where all things must perish, but to raise their hearts towards heaven, where alone is true happiness, and amid all the crumbling ruins around, to remain at their posts and do their duty under the eye of God, so that when death comes they may be ready to welcome it as the life which begins real happiness."

On Monday, the 3rd April, M. Deguerry made his will, which commences thus: "Not knowing what God has decided from all eternity concerning my life, in the midst of the troubles which agitate us, in His presence, and on my knees, I depose and write upon this paper my last wishes."

He preached that day, making no allusion to public events. The congregation was annoyed and alarmed during the sermon by the entrance of a woman, one of the dregs of the Parisian population, who walked boldly up through the church, evidently with an eye to plunder. Next day, Tuesday in Holy Week, he preached again, and for the last time; remarking the smallness of his audience, he said, "If there were only two

here I should speak as if the church were full." This time it was a man — a National Guard of the Commune — who, during the sermon, walked through the church and narrowly scanned the riches it contained, as well as the faces of those present.

During the last few days, persons of all classes of society had implored the Curé to hide himself from a danger now become so imminent. A butter merchant of the market of the Madeleine, who had overheard the Communists, offered him a safe asylum. But he was resolved to die.

On the evening of the 4th, he had returned as usual to his house in the Rue St. Honoré, close to the Church of the Assumption. He was asleep, when, about one in the morning, a band of Communists knocked and rang violently at his door. The concierge refused to open to them. But the Curé had awaked. "Let them in," he said; his servants meanwhile persuaded him to escape into the next house. The Communists talked of going to the Place Vendome to fetch a mitrailleuse in order to burst open the door; however, they succeeded in doing this with blows of their rifles. They pillaged or destroyed everything they could lay their hands on. M. Deguerry, who had concealed himself in the adjoining house, yielding to his usual confidence, allowed himself to be seen; he was rec-

ognized, and arrested at once. As he entered the carriage which was to take him to prison, he said to his servant, "Let them know at the church that I cannot preach this morning. Pray for me." The carriage started, bearing away the prisoner, who was never to return. He entered his cell at the Conciergerie just as the sun was rising.

As soon as he arrived in his prison he had to answer the questions which his persecutors addressed to him. His concierge, too, was at the same time interrogated in another apartment. This faithful servant, instead of denying his master, praised him as a man, as a priest, as a citizen; he told them of his goodness towards all, his kindness to his servants, his respect for the poor, his tolerance — so great that a seller of eyeglasses, who was a Jew, had been authorized by him to exercise his little trade at the very entrance of his presbytery. They silenced the concierge: "Your good master," they cried to him, "you won't see him again. He will be shot, and perhaps you will be too."

The long captivity of the Abbé Deguerry now commenced — a captivity borne with so much meekness and resignation. From the Conciergerie he was transferred to Mazas, where he was treated with great severity. The prospect of death did not disturb him; he had long fore-

seen it. He often recalled the beautiful words of Lactantius, "To defend religion, one should know how to die, and not to kill." During the first siege, he had been heard to say several times, "that the blood of the righteous would be necessary to appease the wrath of God." But his greatest trial was having to leave the Madeleine. What would become of his dear parish? Where were his poor? Who would help them? Were any of the churches open? Such were the questions which harassed him. Accustomed to such an active life, he suffered grievously from this forced inaction, this harsh slavery. Now and then, indeed, his solitude was cheered by the visits of devoted friends, who braved the danger of being made hostages themselves, in order to penetrate the cells of the captives, and break the long monotony of those terrible days. M. Rousse, one of the most famous of Paris advocates, gives an interesting account of his visit to the curé during his captivity; and Dr. Beauvais, who frequently saw him, thus wrote of him: "The sweetest, the most amiable, the most inflexible resignation has sustained this heroic old man, whom a long and painful captivity has never caused to despond, notwithstanding his seventy-four years and the outrages and trials heaped on him during the last few days. · · · Our dear prisoner implores for all, the Divine intervention,

which alone, he says, can put an end to our calamities."

It was thought that, even were the Commune infamous enough to decide upon the death of the hostages, they would at least grant them the form of a trial. To the honor of the Paris bar, several barristers warmly solicited the honor of defending such a cause. The calmness and serenity of the Curé of the Madeleine impressed these gentlemen in the highest degree. As the danger became more menacing, his soul rose towards those higher spheres where suffering, captivity, and death are no longer feared. On Saturday, 20th May, four days before the consummation of the great crime, M. Plion paid him a last visit. Never had the venerable priest appeared more majestic. A ray of faith and light illumined his noble countenance, and it seemed as if in the enthusiasm of matyrdom, that, as he warmly pressed both hands of his courageous defender, he said to him, as a last adieu, those words which are worthy of being engraved on his tomb: "My dear friend if I knew that my blood would be useful to religion, I would fall upon my knees and pray them to shoot me."

The army of Versailles had already penetrated within the walls of Paris. All asked, what would become of the hostages? They were calmly awaiting their destiny, when on the even-

ing of 22d May they were informed that they were to be transferred from the prison of Mazas to that of La Roquette; this removal could only forebode the worst, the latter prison being reserved for those who are condemned to death.

A furious crowd, like wild beasts thirsting for blood, surrounded all the approaches to the prison of Mazas. The hostages had to descend into the courtyard, where two furniture wagons were waiting to convey them to La Roquette.

"The Curé of the Madeleine," says the Pere Perny, one of the priests who escaped, "seemed to me as calm, as little anxious, as if he was going on an ordinary occasion to the house of one of his friends. I admired this priest's firmness of soul, notwithstanding his great age."

Not a complaint nor a murmur escaped the lips of any of these good men, notwithstanding the odious treatment to which they were subjected. The immense mob outside was very impatient; they struck violently at the door, threatening to break it down if it were not opened. As soon as it was opened, and the vehicles containing the hostages had started, cries of fury rent the air. "Stop! stop! Why go further? Let them be cut in morsels here! Down with them! down with them!"

The wagons went very slowly, on purpose that these outrages might last as long as possible.

The journey seemed interminable; a crowd, which increased every moment, like a legion of demons, holding up their fists and vociferating, followed the prisoners, — the grossest insults proceeding from a thousand mouths foaming with fury. Among them, sad to say, women were the most conspicuous, and the most violent.

It was about eight in the evening when the hostages arrived at La Roquette. They were kept waiting for about an hour and a half in a room to the left of the entrance; then, after their names had been called out, they were each conducted to a cell, all of which, as well as the corridors, were plunged in perfect darkness; they had to feel about with their hands to find a mattress on which to repose, probably for the last time. Not till morning dawned could the prisoners see their small and narrow cells, much worse than those of Mazas. There was neither chair nor table; the only furniture was a mattress and a counterpane. At six in the morning the prison bell rang for the hostages to get up, and at eight they were allowed to meet for a few moments in the corridor.

"You can understand," says one of them, the Pere Perny, "with what warmth and love all these men condemned to death embraced each other, and how great was their joy at being able, after such a long and hard captivity at Mazas, to open their hearts to each other."

At noon they were again allowed to meet in a meadow which adjoined the prison. All pressed particularly round the Archbishop and the Curé of the Madeleine. When they returned to their cells, each felt lighter at heart; they had strengthened and mutually encouraged each other, bravely to endure these last sufferings in union with the Divine Redeemer.

"Never had we felt more deeply the happiness of being intimately connected by bonds of faith and charity with the Saviour of the human race. In these solemn hours we felt that God was very near us, and we had to make no effort to understand that we were in the Divine Hand."

Another hostage who was spared, the Abbé Lamazou, expressed the same thought:

"We must find ourselves face to face with death in order to understand the nothingness of human things; we no longer experience any difficulty in praying, in repenting, in pardoning men, and confiding ourselves entirely to the mercy of God."

The night came. The silence was broken by the roar of the fusillade, and the hostages were astonished that they still lived. Next day, Wednesday, 24th May, they were allowed again to meet in the meadow.

The curé of the Madeleine had then the comfort of seeing one of his vicars, the Abbé

Lamazou, who, after remaining courageously at his post, had been arrested a few days previously, and who had been incarcerated in La Roquette the evening before.

The Abbé Deguerry eagerly inquired of him for news of his parish and of the clergy. When he heard that since Ascension Day his church had been closed, he was much afflicted, but was pleased to learn that nothing had been broken or desecrated. For a moment he thought deliverance might yet be possible, and that he might be restored to his friends and to his poor; if so, he said that "the few years which remained to him to live, should be devoted to doing as much good as possible to the persecutors of religion, to raise the ministry of charity and the word to the level of the exceptional needs of Paris, to show that without Jesus Christ and his holy doctrines there is for nations, as well as for individuals, nothing but illusions, deceptions, material and moral ruin."

After he had spoken to the Abbé Lamazou he conversed for nearly half an hour with the Pere Perny.

"Why should I experience any trouble at the thought of death?" he said; "do not the missionaries — and we have some in the midst of us now — start with a joyful heart, notwithstanding the almost certainty of death at their post? To

die like them would be such an honor that I scarcely dare to hope for it."

He also remarked the same day: "To die at seventy-four, there is no great merit in that, for at this age one already has one foot in the grave; I should wish to be twenty-five, in order to make a sacrifice in offering up my life."

M. Lamazou could not help observing how little effect the captivity of two months had had on the vigorous constitution of the Curé; his countenance was healthy and fresh, his conversation lively and cheerful. He held himself as uprightly as ever. Like the Archbishop, he had had much to suffer, but the trials and privations seemed scarcely to have affected his strong frame.

After the hostages had returned to their cells, the struggle between the Communists and the regular troops redoubled in intensity. The principle edifices of the city were delivered up to the flames; the air was filled with such a thick smoke that the rays of the sun were obscured, and the prisoners in their cells asked if there was not an eclipse.

The Abbé Deguerry was just beginning the fiftieth night of his captivity, when, about eight o'clock in the evening, the corridor was suddenly invaded by a detachment of federals. Letting his sword drag with much noise on the pave-

ment, the chief of the band exclaimed, "We must finish all this;" while one of his followers cried out with joy, "Ah! this time we shall make an end of them." A few moments after, taking out a list written with a red pencil, the chief of the band called out, "Citizen Darboy! Citizen Deguerry! Citizen Bonjean! Citizen Ducoudray! Citizen Clerc! Citizen Allard!" The six hostages then left their cells, each replying with a firm voice, "Present." They then made them descend to the courtyard, where they were kept waiting about ten minutes while the assassins searched for the key of the gate, which at last they burst open. The executioners now prepared their arms. The six victims passed through the gate into the circular passage which surrounded the prison, walking two and two. The Archbishop gave his arm to President Bonjean, then followed the Abbé Deguerry and the Pere Ducoudray, lastly, the Pere Clerc and the Abbé Allard. Monseigneur Darboy, addressing his assassins, spoke a few words of pardon to them; two of the men approached the prelate, and in presence of their comrades knelt down as if to ask his blessing, but the other federals rushed upon them and repulsed them with insults; then, turning towards the prisoners, they heaped upon them the most abusive language: so violent was it, that even the commandant of

the detachment was angry. He imposed silence on his men, and, after uttering a terrible oath, he exclaimed, "You are here to shoot these people and not to insult them." The federals were silent, and upon the command of their lieutenant they loaded their arms.

The six hostages, who had for a moment knelt down to offer up a last prayer, now placed themselves upon the same line, about two metres from the wall, and the executioners having fired, they all six fell, never to rise again. The Abbé Deguerry was struck by two balls; one had penetrated the head close to the right eye, the other passed through the lung. His cassock was not torn; the valiant martyr had opened it, and meeting death face to face, had presented his bare breast to his assassins.

It was some time before his parishioners would believe that this murder had been really committed. When on the following Sunday it was announced to them from the pulpit, a cry of surprise and grief burst from all breasts. Several exclaimed aloud, "No! no! such a crime cannot be possible!"

The same day, M. Thiers, in a despatch which he sent to all the departments informing them of the Communist murders, made special mention of the Curé of the Madeleine, whom he called "the best of men." In him the president of the republic lamented a true friend.

M. Deguerry was not less regretted by Napoleon III. The Empress put on mourning when she heard of his death; and the prince imperial, who was deeply attached to the spiritual guide of his infancy, manifested the most poignant sorrow. Since he had been in England, the prince had received several letters from the Abbé, full of pious exhortations. M. Deguerry had kept copies of these, which, under the reign of the Commune, a friend implored him to burn, lest they should compromise him. "No," he said; "there is nothing in them to reproach me for. They contain no politics. When the child was in prosperity, I undertook his religious education; now that he is in misfortune, why should I not continue my task?"

When his body had been recovered from the trench into which it and the corpses of the other martyrs had been carelessly thrown, it first lay in state in Notre Dame by the side of the Archbishop, and was then conveyed to the Madeleine.

Very touching and solemn was the funeral, of the Curé. The ceremony was both religious and military — very suitable to a former chaplain of the guard, and to a priest who had died like a soldier on the battle-field of duty. Numbers of officers and soldiers were present. There was not a dry eye in the vast congregation. Some

he had baptized, some he had married, others he had prepared for their first communion, of some he had attended the death-beds of their nearest and dearest relatives. All gazed with sorrow on the altar before which he so often stood, at the pulpit where he had delivered so many eloquent and heart-stirring sermons, at the stall in the choir which he always occupied.

When the ceremony was over, the body was deposited in one of the vaults beneath the Madeleine. There rests the good and venerable Curé, under the church he loved so well, and among the poor whose sorrows it was his constant care to ease, and whose devoted friend he always proved himself to be. Before that tomb many repeated the appropriate words of the Book of Wisdom: "The souls of the righteous are in the hands of God, and there shall no torment touch them. In the sight of the unwise they seemed to die, and their departure is taken for misery, and there going from us to be utter destruction: but they are in peace."

ARTHUR TAPPAN,

THE ABOLITIONIST.

ARTHUR TAPPAN was born at Northampton, Massachusetts, in 1786. Of his childhood we learn but little. When he was about fifteen he went as apprentice to a dry-goods store in Boston, where, after his apprenticeship expired, he became a clerk. Notwithstanding the great amount of work required of him, and his being subject to headaches, he must have been studious and economical of his time; for he made himself thoroughly acquainted with book-keeping, and very soon afterwards mastered French. In 1806 his employers, to show their appreciation of his faithful services, offered to start him in business; and he went to Montreal, in 1806, with the view of commencing there; but he finally preferred an opening in Portland, in Maine. From letters he wrote to his sister and mother, it is evident that he was much shocked at the fashion and frivolity which prevailed there; but, at the same time, by hearing certain eloquent preachers, he drifted away somewhat from sound doctrine.

Arthur Tappan's mother was a woman of deep

religious convictions, and perhaps of stronger character, though with less of culture and susceptibility. And she, too, watched over her son's welfare with unceasing anxiety.

When, on one of his visits to his parents from Portland, he had let drop some expressions savoring of impatience with the doctrinal ideas in which he had been trained, she allowed him to leave home without argument on the subject, but at once, on his departure, wrote to him a letter, in which she says:

"I fear you have imbibed some errors, from what you dropped last night respecting the new birth. There are many loose writers, and, it is to be feared, unsound preachers in our day. But the word of God is plain. He that runneth may read. Study it attentively, with sincere and fervent prayer for the outpouring of the Holy Spirit to enlighten your darkened understanding. From my own experience, I firmly believe the Calvinistic doctrines to be scriptural. I would not willingly consent to abrogate one of them. I love to acknowledge myself nothing, that God may be all. I feel that I am depraved in the whole man; that in me naturally is no good; that all my sufficiency is of God; and it is my happiness that I go to Him as a guilty, weak and helpless creature, and cast all my cares upon Him."

After two years he made up his mind to go to Montreal after all; and, having married, he went thither. Things, however, did not go well with him; and he was soon again a wanderer — his wife and child being left behind, and he residing now here, now there.

For several years he remained in such unsettled circumstances. In 1826 he formed a partnership with a Mr. Charles Keeler and a nephew of his own, and opened a place in New York. By giving attention to importing goods, and resolving to sell on the lowest possible profits and to trust to large returns, the house soon became famous for its low prices. He was told at first that "he was selling his goods at the cost; and that he would find the expenses would 'eat him up.'"

He smiled, kept his own counsel and went on. The result was that, as he did not increase his personal expenses as his trade grew, he soon realized a fortune. The secret of his success, he said, was this; "I had but *one* price, and sold for cash or short credit." His principles soon came to be known, and he was trusted in trade by those who were declared enemies of the opinions for which he was constantly contending.

The most noticeable point was that his benevolence did not shrivel up as his purse grew heavier. He was ready to aid all good objects, giving

large sums to Sunday-schools and other like works; but, having seen the low compliances of men, otherwise honorable, in the matter of slavery, he was determined to throw all the weight of his influence on the anti-slavery side; and at the same time he became a zealous member of the American Bible Society, and soon afterwards a director of the "New York Evangelical Society."

For several years that followed, his life might be summed up as a round of business successes, and of large gifts to good works, and of active interest in all Christian enterprises. Not seldom, when purchasers fancied that Mr. Tappan, at the centre desk in the store, surrounded by books, bills of purchases, etc., was engrossed in his own financial concerns, he was occupied in scheming out some new form of Christian enterprise. But it is very characteristic of him, that in order to obtain such leisure he made it a rule to have no spare chair for callers! "When a friend or stranger honored him with a call, his practice was to rise and receive him with much economy of speech, and, as no seat was at hand, the person soon took his departure." A question which interested him much was the observance of the Sabbath, and he was mainly instrumental in forming a new society to promote that object; whilst he went warmly into the temperance

cause, having observed the evil that was caused by "tippling" amongst the New York traders; and gave largely of his time and means for reformatories. But the cause he had nearest at heart was that of the down-trodden slaves.

Mr. Tappan was eager to do something decisive; and accordingly he joined with others to build a school or college for colored youths, at New Haven, Conn. But the people of New Haven seemed to feel that the success of the enterprise would be a stain upon the city, and bring a stigma upon Yale College. Such a panic seized their minds that Mr. Tappan and his friends abandoned their project. And Mr. Tappan was never content to have only one good cause in hand.

While the *furore* respecting the Colored College at New Haven had hardly yet died down, a case of a similar kind arose in Canterbury. A Miss Randall, who kept a boarding-school, was applied to by a young colored woman for admission; and on receiving her, the other pupils all threatened to leave. Miss Randall stood firm, and the girls did leave. The town of Canterbury, where she lived, was thrown into great excitement by this occurrence; and Miss Randall would have been ruined, if Mr. Tappan had not stepped in to aid her. A case was got up against her for violating the laws and breaking

the peace. Mr. Tappan, on hearing of it, at once wrote to her solicitor:

"I shall consider it a duty and a privilege to help you. I wish you to consider me your banker, assured that I will honor promptly all your drafts. Keep your accounts carefully, and let me know whenever you need the money. Spare no necessary expense; employ the best counsel; and let this great question be fairly tried, not doubting that, under the good providence of a righteous God, the right will ultimately prevail."

When baffled at one point, it was always Mr. Tappan's principle to find outlet for his energies in other directions. He was irrepressible; his heart was on fire, and action was needful. The result was the formation of the Phœnix Society of New York, whose object was to promote the improvement of the colored people, and to educate them. When William Lloyd Garrison was thrown into prison for libel, for saying some harsh but true things of the slave-holding interest, Mr. Tappan was mainly influential in procuring his release — a service which Mr. Garrison recognized in words that are likely to be long remembered; and in the course of his efforts for this object, the germ of the American Anti-

Slavery Society, which had been founded mainly by him in the midst of the turmoil, took fuller shape.

Mr. Tappan was appointed president. The news of this inflamed the slavery party; and their vengeance was chiefly directed against the Tappans' store.

On the 10th July, accordingly, an attack was made upon it, and much mischief done; it being more than probable the mob would have proceeded to violence towards Mr. Arthur Tappan, had not the word spread that soldiers were near, and would open fire upon the crowd. Mr. Tappan was subjected to many similar indignities, but he stood firm, and the mob violence, that was meant to put an end to the anti-slavery agitation seemed only to extend and increase it. For a while, however, the leading abolitionists, and Mr. Tappan amongst others, were continually watched, dogged and threatened; their families insulted, sometimes even spit upon; so that, whilst far from wishing to depreciate any noble effort, one is forced to feel, in reading such a life as Arthur Tappan's, that the work of the English abolitionist was, after all, easy and safe by comparison.

Under all these provocations, Mr. Tappan preserved his equanimity, steadily pursued his accustomed avocations, attended regularly the

anti-slavery meetings, and looked into the future with a confident trust that good would be evoked out of seeming evil.

The most strenuous efforts were made by people in the South to injure the business of abolitionists in the North, and to some extent they succeeded. Owing in some degree to this, but still more to the fact that the store was burned down, and that, on the heels of this disaster, came the great financial crisis, Mr. Arthur Tappan lost his fortune, and had in effect to begin the world again when he was an oldish man. But the same indefatigable spirit he had shown in the outset of life remained with him. He was as busy, as hopeful as ever, and as devoted to the anti-slavery cause. And he never complained, accepting his misfortune as a direct dealing of God with him for his good.

He had the peace of a good conscience, and the fortune of a high influence, such as others would willingly have taken advantage of. A merchant in New York, who had known him in the days of his prosperity, but had not sympathized with him in his anti-slavery enterprise, said, "If Arthur Tappan will allow his name to be put upon my store, and sit in an arm-chair in my counting-room, I will pay him three thousand dollars a year." An offer which Mr. Tappan did not accept.

But in course of time he succeeded in realizing as much as enabled him to retire; and he was gratified in being permitted to see the realization of his dearest wishes at last, though he mourned over the horrors of the war; the assassination of Lincoln being a great blow to him, "though," he said, "God will overrule it for the good of our country. He saw we needed this. . . . It was a kind providence that his death was so easy."

A complete list of Mr. Tappan's benefactions would form a peculiar study in benevolence as a science. But he kept no records of what he gave, so that we can trace only his more prominent and striking gifts. One of the most notable is his paying the board and training of one hundred students for four years at Yale College.

Nor could Mr. Tappan be charged with a vice which has sometimes been urged against philanthropists — the encouraging of large sympathy towards *man*, but little sympathy for *men*. A meagre sense of justice towards those brought close to them in daily life has been set down as a characteristic of men like him.

But Mr. Seth B. Hunt tells how, in June, 1830, he was engaged as a clerk by Mr. Tappan, at one hundred and fifty dollars per annum; and how, in January, 1831, he found his account credited at the rate of four hundred and fifty

dollars per annum. "I concluded that Mr. Tappan had by mistake put down a '4' instead of a '1.' I drew his attention to it, and he laughed and said he was satisfied, if I was." Mr. Hunt, who was for years connected with Mr. Tappan, testifies to his coolness and bravery, and also to his aversion to talk of what he had done.

Another fact in support of this statement is that when he retired from business, a very old man, with just barely enough to allow him to live in the plainest way, some of his old clerks offered, if he would allow them, to buy an annuity for him. But, with the sterling independence that had always marked his conduct, he declined, assuring them that "the voyage was nearly over; the provisions just enough to last out the voyage; so that more were not needed." That old clerks should thus think of an impoverished employer is a significant proof that Arthur Tappan's generosity and goodness did, as the old proverb enjoins, "begin at home."

We are told that occasionally the manœuvres of persons soliciting his aid called forth his reproof, as in the case of a distinguished lawyer, who waited upon him at his store to solicit a contribution to a scheme set on foot by a brother, a celebrated doctor in divinity. Mr. Tappan did not seem disposed to comply with the request. The applicant became importunate, and said, "I

want your *name* more than your money. Be so kind as to head the subscription, and you will not be called upon for the money." Instead of being flattered by this request, he looked the man full in the face for a moment, and then turned and walked away.

By virtue of his prudence and energy, Mr. Tappan enjoyed a few years of quiet rest before the time came for him to remove. He died in the summer of 1865, in full faith and peace.

DR. CULLIS,

THE CONSUMPTIVES' FRIEND.

A YOUNG physician in Boston, in the year 1862, lost a much-loved wife, whose departure from this world was like the taking away from him of all joy or interest in it. Yet success poured in upon him. Patients increased. Marvelously soon, for a young man in an old city, his hands were full, a horse and carriage were required and purchased, and a surplus of money flowed in. He bestowed this money liberally on Christian objects, yet was he unsatisfied; he busied himself in good works, but no peace of mind followed for him in the doing of them. In the first paroxysm of his grief and pain of bereavement, he had vowed so to devote his gains; but he was haunted by the thought that, for all his money-giving and tract distributing, he had failed to render the acceptable offering of a devoted heart. Day by day, in spite of many professional calls and distractions, the thought pressed heavily upon his mind and soul, and would not let him rest. He betook himself to closer study of the Scriptures, and, as a result of the scrutiny,

resolved to throw himself more fully, more completely, on the promises of God. And he began to desire some more express and soul-occupying work for God and for his fellow-men; and so daily he "sent up his cry to God for a twofold boon — a pure heart and a special work." He soon came to repose securely on the conviction that God himself was his sanctification and guide, and so he could wait patiently for his Master's direction as to the path of work.

One day, as he was thus thinking and praying, a stranger called upon him in behalf of a poor man in consumption who had no home, and had been refused admission into the public hospitals because he was incurable. The physician was deeply moved; he could not find it in his heart to send the homeless, hopeless creature away; a voice within him seemed to say, "There, that is your work." Thus began one of the most remarkable and fruitful Christian works of America — nay, one of the most remarkable anywhere of which we have yet read the record, and its record is given fully, but with no wearisome detail, in a recently published volume from the pen of the Rev. W. E. Boardman, who is well known by his work, "The Higher Christian Life," which has had a large circulation.

If the skeptic can say that life is woven of destiny and choice, surely the Christian can

assert, with fuller conviction, that life is woven of special providences and our own choice. Through all the web of a Christian's life, as he looks gratefully back upon it, how do these threads of special providence glimmer and shine, making all glorious and beautiful in the retrospect! What was dull and bare becomes bright; the rough places become plain. So it was in the case of Dr. Cullis. "From that hour," he says, "one part of my twofold cry was modified. The daily prayer was no longer, 'What, O Lord, is my special work?' but, like Manoah, I wanted to know how it should be ordered." He was resolved that he should found a hospital to meet the needs of such cases, and now he was only occupied about the way. Had he been left to his own impulses, he tells us that he should have followed the usual plan, secured a board of managers, and issued prospectuses and subscription lists; but he was led to the idea that such a system brings its own restrictions as to the truth taught, and so far introduces a risk of worldly interests in trusting to regular and set machinery. As, therefore, Dr. Cullis determined to be free and to "give the place up, purely and gloriously, to the Lord Jesus Christ," he soon threw this scheme overboard. Other plans of his own were considered and cast aside.

Just at this time, however, he chanced to read

about the doings of Franke at Halle, in Germany, and of Müller at Bristol, and resolved that his hospital should be founded on similar principles to those adopted by them. It was to be a faith-work, purely and simply. Like so many others of the same class before him, however, Dr. Cullis had to endure his discipline of silence and of patience. How much of the persistency, the calm, self-sufficing strength of such workers arises from the restraint often put upon them till the will is exercised and disciplined as well as the mind and heart! God leads his people into the wilderness to make them learn the whole secret of his grace, and bring them to know fully the strength of faith. Dr. Cullis tells us that "waiting was all against his nature," and therefore perhaps it was that he had to wait. "I am quick to decide," he goes on; "impulsive in action, and impatient of delay; yet during the entire twelvemonth, twice told, the Lord held me with constantly increasing confidence and joy in the faith that my most sanguine hopes would be realized." He gave himself more and more unto prayer; and on one particular day he begged God to bestow the means, if it was his will that such a home should be established. That very day there came from a friend a small contribution, sent entirely of his own accord; and this was by-and-by followed by another of small amount. Re-

garding this as sufficient answer and sign, on Thursday, the 17th of May, 1864, the resolve was taken. At first, as Dr. Cullis had very little of his own savings in hand — never less at any time, with one or two exceptions — he made up his mind to rent a house, as he could not buy one; but a suitable house was very hard to find. He was about to advertise, when, on June 3rd, "the Lord gave, not a house, but an additional spur to his faith. Some one told him of another poor consumptive needing such a home." But, notwithstanding his anxiety and his energy in the search, another two months passed before a fitting house was at length found in Willard Street. No sooner was it taken than difficulties arose. Some of the people opposite objected to a hospital being there; and as the owner offered to sell it on very reasonable terms, Dr. Cullis was soon led to see that it would be advantageous to buy it, which he did on mortage for a period of years. The wisdom of this step was soon seen in the fact that before one-tenth part of the time had elapsed, the property was redeemed by contributions sent unsolicited to to the Home. All the aid he had as yet received, however, were the two small donations already spoken of. But just two days after the purchase was concluded, Dr. Cullis's friend C——, who had given the first gift, came from New York,

and after he had been to see the house, he gave another ten dollars. Not a very large amount yet, as charitable donations go; but it was like to a grain of mustard seed—a promise and prophecy of increase. Soon contributions of all kinds commenced to flow in.

The doctor's experiment began to be talked about, and his motives canvassed. No one could deny that such a Home was greatly needed; and in eight weeks from the purchase of the building the Home was opened and the guests received. Dr. Boardman tell us that —

"In the report of the first year's history of the work there is found tucked away in a corner just in the last end, a dry list, which only needs in this connection to be hauled out and read over, dry as it is, to give us some idea of how much there was in those days of cheer from the Lord. The little short list of the first four weeks will suffice. This is it: 'six chairs; a carpet; a barrel of flour; window curtains *for the whole house!* two cot beds; an extension table; chairs and tables; twelve husk pillows; a stair carpet; glass ware; cotton cloth; mattresses and boxes; two floors painted and lettering done out of good will; two *contribution boxes lettered;* a clock *loaned.*' This, with a cord of wood worth 12 dols. given, and the free offer of coal for the Home at 11 dols. a ton,—the price

being 14 dols., makes the catalogue complete of that first four weeks. That of the next four weeks, while the repairing and furnishing were in progress, is four or five times longer and not less significant.

"During those two months, as well as at other times, but especially then while the work was yet all in the untried future, there were those who, like Sanballat and Tobias of old, were ready to ask, 'What doth this feeble Christain build?' and to say, 'Though only a fox go up against it, he shall break down that which he builds.' One and another — better meaning, no doubt, than those old enemies of the Lord's work — said to Dr. Cullis, 'I doubt your ability to carry on such a work.' The Lord enabled him to give the true answer, saying, 'I, too, doubt *my* ability, but I do not doubt the Lord. My trust is in him. He will not let me be confounded."

As a necessary result of the nature of the work, it could not long be done in a corner, though it was part of Dr. Cullis's plan that no appeal should be made to the public for aid, either directly or indirectly. When the house had been furnished and fitted up, it was publicly dedicated to God: and this service naturally drew attention to it, for the clergymen and others who were engaged could not but refer to it, and

speak of it to their people. Not only so; they of their own accord sent abroad a circular to awaken interest and sympathy among members of the Christian Church; but Dr. Cullis neither signed this document, nor did he know of it till it had been actually sent abroad. In this matter of publicity, Dr. Cullis was much exercised. Even at the end of the year, after the second house had been built, he was in a dilemma "about formally and fully reporting the work of the year. He shrank back at thought of the step, lest it should be understood as an appeal to the people on the one hand, and on the other as an egotistic parading of himself and his faith before the public."

And it was only settled after much prayer and deliberation that the report should be made, but not by himself; that he should put his journal into the hands of a Christian friend, in whose judgment and competence he could place implicit confidence, and let this friend select from it at discretion, and report whatever was deemed necessary to glorify God.

But this came later; what we most need to tell here is that the house soon filled: at the end of the month there were five, and before the close of the second month eight, and early in the third month the journal speaks of the Home as full, and also of the fact that Dr. Cullis had begun praying for a second house.

It is clear that having professedly to do only with incurables, there could not, on Dr. Cullis's part, be the pride of professional skill, or the hope of repute on account of extraordinary operations, as in the case of curable patients, and of those requiring critical performances in surgery for their restoration.

"None were refused on account of their belonging to the hopeless class. The one question asked was, Are they homeless and hopeless? No question was asked as to their creed. The atheist, the Deist, the bigot, the gospel-hardened, alike with the true follower of Christ, were taken, if sent of God, and given a home with every comfort possible, with the implicit confidence that the Lord who sent them would hear prayer in their behalf and save them."

At no time did Dr. Cullis accumulate — his enterprises always extended in measure to prevent this. How the balance was held for him — how, whilst he was never left unprovided for, his faith was often much tried, and his prayers not seldom answered just at the moment of extremity, the few following instances out of many hundreds, some of which are still more striking, will amply suffice to show:

"*November* 26. — To-day is Thanksgiving. I trust I am thankful to the Lord for all his blessings to me and mine during the year past. I

daily pray for a heart wholly wedded to Christ, that I may live entirely to his glory. When I review all that the Lord has done for the Home, I cannot but exclaim, 'What hath God wrought!' When the work was commenced in August, I had but little over three hundred dollars, and out of this must come my own business expenses, and the Home to be supported. But I knew in whom I trusted, — that I had a rich Father who always honors all drafts upon Him. In Him I have never been confounded. Daily He has supplied each need. The Home is established in working order; eight patients are abundantly cared for, having all their needs supplied, and many luxuries; a matron, two nurses, two domestics, and a man to assist, are supported, all but one (Miss K.) being paid weekly wages; all the expenses of the house have been paid; and to-day I have more money on hand than when the work was commenced. Have I not reason to give thanks? 'Bless the Lord, O my soul; and all that is within me, bless his holy name.'"

"*December* 8.— The donations this month have been quite small. Perhaps the Lord is trying my faith. Each day something is given, though I think no one has reached twenty cents. Since writing the above, Mrs. F. has given me two dollars. I thank thee, O Lord, that thou dost hear and answer prayer. Not fifteen minutes

before this was given, I knelt and asked the Lord not to let the day pass without a donation."

"*December* 12. — I have been praying for more extensive accommodations, as we are now full. Either that one of the adjoining houses may be obtained, or that a larger building somewhere else may be secured. 'Therefore I will look unto the Lord, I will wait for the God of my salvation, my God will hear me.' My prayer at the beginning of the month was, that God would give me greater donations this month than ever before. Thus far they have never been so small. But I am still believing, remembering that 'all things are possible to him that believeth.'"

"*December* 14. — 'I waited patiently for the Lord, and He heard my cry.' A day or two ago I received a note from a stranger, asking me to call on her to-day. I have done so, and found a young lady sick with consumption. She said she was going to die soon, and as she had a little money, she thought she would like to give it where it would do most good. At her request her mother had visited various charitable institutions, and the Lord had shown her that the Consumptives' Home was the place to give her money. She made some inquiries regarding the work, and then, taking her purse, she presented

me with five hundred dollars. May the Lord abide with her in all her sickness, give her perfect peace in Jesus, and make her 'dying bed feel soft as downy pillows are.' I was not surprised at the gift, although it was so large an amount, for I expect great things of the Lord. I had asked for large donations this month, and though they had been small up till to-day, yet I felt they would come. To thee, O Lord, belongeth all praise and honor. 'I will bless the Lord at all times. His praise shall be continually in my mouth.'"

On the 27th of May, 1865, we meet with this characteristic entry:

"Two more patients have applied for admission, proving to my mind beyond a doubt that it is the Lord's will that I should go on trusting in Him. I now feel that it is certainly my duty to secure the building, and I pray for the means. I can with my own funds pay fifteen hundred dollars, for I have that little amount in hand. I trust in the Lord to supply means wherewith to alter and finish."

This building was for the second house, which was accordingly purchased on the 30th of May — the owner giving it for a hundred less than he at first asked on hearing the purpose for which it was destined.

The carpenters and masons were first paid out

of Dr. Cullis's own earnings; for, of course, he still took all prudent care of his practice, as indeed he does up to the present time, devoting his gains to the support of the Home. Without any balance in bank or otherwise against contingencies, all contingencies have yet been provided for, often at the last moment, and from contributions in which the mite of the widow and the orphan have held large place. On September 28th, just when the difficulty of furnishing the second house became urgent, he can record, "How shall I render sufficient thanks to my Heavenly Father for the great blessing He has this day bestowed upon me? This forenoon two ladies called and informed me that a friend had authorized them to furnish the new house with everything needed at his expense. They declined to give his name."

From this time forth, in continuous stream, evidences of God's approval came in, some in the form of contributions in aid of printing the report, others showing that it had opened hearts to give for the work in an extraordinary manner.

"A poor woman, who is one of the many sufferers of this world, but at peace with Jesus, and living a life of faith, having been totally helpless for years, depending wholly upon God's gifts, through his children, for her support, having read the report, writes:

"'Please accept this little for the "Home;" it has been lying in my work-box, during all my sickness, some ten years; I have had no occasion to use it, as my wants have all been supplied. It is but little, I know, and instead of sixty cents, I wish it were six thousand dollars. The "Home" and the founder are the Lord's; there will be no failure. Praise the Lord for such a "Home!"'

"A lady called at the Home, and left one dollar and thirty-six cents in currency, and six dollars in gold; the gold pieces were keepsakes, but after reading the report, she felt she could not keep them, but must give them to the Lord."

At a moment when large donations were needed and asked of the Lord for the work, a gentleman sent two hundred dollars, saying, "Since you will not ask man when you want money, I will send you some without asking if you need it." The doctor adds:

"God bless him! I was not surprised, though it is the largest gift received for months. I called upon the Lord, and He heard my prayer."

The largest gift of money received for the Home up to the end of the second year was one thousand dollars, the proceeds of a fair held by a gentleman and lady in their own house.

A very remarkable fact, and one well worth recording, is, that of the many brought to the

Home from such circumstances of life as are far, enough from disposing to religious conviction, not one has died without accepting the consolations of religion, and giving evidence of true repentance.

And then the "helpers," from the beginning, were mostly supplied in answer to prayer, and those whom God has thus supplied have been the best in the world. The atmosphere of Christian love and care seems to affect all who are brought into contact with it, overcoming strong prejudices, and diffusing harmony and love.

"A gentleman called one day and was shown the chapels and the rooms. Some questions of his about the inscriptions, 'Jesus Only,' and 'Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and forever,' indicating that he did not understand them, led his guide to ask him about himself, whether Jesus was precious to him? This called forth from him a frank confession of his entire ignorance of the saving power of Christ, and of his unbelief in the Bible.

"Shortly after, as they were exchanging kind words with one after another of the sufferers, the gentleman asked one how he was. The answer was, 'I am suffering in body, but oh! Jesus is so precious to me!' A similar question to another was answered, 'Oh, I am wasting away; I shall soon die; but Jesus is with me

and makes all my bed in my sickness.' The gentleman was deeply moved, and when taking his leave expressed with much emotion his interest in all he had seen and heard and in the work.

"At another time another visitor asked some kindly question of one who had lately been received in the Home, to which he replied, 'Why, it seems to me that I have got into heaven here.'

"One day two patients were received. One of them was a colored woman in the last stages of consumption. The only place for her was in the room with three white women. Before she was sent up-stairs, I asked the patients if they had any objection to having a colored woman occupy a bed in the same room with themselves. Each replied emphatically 'No,' and one said, 'I feel so thankful for so good a home, that I would not keep out anyone, black or white.'"

Dr. Cullis had not long begun his good work, when his thoughts were directed to the condition of the children of the inmates of the Home — most frequently the only remaining parent. "I have thought much," he says, "of establishing, in connection with the Home, an institution for the care of the children, whose only parent may be an inmate of the Home. In case of the death of the parents, the child or children, if there are

no relations or friends to provide, to be adopted into the institution, and religiously educated and cared for, until they are able to support themselves."

The third year opened without a single dollar in the treasury, A fire broke out in the Home in the beginning of the year, causing great loss and trouble; but in spite of these adverse-looking signs, the loss was completely repaired, a story was added to the second house, and the Children's Home was established. At the close of that same year the doctor's safe was broken open and robbed of its contents by a boy who had been in his service, — all Dr. Cullis's savings, some subscriptions and valuables, being carried off and never recovered.

But in two short months from this time two houses were added to the Home in rear fronting the next street, a chapel in the Home connecting all four of the houses in one, and a house for a chapel and tract repository at the bottom of the street, a Bible-reader appointed, an evening school and a dispensary established.

The first month of the year 1868, the fourth after the opening of the Home, like the preceding one, proved to be one of very small donations. Yet each day brought some reminder of God's care for his work. One day during this day of small things, Dr. Cullis spoke of it to a

friend, and instead of getting encouragement he received a response calculated to cast a shadow over his faith, if anything could. It was this: "Yes, that is always the way. As soon as the novelty of any charity is worn off, people stop giving to it." A prophecy of utter failure. Yet it affected the doctor only so far as to send him to the Lord with a more implicit reliance upon Him for all necessary means.

The record of January is comprehended in its main features in the following notes of the Journal, the one at the beginning and the other at the end of the month.

"*January* 2, 1868.— A substantial token from the Lord reached me to-day — seventeen dollars, fifty cents — with the following kind note: —

"'DR. CULLIS:

"'Dear Sir,— Our little fair for the Freedmen having realized so much more than we expected (five hundred dollars), we take great pleasure in appropriating the inclosed surplus to the "Home," upon which we fervently pray the new year will shower abundant blessings. Not less could we wish that the heart of the founder should duly experience the personal power of our Saviour's holy petition: "I pray for thee that thy faith fail not."'"

And this is a very characteristic record: —

"August 11th is recorded as 'a day of mercies, greater than ever before experienced.' The first token of the morning was a note inclosing five dollars. The second was a letter from a friend who had just found the Saviour in answer to prayer in his behalf. A month before, this friend had spent the day with Doctor Cullis and visited the Home. He said: —

"'Doctor, you must either have a large income or very influential friends to carry on this Institution.' I said I had neither, but that my trust was in a living God, who had promised to give to all who ask in faith. He said he could not appreciate it. I took the opportunity after dinner to talk to this friend of the blessed Saviour, who had died for us. He heard me kindly, and then repeated the old story of the inconsistency of Christians. I told him that I should pray for him, and to-day he writes me that he has found Christ precious to his soul."

Sometimes, too, the children's gifts and their mode of sending them are touching: —

"Will you please accept from dear little Gracie on this, the first anniversary of her birthday, the inclosed five dollars towards the fund for building a new Home, also ten dollars from the grateful mother."

"My little girls," says a mother, "have been listening to your report (the eldest is only six),

and with tears in their eyes they send their little offering." Their mother adds five dollars. The children, not content to have the mother alone write, pen for themselves, in rude characters, a note inclosing their treasure, thirty-nine cents. The eldest is the scribe, and says : —

"DEAR DOCTOR CULLIS,— Sister and I send all the money we have, for a little help towards your Home for the dear little children whose mammas are sick."

The following tells its own story : —

"*August* 13.

"DR. CULLIS : —

"Dear Sir,— Three years ago to-day my dear husband wrote to me for the last time, though he was then expecting to be home in a very few days. He sent me ten dollars to use, if I wished to go and meet him, as he would be delayed in Concord with his regiment. Instead of the long-looked-for telegram to meet him, came the sad news of his death. I could not use that money for any other purpose, therefore it has lain by me till this time, as I placed it in my sadness and disappointment. I could not use it for myself, so it has remained idle. To-day, the third anniversary, I send it to you, to be used for the 'Children's Home' in any way you need. May God bless it in your hands.

"I think you were very fortunate to secure a house for the children so near the 'Home.'

"May God bless you in all your labors for him.

"Yours, with interest and sympathy."

And this, again, is a notable specimen of a family letter:

"CHELSEA, *July* 27, 1871.

"DR. CULLIS: —

"Dear Sir,— Since knowing of your Home by my father being under your care, it has been my earnest desire to contribute something, were it ever so small, in aid of your holy, noble work. Thus far it has been out of my power. At father's decease, his children shared expenses, and the bills being paid, ten dollars are surplus. Is it not God saying to us, 'Here, my children, is your "mite;" it is for my Home?' It is useless to attempt to express our gratitude for all your kindness to father. It is beyond the reach of words. I can only plead, *God ever bless you.* We desire to be gratefully remembered to Miss C. and Mrs. P. for their unwavering attention and care. Both my husband and self are greatly interested in your labors. We are young, just commencing in life, but I *know* God will enable us, from time to time, to send a little aid for *somebody's* father, for what has so nobly been

done for mine. Mother unites with us in gratitude.

"Yours respectfully,
"O. and J. A."

The first day of the fifth year opened without a dollar in the treasury. There were more than forty souls in the Consumptives' Home, eight in the Children's Home, and two connected with Willard Street Chapel to be fed, besides Dr. Cullis's own family expenses to be paid. The first day's provision was asked of God and supplied by a gift from two Sunday-school classes in Providence, R. I. The second day there was neither money in the treasury nor provisions in the larder. Prayer was made for the day's supply, answered by twenty-five dollars received from over the water, sent by a lady traveling in Europe. The third day every dollar was gone at noon — the day's supply having been purchased out of what was received the day before. The fourth day's history is unrecorded; probably it is like those before it. The fifth day there was nothing to purchase dinner till a note was received, enclosing six dollars. The sixth day came, and again Dr. Cullis was penniless. The greatest trial of all was that the instalment of a thousand dollars on the mortage of the house converted into Willard Street Chapel could not be paid. Matters became worse and worse, t..l

Dr. Cullis had to send out and sell articles of value to meet the most pressing needs. But what is remarkable is, that in spite of these things, additions were even now being made to the work. The fourth house was fitted up, furnished and filled. And as the work grew, so did the daily-given resources. During the seventh year nearly as much had been received for its enlargement and support as in all the six years before.

The difficulty of finding proper nurses for the Home led Dr. Cullis to the idea that a home must be offered to Christian women willing to give their services, and wishing to be trained for their vocation. He had, however, to wait some time before he could realize this idea. On the 16th of January, 1869, he received his first contribution for it, and soon thereafter others followed; and on the 11th of May the house was dedicated, soon occupied, and before the close of the year it had sent out deaconesses to serve both at home and abroad. The Home now contained forty-four patients, and persons were day by day being turned away. This becoming known, contributions were sent for the purpose of enlargement; but Dr. Cullis was led to think of purchasing a new place instead of enlarging the old; and accordingly an estate called Grove Hall was purchased. The first of the buildings erected on

Consumptives' Home, Grove Hall, Boston Highlands. Page 338.

it was the children's cottage, and gradually the others followed. A printing and publishing establishment and tract depot were soon added, and have been found of signal service. Thus, rising from the smallest beginnings, like a grain of mustard-seed, we have a great and growing institution, organized with wisdom, and conducted with a sense of constant dependence upon God. The Home is healthily and beautifully situated, and each day adds to the number of its inmates, who are not only nursed and cared for, but prayed for, and in most, if not, indeed, all cases, Christianized and redeemed. The grounds occupy eleven acres, in something of triangular form. The position is elevated, commanding, and convenient, five or six miles south from Beacon Hill and Boston Common. To the west the view is over Jamaica Plains and Brookline, while to the north lies the city with its countless buildings and spires twinkling in the light, and eastward stretches Massachusetts Bay, studded with islands and white-winged ships — a sight to delight the eye of anyone, especially of an invalid.

It is the easiest thing possible for certain minds to make cynical and disparaging remarks in the case of a work like this; and to supplement them by speaking of "the sickly element" which they profess to see in it. Sickly! we are

inclined to say; moping over a private grief which issues in such work as this, and is found adequate to sustain it through years of trial; which schemes out plans of benevolence in the most practical way, and takes in the neglected and cares for them. We are almost inclined to retort in a humorous way, and wish that health were always as sickly as this. The *Spectator*, which, in these matters, is always inclined to be at least fair, thus sums up its notice of Dr. Cullis's work:—

"The details of Dr. Cullis's work are, of course, very much like those which those who have heard of Mr. Müller's orphan-house at Bristol are already familiar with there. Two questions seem to have perplexed the founder's mind for a while, and both have been answered to his satisfaction. Was it right to buy land without funds in hand to pay for it? Yes; because the money could be secured on mortgage. Was it right to publish any account of the institution? Could this be done without transgressing the cardinal principle of the work, that help was not to be solicited? Here, again, the answer was, that such a publication seemed to be but giving due honor to Him whose work it was. Dr. Cullis's scruples, however, induced him to put his journal into the hands of another person to edit. Hence the appearance of Mr.

Boardman's name on the title-page. Of course, it is easy to ridicule the entries in this journal; there are passages in it which few will be able to read without a smile. But in this present writer's judgment, it is singularly interesting and touching. Here is a specimen, which might be matched with hundreds of others:—

"'At noon, as I needed money to pay a bill, I asked the Lord to send me twenty dollars for that purpose. In less than ten minutes a letter was delivered at the door, which, on opening, I found to contain fifty dollars, with the following written card: "For the new building, and may the Lord reward thee." How my heart swelled with gratitude to God for his blessings! I was not surprised, for I expected an answer to my prayer. Yesterday, a basket of beautiful grapes was left at the door of the Home. To-day, when the basket was called for, the matron inquired who they were from. "It is no matter about the name," was the reply; "it is a small gift, but it is the first time our vine has borne, and these were all, so we thought we would send them here."

"Those who believe in the efficacy of prayer have been challenged to show material results. May they not point to such results as these?"

Dr. Cullis's earlier life was not without pain and struggle, which no doubt had the effect of

producing resolution and firmness of character—elements which have often been strikingly displayed in his later career. He was a sickly child, and even in boyhood his health was so bad that he did not care for play. He was put to business early in the hope that this change would be beneficial for him. Entering a dry-goods store, in his sixteenth year, he devoted himself entirely to business — glad to be free from the Sunday-school lessons he had felt to be irksome. At nineteen his health again gave way: and he was thrown into the society of a physician, who took the young man with him on his rounds, thinking this would do him good. He was advised to study medicine, and as his friend offered to see him through his course, he agreed. He soon thereafter joined the Episcopal Church, but reproached himself for coldness of heart. He was impressed by a sister-in-law of the physician with whom he had resided, and he was speedily married. His happiness was complete. His wife was the idol of his heart — "he would willingly have died with her." But consumption soon proclaimed itself, the hectic flush on the cheek first, and other symptoms soon followed. She was taken from him, and he was driven to seek comfort in the only true source of comfort; and out of this has mainly come the work of which we have given but a brief indication.

DR. JUDSON,

THE BURMESE MISSIONARY.

It is very interesting to observe how much men sometimes owe to influences which at first appeared unfavorable. If the strong winds, blowing on the tree, hinder the rounded perfection of branch and blossom, they often help not a little to strengthen the root and to give a concentrated force of life to the favored side. The adverse blasts sometimes do, in an irregular way, what culture and pruning aim at systematically accomplishing; they give self-dependence. With men it is not unfrequently the same.

Dr. Judson, the missionary to Burmah, whose life was written in two volumes by Wayland, owed nearly all his success, under God, to his self-dependence. And his self-dependence he learned amid influences which scarcely seemed likely to make him a great missionary. His father, a minister of the Gospel, at Malden, Massachusetts, from the very first trained his son with a view to the acquirement of great self-reliance, hoping thereby to fit him for occupying positions of worldly honor. He had early ob-

served promise of decided intellectual ability, and watched with no little interest the development of the boy's talents. But the self-dependence which his father had so studiously set himself to form in the lad, by sometimes curbing his natural tendencies, by sometimes encouraging them when it struck him to do so, led Adoniram to defy the parental authority at the crisis when, for its own ends, it should have been strongest to restrain.

He went to college when only sixteen years of age,— a year in advance — and fell under the specious fascinations of the French infidelity then so largely prevailing. He was too honest to dissemble his real opinions. When at home, before starting on a lengthened tour, he unfolded his infidel sentiments to his father, and was treated with the severity natural to a masculine mind that has never doubted, and to a parent who, after having made innumerable sacrifices for the son of his pride and love, sees him rush recklessly on his own destruction. His mother was not less distressed, and she wept, and prayed, and expostulated. He knew his superiority to his father in argument; but he had nothing to oppose to his mother's tears and warnings. So he went on his way, thinking now of the law for a profession, and now dreaming of capabilities for dramatic authorship, as to which he had

often taken counsel of a young fellow-student, E —, from whom he had first imbibed his deistical opinions.

On his travels, he chanced one night to stop at a country inn. He was obliged to occupy a bedroom next to that of a young man who was said to be in a dying state. It was a restless night for Judson. "Sounds came from the sick-chamber; sometimes the movements of the watchers, sometimes the groans of the sufferer." He could not help wondering whether the dying man was a Christian, or a skeptic like himself. "As soon as he had risen in the morning he went in search of the landlord, and inquired for his fellow-lodger. 'He is dead,' was the reply. 'Dead!' 'Yes, he is gone, poor fellow.' 'Do you know who he was?' 'O yes; it was a young man from Providence College — a very fine fellow; his name was E —.'" Judson was stunned; his concern for the fate of E — would not let him rest. His conscience was now completely awakened; he felt, as with a lightning-flash of conviction, that the religion of the Bible must be true. He was in despair, and turned homewards. He at once devoted himself to study, and entered on a theological course at Andover, having been admitted as a special student. While engaged in his studies, his thoughts were turned to Christian Missions by the perusal

of Buchanan's "Star in the East." He secretly consecrated himself to the missionary work; and never afterwards so much as thought of any other object in life. He made no loud profession of his zeal. Even his father had not been made acquainted with his missionary views when, his course being finished, Dr. Griffin, intimated a desire that young Judson should become his colleague in the Park Street church in Boston. It was with pride that the father communicated the excellent prospect to his son. "And you will be so near home," put in the mother. Soon his sister joined in the conversation, when he said to her, "No, sister, I shall never live in Boston; I have much father than that to go." His father felt that it was of no use to argue the matter, and said not a word.

Dr. Judson's self-reliance and his reticence, ruled as these were by a calm and sturdy good sense, were mainly the elements that made him the great missionary he was; and they come out in this little incident as much as in the difficult and trying positions of his later life. Even in his conversion we are told that there was none of his characteristic impetuosity exhibited.

"He had none of those overpowering, Bunyan-like exercises, either before or after, that would be looked for in a person of his ardent temperament. He was prayerful, reflective, and studi-

ous of proofs; and gradually faith, trust in God, and finally a hope through the merits of Christ took possession of his soul, he scarcely knew how; and from the moment that he fully believed he never doubted. He said he felt as sure that he was a new creature, actuated by new motives, and governed by new principles, as he was sure of his own existence. His old habits of thought and feeling to some extent clung to him, but they were made subservient to higher purposes; and though he might still have his objects of ambition, they could never be of the first moment."

From the hour that Judson was converted, the East seemed to draw him with a kind of fascination. He devoured every scrap he could lay hands on that bore upon the condition of the people in India and on the China sea; so that he might be fully ready, when a way should open up for him.

Through his own influence, coupled with that of four other young men, his fellow-students at Andover, of like spirit with himself, the Board of American Missions was formed, which, fearing that it might not be able to stand alone, wished to put itself under the direction of a European society.

Judson was accordingly sent over to confer with the leading men of the London Missionary

Society. The packet in which he sailed from America was taken by a French privateer; and he was made a prisoner. After some cruising about, the prisoners were conveyed to Bayonne.

"There Mr. Judson was obliged to march along with the crew to prison, where he might have suffered more severely than before, had he not succeeded, while passing through the streets, in attracting the attention of a countryman by clamoring loudly in English." His new friend succeeded in procuring his release. He was detained for some time in France on parole, but proceeded to England in May, 1811.

"His appearance at this time," we are told, must have created a favorable impression. He was small and exceedingly delicate in figure, with a round, rosy face, which gave him the appearance of extreme youthfulness. His hair and eyes were of a dark shade of brown, in his French passport described as chestnut. His voice, however, usually took his listeners by surprise.

"An instance of this occurred in London. He sat in the pulpit with a clergyman, somewhat distinguished for his eccentricity, and at the close of the sermon was requested to read a hymn. When he had finished, the clergyman arose and introduced his young brother to the congregation as a person who proposed devoting himself

to the conversion of the heathen, adding, 'And if his faith is proportioned to his voice, he will drive the devil from all India.'"

On his return to this country, Mr. Judson and his colleagues were appointed to labor in some Asiatic field — India or Burmah, according as future providential guidance might determine. On the 19th of February, 1812, Judson, with his newly-married wife, Ann Hasseltine, who had been early converted to Christianity from a life of frivolity, and had long devoted herself to Christian work, set sail for Calcutta, from Salem, Mass.

The voyage was successful, and they were welcomed at Calcutta by Dr. Carey, who invited them to reside with him and his friends at Serampore till the other missionaries — Messrs. Nott, Hall and Rice, who had sailed from Philadelphia in another ship — should arrive. They had only been in Serampore ten days, when a government order reached them, requiring them to return to America, the East India Company being much opposed to the introduction of missionaries.

Circumstances were complicated by another difficulty. Judson's views as to baptism had undergone a change on the passage, while perusing the New Testament in the original Greek. He was baptized in Calcutta, on his arrival, by Rev. Mr. Ward, an English missionary, and this

severed his connection with the society which had sent him out.

After many difficulties, adventures and embarrassments, Mr. and Mrs. Judson found themselves, "by a wonderful series of providential occurrences, impelled, contrary to all their expectations and plans, to the Burman Empire."

Landed at Rangoon, Mr. Judson at once set himself to the earnest study of the language. They had but few helps. Mr. Felix Carey, a son of Dr. Carey, was the only missionary in the country when they arrived, and no native had as yet embraced the religion of Jesus. "Mr. Carey's translation of the Gospel of Matthew, and part of a grammar, were their only books. No dictionary and no interpreter existed."

They succeeded in finding an intelligent teacher; but their only way of communicating with him and of acquiring information concerning the language was to point to various objects, the names of which he pronounced in Burman. Their progress was at first necessarily slow.

The standard which Mr. Judson had set before himself was a very high one.

"The Burmans are a reading people. They have their own religious books, and would naturally expect our Scriptures to be put into their hands, that they might judge for themselves."

He therefore labored to acquire all the famil-

iarity and accuracy necessary to give them an exact translation of the Word of God. He succeeded so well that four years afterwards, a Burman governor, who received one of his books, utterly refused to believe that it could be written by a foreigner who had been only a short time in the country."

Besides his Bible, his grammar of the Burmese will smooth the way for all future missionaries.

Utterly isolated, with no friends, no European society, the Judsons must many times have found it very hard to keep up heart, and to go on with the work. But their trust was fixed on something higher than worldly comforts or gratifications. Added to their many trials, Mrs. Judson's health failed so rapidly that she had to go to Madras for medical advice. At this time her husband writes with the accent of true sorrow:

"There is not an individual in the country that I can pray with, and not a single soul with whom I can have the least religious communion. I keep myself as busy as possible all day long, from sunrise till late in the evening, in reading Burman and conversing with the natives. I have been here a year and a half, and so extremely difficult is the language, — perhaps the most difficult to a foreigner of any on the face of the earth next to the Chinese, — that I find myself

very inadequate to communicate divine truth intelligibly. I have in some instances been so happy as to secure the attention, and in some degree to interest the feelings, of those who heard me; but I am not acquainted with a single instance in which any permanent impression has been produced. No Burman has, I believe, ever felt the grace of God; and what can a solitary, feeble individual or two expect to be the means of effecting in such a land as this, amid the triumphs of Satan, the darkness of death? The Lord is all-powerful, wise and good; and this consideration alone always affords me unfailing consolation and support."

Scarcely had Mrs. Judson returned from Madras, somewhat improved in health, when Mr. Judson's progress in the language and in translation was stopped by pains in the head and the eyes, brought on by excessive study. A sea-voyage was recommended, but he was averse to leaving his post. There seemed, however, to be nothing else for it; and he was on the point of embarking, when the joyful news reached him that Mr. and Mrs. Hough, who had been sent out to join them from America, had reached India. He would remain where he was till they came.

Greatly to Judson's joy, they brought with them a printing-press and Burman types, the gift of the Serampore missionaries. Very soon

various tracts and the Gospel of Matthew were printed. Judson's zeal seemed to reinvigorate him physically. He was at work again as briskly as ever.

"Our hands are full from morning till night. I cannot translate as fast as Brother Hough will print. He has to do all the hard work in the printing-house, without a single assistant, and cannot, therefore, apply himself to the study of the language as is desirable. As for me, I have not an hour to converse with the natives, or go out and make proclamations of the Gospel."

But on March 7th 1817, he has to record gladly, "I have this day been visited by the first inquirer after religion I have ever seen in Burmah."

He was finally compelled to take a voyage on account of his health. The ship was bound for Arracan; but, contrary winds compelling the captain to change his destination, Judson found himself landed in Masulipatam. After reaching Madras with much difficulty, he could not find a vessel there to take him back to Rangoon. All this time he had been unable to send any word to Mrs. Judson, whose anxious suspense rose to agony.

In the month of August, 1818, Mr. Judson returned to Rangoon, to the delight of all his friends there. He had gained his health, his zeal

was unabated; and he was now ready to commence the great campaign against heathenism. His former labors he regarded as being only preparations for this. Visitation and preaching were at once commenced; and ere long the first convert — Moung Nau — was baptized. Moung Nau turned out a sincere Christian. He had to endure much hardness, to give up many friends and advantageous offers, but he abode firm by Christianity. Many inquiring natives, influenced by his decision, sought the society and teaching of the missionaries; and everything gave promise of a good issue, ten Burmans having now been baptized.

But fears of persecution began to weigh upon the missionaries; and it was at length deemed expedient that Dr. Judson should go to Ava, and present a petition to the king. This was not received with any favor, but, on the contrary, with signs of positive opposition.

On returning to Rangoon, the native Christians were called together, to see whether they would accompany the missionary to a tract of country between Bengal and Arracan, where a language similar to Burman was spoken, on account of the threats of persecution.

Mr. Colman, another missionary, went to Chittagong, to prepare a place of refuge for them, should it be needed, and died there, having been less than five years in India.

Judson made journeys to Calcutta and elsewhere on account of Mrs. Judson's health, which was declining. At last it was found that there was nothing for it but to send her home to America for two years.

Some time after Mrs. Judson's departure, Dr. Price, a medical missionary who had recently joined Judson, was summoned to the king at Ava, his majesty having heard of the cures Dr. Price had effected in cases of cataract. Judson went with him as interpreter.

They found the king on this occasion more favorably disposed; and they earnestly set about forming a station at Ava. The king, however, had not been lavish in his gifts; for the house assigned to Dr. Judson was little less than a shed, in which he contracted an ague, whose consequences long remained. But the missionary was eager to see a little church raised up in Ava, and was indefatigable in his efforts to secure ground on which to build a mission-house.

Meanwhile Mrs. Judson had visited England and America, and was on her way back with reestablished health, and in company with two new and valuable missionaries, Mr. and Mrs. Wade. Dr. Judson awaited their coming, intending then to go and settle in Ava, leaving the new laborers along with Mr. and Mrs. Hough, at Rangoon. Everything seemed ripe for the formation of a

station at Ava. The king himself had inquired many times the reason of his delay in coming, and the queen had expressed her great curiosity to see the female teacher. Dr. and Mrs. Judson, accordingly, without any delay, made their way to Ava, and the latter thus in a short time writes home :—

" On our arrival at Ava we had more difficulties to encounter, and such as we have never before experienced. We had no home — no house to shelter us from the burning sun by day, and the cold dews by night. Dr. Price had kindly met us on the way and urged our taking up our residence with him ; but his house was in such an unfinished state, and the walls so damp (of brick, and just built), that spending two or three hours there threw me into a fever, and induced me to feel that it would be presumption to remain longer. We had but one alternative,— to remain in the boat till we could build a small house on the spot of ground which the king gave Mr. Judson last year. And you will hardly believe it possible — for I almost doubt my senses — that, in just a fortnight from our arrival, we moved into a house built in that time, and which is sufficiently large to make us comfortable. It is a most delightful situation, out of the dust of the town and on the bank of the river.

The spot of ground given by his Majesty is small, being only one hundred and twenty feet long, and seventy-five wide! but it is our own, and is the most healthy situation I have seen. Our house is raised four feet above the ground, and consists of three small rooms and a verandah.

"I hardly know how we shall bear the hot season, which is just commencing, as our house is built of boards, and before night is heated like an oven. Nothing but brick is a shelter from the heat at Ava, where the thermometer, even in the shade, frequently rises to a hundred and eight degrees. We have worship every evening in Burman, when a number of the natives assemble; and every Sabbath Mr. Judson preaches on the other side of the river, in Dr. Price's house. We feel it an inestimable privilege that, amid all our discouragements, we have the language, and are able constantly to communicate truths which save the soul.

"My female school has already commenced with three girls, who are learning to read, sew, &c. Two of them are sisters, and we have named them Mary and Abby Hasseltine.* They are fine children, and improve as rapidly as any children in the world. Their mother is deranged, and their father gave them to me to ed-

* The names of two sisters of Mrs. Judson, at that time living at the old homestead in Bradford, Mass.

ucate, so that I have been at no expense for them, excepting their food and clothes. I have already begun to make inquiries for children, and doubt not we shall be directed in regard to the school. I have not yet been at the palace, the royal family all being absent."

All this progress which they had made in securing the good-will of the government was unfortunately swept away in an instant by the war which at this time broke out between Burmah and England. The missionaries being confounded with the English, because they spoke the same language and wore a like dress, were suspected by the native rulers of having some complicity in the landing of the army at Rangoon. They were regarded as spies and traitors, and were at once visited with punishment. Dr. Judson was thrown into prison; and his life, for a lengthened period, was a succession of the most painful sufferings. "The officer and his gang proceeded on to the court-house, where the governor of the city and officers were collected, one of whom read the order of the king to commit Mr. Judson to the death prison, into which he was soon hurled, and the door closed." In this separation, the misery of both Dr. and Mrs. Judson was extreme. No presents could procure a momentary interview for the sorrow-stricken wife;

no application to noble or queen could procure a mitigation of the severities with which her husband was treated.

She herself was threatened, and a kind of siege laid to the house. She retired to an inner room with her four little Burman girls and barred the doors; but the guard instantly ordered her to unbar them and come out, or they would break the door down; but she obstinately refused to obey, whereupon, finding they could not succeed in moving her, they took the two Bengalee servants and confined them in the stocks. "I could not endure this," she says, "but called the head man to the window, and promised to make them all a present in the morning, if they would release the servants. After much debate, and many severe threatenings, they consented, but seemed resolved to annoy me as much as possible. My unprotected, desolate state, and my entire uncertainty of the fate of Mr. Judson, and the dreadful carousings and almost diabolical language of the guard, all conspired to make it by far the most distressing night I ever passed."

And she proceeds with her sorrowful account:—

"The next morning I sent Moung Nau to ascertain the situation of your brother, and give him food, if still living. He soon returned with the intelligence that Mr. Judson and all the

white foreigners were confined in the *death-prison*, with three pairs of iron fetters each, and fastened to a long pole to prevent their moving! The point of my anguish now was, that I was a prisoner myself, and could make no efforts for the release of the missionaries. I begged and entreated the magistrate to allow me to go to some member of the government and state my case; but he said he did not dare to consent, for fear I should make my escape. I next wrote a letter to one of the king's sisters, with whom I had been intimate, requesting her to use her influence for the release of the teachers. The note was returned with this message,— she 'did not understand it,' which was a polite refusal to interfere. The day dragged heavily away and another dreadful night was before me."

On the third day Mrs. Judson procured an interview with the head officer, and, after giving him presents, got a promise that he would do all he could to make the prisoners more comfortable — but that did not seem to have amounted to much, when, a short time after, the governor granted her leave to see her husband. "The sensations produced by meeting your brother"— Mrs. Judson is writing to her brother-in-law — "in that *wretched*, *horrid* situation, and the affecting scene which ensued, I will not attempt to describe. Mr. Judson crawled to the door of the

prison — for I was never allowed to enter — gave me some directions relative to his release; but before we could make any arrangement, I was ordered to depart by those iron-hearted gaolers, who could not endure to see us enjoy the poor consolation of meeting in that miserable place. The same evening, however, the missionaries, together with the other foreigners, who paid an equal sum, were taken out of the common prison, and confined in an open shed in the prison enclosure."

While Mrs. Judson was making every effort to get a petition presented, she was called on to surrender whatever she possessed of any value, and had to yield up the silver which had been sent from America for erecting a mission house. For seven months this extortion went on; the servants being ordered not to carry in the food to the prisoners unless for an extra fee. "Sometimes, for days and days together, I could not go into the prison till after dark, when I had two miles to walk in returning to the house." Mrs. Judson's importunity had prevailed on the authorities to allow her to make a little bamboo room in the prison enclosure, where Dr. Judson could be much by himself, and receive shelter during the cold months of the year; but, during the time that this faithful woman was unable to visit the prison, on account of the birth of a little

daughter, the hut was torn down and an influence lost which she could never regain. Besides, her husband was once more fettered to another of the prisoners, and a worse edition of the earlier sufferings endured.

"The situation of the prisoners was now distressing beyond description. It was at the commencement of the hot season. There were above a hundred prisoners shut up in one room, without a breath of air excepting from the cracks between the boards. Sometimes I obtained permission to go to the door for five minutes, when my heart sickened at the wretchedness exhibited. The white prisoners, from incessant perspiration and loss of appetite, looked more like the dead than the living. I made daily applications to the governor, offered him money, which he refused; all that I gained was permission for the foreigners to eat their food outside, and this continued but for a short time."

After a month in the inner prison in these circumstances, Dr. Judson was seized with fever; and it was only then that, by dint of importuning the governor, Mrs. Judson got admission, and had the sick man removed to a bamboo hut in the enclosure. "I used to carry Mr. Judson's food myself for the sake of getting in," she writes with simple pathos. At length Mrs. Judson, to her consternation, was met with the news that

all the white prisoners had been carried away; and one of the most touching episodes in the book is the account of Mrs. Judson's long wanderings and intense sufferings in the search for them. After much concern and suffering, she found that Mr. Judson had been, with others, conveyed to the prison of Oung-pen-la, at some considerable distance.

Leaving her child in the care of Mary Hasseltine, she anew devoted herself to the care of her husband there. But Mary Hasseltine was taken ill of small-pox, and she had to travel backward and forward with medicines and other things with the little Maria in her arms. "Mr. Judson's health was gradually restored. . . . . As soon as the gaolers could obtain chains sufficient they were separated, and each had a single pair. The prison was repaired, a new fence was made, and a large, airy shed erected in front of the prison, where the prisoners were allowed to remain during the day, though locked up in the little close prison at night." Miserable food and miserable lodgings at length prostrated Mrs. Judson; and in that state she had to set out in a cart from Oung-pen-la, where the prison was, to Ava, to get the medicine chest from the governor, as it had been taken with the other things.

"Then," she says, with brave simplicity, "I

had no one to administer the medicine. I, however, got at the laudanum; and, by taking two drops at a time for several hours, it so far checked the disorder as to enable me to get on board a boat, though so weak that I could not stand, and again set off for Oung-pen-la — the last four miles in that painful conveyance, the cart, and in the midst of the rainy season, when the mud almost buries the oxen. You may form some idea of a Burmese cart, when I tell you their wheels are not constructed like ours, but are simply round, thick planks with a hole in the middle, through which a pole that supports the body is thrust.

"I just reached Oung-pen-la when my strength seemed exhausted. The good native cook came out to help me to the house, but so altered and emaciated was I that the poor fellow burst into tears at the sight. I crawled on to the mat in the little room, to which I was confined for more than two months, until I came to the English camp.

"At this period, when I was unable to take care of myself, or look after Dr. Judson, we must both have died, had it not been for the faithful and affectionate care of our Bengalee cook. He never complained, never asked for his wages, and never for a moment hesitated to go anywhere, or to perform any act we required.

"Our dear little Maria was the greatest sufferer at this time — my illness depriving her of her usual nourishment, and neither a nurse nor a drop of milk could be procured in the village. By making presents to the jailers, I obtained leave for Dr. Judson to come out of prison, and take the emaciated creature round the village, to beg a little nourishment from those mothers who had young children."

Dr. Judson soon after this was released, but only to be taken to the Burmese camp to be translator and interpreter; and, during his absence, Mrs. Judson was seized with the spotted fever. In her weakened condition, she did not seem to have much chance to stand against it, more especially as delirium soon set in. But under the tender care of Dr. Price, who was just then released from prison, she slowly recovered.

The steady advance of the English at last set them free, and acknowledgments of the heartiest kind were made by Dr. and Mrs. Judson to General Campbell, to whom they owed the restoration of their property. By-and-by they settled at Amherst. But the strain on Mrs. Judson's strength had been too great and too long sustained. She gradually lost strength; her constitution had been completely shattered by the suffering she had undergone. She passed away

tranquil and happy, before her husband could reach Amherst from Ava, in her thirty-seventh year; and in three short months the little Maria lay beside her.

"It was, probably, only the brave and loving care of his wife that kept Dr. Judson from sinking under his captivity, as so many did. Indeed, all who survived the fearful period spoke of her as their guardian angel, walking about the hostile city unharmed and respected, supplying them often with food and clothing, and, by her unwearied applications, wringing some mercy for them even from their cruel oppressors."

One of the greatest losses that could possibly have occurred to the Burman mission was the death of Mrs. Ann Judson. She literally died for Burmah as she had lived for it. The excessive grief and over-exertion which she had undergone during her husband's imprisonment completely exhausted a constitution which had already been weakened by long residence and much exposure in a very trying climate. He mourned for her with an intensity that led him for a while to seek solitude for meditation more than had been his wont. But this only deepened his piety; and when he returned to his labors, he was more devoted and resolute than ever.

Dr. Judson's life, on to the end, was exactly of the same pattern as it had been up to this

Dr. Judson at the grave of his wife. Page 366.

point. He was indefatigable, zealous for the souls of the ignorant and benighted. He next settled at Maulmain for a time, where he welcomed a goodly number of converts. He gave up to the funds of the Mission Board his whole patrimonial estate, and ten thousand dollars, received from the British government for his services as translator, in negotiating the treaty of Yandabo, and also relinquished one-twentieth of his yearly salary, in order that more laborers might be sent out.

Additional missionaries coming to Maulmain, set him free, as he held, to go into the interior. "Every day deepens the conviction in my mind that I am not in the place where God would have me to be. It was to the interior, and not to Rangoon, that my mind was turned long before I left Maulmain; and while I feel that Brother and Sister Wade are in the right place, I feel that I am called elsewhere. Under these impressions, I am about proceeding up the river, accompanied by Moung-Ing, Moung-En, Moung Gway, Moung Dau, and little Moung Like. The boat on which we embark will take us to Prome, the great half-way place between here and Ava; and then I hope and pray that the Lord will show us what to do."

At Prome and Rangoon Dr. Judson labored indefatigably, and saw the results of his teach-

ing. His heart was set on teaching and preaching the Gospel among the people to whom he had devoted his life. He gave them the whole Bible in their own tongue, besides many important tracts and books. In connection with the Burman mission, a work of grace was commenced among the Karens, a hill-tribe of Burmah, a meek and peaceful race; simple and credulous, with many of the softer virtues, and few flagrant vices. Though greatly addicted to drunkenness, and indolent in their habits, their morals, in other respects, are superior to many more civilized races.

Their traditions, like those of several tribes of American Indians, are a curious medley of truth and absurdity; but they have some tolerably definite ideas of a Great Being who governs the universe; and many of their traditionary precepts bear a striking resemblance to the gospel. They have various petty superstitions; but, with the exception of a small division, they have never adopted Buddhism — the oppressive treatment which they had received at the hands of their Burman rulers probably contributing to increase their aversion to idolatry.

In 1832 a tour was made to the Karen Wilderness by Messrs. Boardman and Mason, the latter a new missionary, the former the apostle to the Karens, and then at the point of death. He

witnessed the closing experience of his life, the baptism of thirty Karens by the younger missionary, and then died like a soldier in the midst of his triumphs. For the most part they found the people hospitable and willing to listen, and in some places a profound impression was made. Their warm and simple hearts were easily touched; they had none of the cautious heisitation of the Burmans. It would not have been wonderful, notwithstanding the eagerness shown by the converts to profess love to the Saviour, if many should fall away again; and it was needful that great care and discretion should be exercised in the admission of candidates.

Dr. Judson went from place to place, working as faithfully as in former years; pushing on his great work — the translating of the Scriptures into the Burmese tongue. "Although he had been obliged, in God's providence, to spend much of his life in the work of translation, he always regarded the direct preaching of the gospel as his chief and most honorable calling. When for a few days or weeks he could be spared from the desk, he turned with a sense of freedom and delight to his chosen fields, the jungle and the zayat. And it must have been a severe trial for him to find that now, when leisure was his, strength failed him to throw himself into his much-loved work was fully as he would have

liked. To fill up his spare time, he began a work which he had often before refused to undertake, and for which he had at first little spirit and love — the compilation of a Burmese dictionary," which was completed by another hand after his death.

A great grief it must have been to such a man that now, when he felt more than ever the importance of preaching, he was to a great extent debarred from it. "My voice," he writes, "though greatly recovered from the affection of the lungs, which laid me aside from preaching nearly a year, is still so weak that it can only fill a small room; and whenever I attempt to raise it above the conversational tone, the weak places give way, and I am quite broken down again for several weeks."

In 1834, Dr. Judson married Mrs. Sarah Boardman, the widow of the well-known missionary of that name. The work at Maulmain, where they had settled, was resumed and carried forward. He tells his sister:

"We keep house by ourselves; and shall probably remain in Maulmain for the present — perhaps for the rest of our lives. I have a church of eighty-four converted natives under my care, and am also revising and superintending the printing of the Old Testament."

As we have seen, he had begun the work of compiling a Burmese dictionary, on which he was now working hard; and his "lust for finishing," as he somewhat wittily called it, now led him to somewhat too close application over it, which was interrupted by the serious illness of his wife, who was ordered down to Calcutta with one of her boys, also ill. The mother recovered, but the child was taken; and, for a time the work at Maulmain went on again with steady and renewed vigor. Mrs. Judson's health, however, seemed to be hopelessly shattered; and, chiefly on her account, a voyage to America was deemed advisable. Accordingly, Dr. Judson accompanied her home. She suffered a dreadful relapse on the voyage, and died at sea, and was buried at St. Helena. The following beautiful poem by Hon. Henry S. Washburn, Senator of Massachusetts, perpetuates the memory of the solemn scene:

BURIAL OF MRS. JUDSON,

AT ST. HELENA, SEPTEMBER 1ST, 1845

Mournfully, tenderly,
Bear onward the dead,
Where the Warrior has lain
Let the Christian be laid:
No place more befitting—
O Rock of the sea!
Never such treasure
Was hidden in thee.

Mournfully, tenderly,
Solemn and slow,—
Tears are bedewing
The path as ye go;
Kindred and strangers
Are mourners to-day;
Gently — so gently,
O! bear her away.

Mournfully, tenderly,
Gaze on that brow,
Beautiful is it
In quietude now!
One look! and then settle
The loved to her rest,
The ocean beneath her,
The turf on her breast.

So have ye buried her —
Up! and depart,
To life and to duty
With undismayed heart:
Fear not — for the love
Of the stranger will keep
The casket that lies,
In the Rock of the deep.

Pence! peace to thy bosom,
Thou Servant of God!
The vale thou art treading,
Thou hast before trod:
Precious dust thou hast laid
By the Hopia tree,
And treasure as precious
In the Rock of the sea!

A short stay in his native land, during which he met with many eminent men, and received, unsolicited, such honors as others ambitiously work and strive for, and then he returned once more to Burmah, in his fifty-eighth year, with

that new helpmeet who is well known by her *nom de plume* of "Fanny Forrester."

After his return from America, he upheld the hands of desponding teachers, and was a powerful and cheering presence wherever he went. His own spiritual life was deepened; he had learned still more thoroughly the lesson of "waiting upon God." He and Mrs. Judson did what might well be deemed a life-work, and had their own share of risk and suffering; for no sooner had they established themselves, than they were told that the bloody Ray-woon, one of the vice-governors, had his eye upon them. The governor himself was timid and cowardly; and the missionaries were, for a time, subjected to such insult and annoyance as threatened to make their work unavailing. Then he bethought himself of moving to Ava: difficulties lay in the way, however; and he had to rest in patience, his future prospects looking to him as Abraham's must have appeared, when "he went out, not knowing whither he went."

The opening he longed for never came. Two years passed away, during which he nearly finished the Burmese English dictionary. In Aug. 20, 1849, he says:

"Just as I had finished the English and Burmese part of the dictionary, and was about commencing the Burmese and English part, Provi-

dence sent me, without my seeking, an excellent Burmese scholar, once a priest in Ava, and recommended by a gentleman quite competent to appreciate his qualifications as 'the most profound scholar he ever met with.'

"I took him at once into my employ, and his aid, united with that of my two other valuable assistants, proves to be invaluable, and, in my opinion, obviates much of the necessity of going to Ava, *so far as the dictionary is concerned.*"

Towards the end of 1849, he faltered in health, and his literary work began to grow irksome to him. Sea-bathing was tried at Amherst, but with no marked result; and he began to speak of death as near, and as a pleasant visitant. A voyage was recommended; but he repeated over and over again, in a tone of anguish, when this matter was being considered, "Oh, if it were the will of God to take me now,— to let me die first! I cannot, cannot go!"

But after the decision was once made, he braced himself for the effort. A suitable vessel was found at last; he was lifted on board on a litter, and set sail; Mrs. Judson bidding him a solemn good-bye, as she remained to carry on the work. He died on board ship scarce three days' sail out of sight of the mountains of Burmah, and was buried in the ocean.

His fearless and intrepid decision, his coolness

in action, and his ardor in a cause which he had espoused, would have made him distinguished in any profession. He had a dash of the soldier in him, and he surely proved himself a good soldier of Jesus Christ. He had a cultured mind, and was fond of literature, and well fitted to shine in it. He composed some beautiful poems. One of his hymns, written during his imprisonment finds a place in most hymn-books,

"Our Father, God, who art in heaven,"

and is every way admirable, and as well fitted for congregational as for private worship.

But he was pre-eminently a missionary. His whole soul was in the work. His sympathies were with all fellow-laborers, whether near or distant. Like William Burns, he liked to clear the way; and, when others came forward, he was fain to move on to a new position. He could never bear to hear missions spoken of as having accomplished but little even by the best friends of the cause, who sometimes will complain with no evil intentions.

To a lady in India, who remarked with some severity on the character of missionary meetings at home, where she thought people met for exultation and "mutual admiration speeches," when they had more cause to mourn that so little was

done, he said, "I am always glad to see Christians so much awake to the importance of extending the Master's kingdom as to rejoice, even though it be in the conversion of a single soul. 'There is joy in heaven,' why not among the redeemed of earth? Look here!"

He turned suddenly to a little map of the world lying on his study table, and passing his finger rapidly from town to town, and from one continent to another, exclaimed, "See how the Gospel light is girdling the world! It is base ingratitude to be blind to all these wonders!"

In opposition to the opinion of several eminent Indian missionaries, Dr. Judson did not favor schools as a means of introducing the Gospel among a heathen people. "His schools did not so much develop into churches, as grow out of the necessities of the churches when once established. The mission could not leave the children of its converts to grow up in ignorance, nor could they be sent to the Burman schools, to be instructed by priests in the falsehoods of Buddhism."

His career is altogether wrapped in the spirit of devotion to the Master. It was a life of love and many self-denying labors. He never faltered. No opposition appalled him; no suffering in the least abated his high hope. He was never cast down, but rejoiced always in faith. As he

bravely bore, so he nobly forbore. His patience and his tact in dealing with rationalistic Buddhists, — as difficult a class to deal with as any missionary can possibly encounter, — are a lesson and an encouragement to all who would seek to gather in the lost sheep at home or abroad.

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